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CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME

JANUARY—FEBRUARY

PAGE

BISHOP CHARLES CARDWELL McCABE 9
Professor CHARLES M. STUART, D.D., Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.

SIN, IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN THOUGHT 20
W. L. WATKINSON, D.D., LL.D., London, England.

THE QUAKER LAUREATE OF PURITANISM 37
JAMES MUDGE, D.D., Lowell, Mass.

A DEFINITION OF THE WORD "RELIGION" 52
Rev. JOHN LEUTHOLD, A.M., Goldfield, Col.

HENRY VAUGHAN, THE "SILURIST" POET 59
Rev. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART, A.M., East Boothbay, Me.

THE MESSAGE OF VICTOR HUGO 68
C. W. BARNES, D.D., Delaware, O.

ONE SOURCE OF INSTRUCTION IN PRAYER 78
Rev. W. F. SHELDON, A.M., Simsbury, Conn.

SOME PSYCHOLOGICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS 84
Professor WILLIAM O. ALLEN, Ph.D., Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Ia.

"FAITH OF OUR FATHERS" 95
GARDNER S. ELDRIDGE, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHY TAINE FAILED TO APPRECIATE SHAKESPEARE 100
GERTRUDE SEE JACKSON, A.M., Portsmouth, O.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD 105
D. C. KNOWLES, D.D., Tilton, N. H.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS 112
The Voluminous Unimportance of Positivism, 112; The Place of Peter in the Gospels, 117.

THE ARENA 128
A Christian Examination of the Moral Order, 128; The Lecture Child and the Popular Lecturer, 130; The Categorical Answer, 131.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB 132
Christ's Instructions to His Disciples (continued), 132; Silence, an Element in Christian Character, 134.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH 136
YHWH, 136.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK 141

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES 146

BOOK NOTICES 151
Peabody's Morning in the College Chapel, 151; Coffin's The Creed of Jesus, 154; Mathews's The Church and the Changing Order, 156; Gilbert's The Hereafter and Heaven, 157; Harrison's The Creed of a Layman, 159; Service's The Spell of the Yukon, 161; Gilder's The Fire Divine, 164; Benson and Esher's The Letters of Queen Victoria, 166; Winckler's The History of Babylonia and Assyria, 170; Schaff's History of the Christian Church, 172; Nuelsen and Mann's Kurzgefasste Geschichte des Methodismus von Seinem Anfangen bis zur Gegenwart, 173; Ford's The Methodist Year Book, 174; MISCELLANEOUS, 175.

MARCH—APRIL

PAGE

THE PRE-BIBLICAL BIBLE ... 177
Bishop H. W. WARREN, D.D., LL.D., University Park, Col.

JOHN WILSON ... 186
Professor C. T. WINCHESTER, L.H.D., Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

OUR EDUCATIONAL CRISIS ... 202
Professor C. W. HODELL, Ph.D., Woman's College, Baltimore, Md.

REMINISCENCES OF BISHOP McCABE ... 210
ISAAC CROOK, D.D., Chillicothe, O.

THE CHURCH AND RELIGIOUS CERTAINTY ... 223
F. J. MCCONNELL, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE WOMEN OF DANTE'S COMMEDIA ... 233
President C. J. LITTLE, D.D., LL.D., Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.

THE PULPIT AS THE CHIEF FACTOR IN SOCIAL REFORM ... 247
J. F. HEISSE, D.D., Baltimore, Md.

THE ISSUES OF PRAGMATISM ... 258
Professor A. C. ARMSTRONG, Ph.D., Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

A MODERN CHAPTER IN CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES ... 269
D. A. JORDAN, D.D., Freeport, N. Y.

WESLEY AND THE TOLERATION OF CATHOLICS ... 276
Professor J. A. FAULKNER, D.D., Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS ... 282
A Positivist on Pantheism, 282; Archbishop Ireland and the Reunion of Christendom, 287.

THE ARENA ... 296
A Question, 296; America is a Christian Nation, 298; Native Music in the Philippines, 299; Socialism, 301.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB ... 303
Christ's Instructions to His Disciples (continued), 303; Is the Secular Press Hostile to Christian Missions? 305.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH ... 307
Late Discoveries in Egypt, 307.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK ... 312

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES ... 318

BOOK NOTICES ... 323
Smith's As Jesus Passed By, and Other Addresses, 323; Watkinson's The Supreme Conquest, and Other Sermons Preached in America, 325; Eckman's Studies in the Gospel of John, 328; Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling, 330; Stringer's The Woman in the Rain, and Other Poems, 333; James's Pragmatism, a New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking, 336; MacMillan's The Life of George Matheson, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., 337; Schaff's The Spirit of Old West Point, 342.

MAY—JUNE

PAGE

THE BOOK OF RUTH 345
W. A. QUAYLE, D.D., Chicago, Ill.

HENRY DRUMMOND 360
WILBUR F. SHERIDAN, D.D., Baltimore, Md.

DIVINE—HUMAN LAWGIVING 370
Professor MILTON S. TERRY, D.D., LL.D., Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.

OLD ROME IN NEW ITALY 388
Professor R. T. STEVENSON, D.D., Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O.

THE CHILDREN OF BRITISH CITIES AND TOWNS 404
ROBERT MCLEOD, Trewyth, Newquay, Cornwall, England.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AS A SEA WRITER 417
ERNEST RICHARDS, Madison, N. J.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS 424
LEVI GILBERT, D.D., Editor of Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, O.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE SUPERMAN 434
Rev. WINFRED CHESNEY RHOADES, Boston, Mass.

A POET OF LUXURY 448
Rev. GEORGE W. FARMER, Portsmouth, N. H.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS 455
The Author of "Rab and His Friends," 456.

THE ARENA 468
The Immutability of God, 468; Inspiration and the Propagation of Christianity, 470.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB 473
Christ's Instructions to His Disciples (Continued), 473.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH 477
Modernism, 477.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK 482

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES 487

BOOK NOTICES 491
Forsyth's Positive Preaching and Modern Mind, 491; Royce's The Philosophy of Loyalty, 492; Watson's The Philosophical Basis of Religion, 495; Trevelyan's Marginal Notes by Lord Macaulay, 498; Noyes's The Golden Hynde and Other Poems, 502; Tuttle's Mary Porter Gamewell and Her Story of the Siege in Peking, 505; Forrest's Letters of Dr. John Brown, 509; Marden's Greece and the Ægean Islands, 512.

JULY—AUGUST

PAGE

THE REUNION OF EVANGELICAL CHRISTENDOM 513
HENRY A. BUTTZ, D.D., LL.D., President Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N.J.

THE BISHOP OF OLD PARK 521
S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D., Brooklyn, New York.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PASTORAL VISITING 531
R. Z. FAHS, D.D., Renton, Wash.

THE IDEAL PREACHER 537
JOHN D. FOX, D.D., Trenton, N. J.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, POET, CRITIC AND TEACHER 555
JAMES M. DIXON, Litt.D., University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Cal.

CAVALIER AND PURITAN IN JOHN MILTON 567
G. T. SMART, D.D., Newton Highlands, Mass.

THOMAS CARLYLE AND HIS MESSAGE 574
Rev. T. P. WALTER, A.M., Cambridge City, Ind.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS A BOOK FOR PREACHERS 581
Professor E. S. TIPPLE, D.D., Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

THE CLASSICAL AND THE MODERN LOVE LYRIC 595
PAUL NIXON, A.M.; Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.

PRAYER IN SCRIPTURE 602
W. W. GUTH, A.M., B.D., Cambridge, Mass.

THE SALOON IN ENGLISH POLITICS 611
H. W. HORWILL, A.M., Leeds, England.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS 618
The Roosevelt Myth, 618; The Episcopal Address, 619.

THE ARENA 636
A Letter on Some Luther Matters, 636.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB 640
Christ's Instructions to His Disciples (Continued), 640; The Importance of Ecclesiastical Nomenclature, 642.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH 645
Some of the Latest German Biblical Criticism, 645.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK 650

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES 655

BOOK NOTICES 661
Campbell's Paul, the Mystic, 661; Fitchett's The Beliefs of Unbelief, 663; Benson's The House of Quiet, 666; Palmer's The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer, 670; George's Seventeenth Century Men of Latitude, 674; MISCELLANEOUS, 679.

SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER

PAGE

BISHOP JAMES N. FITZGERALD 683
President EDWIN A. SCHELL, D.D., Iowa Wesleyan University, Mount Pleasant, Ia.

THE UNSPOKEN PRECEPTS OF CHRIST 700
DANIEL STEELE, D.D., LL.D., Milton, Mass.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL SERVICE 707
President HERBERT WELCH, D.D., LL.D., Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O.

WHY KOREA IS TURNING TO CHRIST 716
Rev. J. Z. MOORE, A.M., B.D., Pyeng Yang, Korea.

CERTITUDE IN PREACHING 724
Rev. H. A. REED, A.M., Port Allegany, Pa.

RELIGIOUS FUNCTIONS OF THE IMAGINATION 731
J. B. YOUNG D.D., Cincinnati, O.

THE LIFE SUPERB 740
C. L. GOODELL, D.D., New York, N. Y.

OUR HYMNAL'S SAINT BERNARDS 747
Rev. JOSEPH M. M. GRAY, A.M., Baltimore, Md.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES 757
Rev. C. P. PUMPHREY, A.M., Dayton, O.

THE PASSING OF "REUBEN" 765
Rev. MARION G. RAMBO, A.M., Haswell, Colo.

THE MINISTER IN HIS STUDY 771
Rev. PETER THOMPSON, Gowanda, N. Y.

TOLSTOY: THE PEOPLE'S PROPHET 780
Rev. S. T. JACKSON, Arlington, N. J.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS 787
A Doctor's Confession, 787; Humility, 796.

THE ARENA 805
"Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind," 805; "Let the Dead Bury Their Dead"—An Indian Interpretation, 810.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB 810
Christ's Instructions to His Disciples (Continued), 811.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH 815
A Fragment of Another Gospel, 815.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK 819

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES 823

BOOK NOTICES 827
Jackson's The Fact of Conversion, 827; Shaw's On Going to Church, 830; Johnson's The Ideal Ministry, 833; Willmott's Pleasures of Literature, 835; James's Views and Reviews, 839; Bristol's The Life of Chaplain McCabe 843; Decisive Battles of the Law, 847; Leighton's Jesus Christ and the Civilizations of Today 850

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER

PAGE

THE CRADLE OF THE HUMAN RACE—RECENT LITERATURE 851
WILLIAM F. WARREN, D.D., LL.D., Boston, Mass.

THE LIFE AND THE LIGHT OF MEN 860
ALBERT J. LYMAN, D.D., Brooklyn, New York.

JAMES MARCUS KING 872
JOHN J. REED, S.T.D., Brewster, N. Y.

DR. OTTO PFLEIDERER 883
President SAMUEL PLANTZ, D.D., Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis.

THE SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF GOD 898
Rev. RALPH T. FLEWELLING, Ph.D., Athol, Mass.

SECRET OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S SUCCESS 912
W. A. ROBINSON, D.D., Cincinnati, O.

THE SUPREMACY OF SPIRITUAL ASPIRATION 927
Rev. S. R. RENO, Manchester, Ill.

THINK 931
GEORGE P. ECKMAN, D.D., New York, N. Y.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND PERSONALITY 939
Professor E. C. WILM, Ph.D., Washburn College, Topeka, Kan.

A LITERARY WALK AROUND AN OLD CITY 949
WILLIAM H. MEREDITH, D.D., Framingham, Mass.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS 955
A Note on Victor Hugo and Thomas Carlyle, 958; A Rare Group of Personal Attributes, 960.

THE ARENA 964
The Youngest Child of Methodism, 964; Constitutional Unhappiness of Ministers, 967.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB 968
The Danger to the Minister of Partial Conceptions of Christianity, 968; Izaak Walton on the Value of Church Attendance, 970.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH 972
The Oldest Aramaic Inscription, 972; Wellhausenism on the Wane, 974; Queen Tyr's Tomb, 976.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK 977

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES 984

BOOK NOTICES 989
Holden's Supposition and Certainty, 989; Moody's The Fullness of the Gospel, 995; Osler's Aequanimitas, and Other Addresses, 1001; Groucher's Christianity and the United States, 1004; Watkinson's Noon Day Addresses, 1006; Hatcher's John Jasper, 1010; Smith's Cowper, 1015.

INDEX 1019

VOL. XC, No. 1
WHOLE No. 489

JANUARY—FEBRUARY, 1908

SIXTH SERIES.
VOL. XXIV, No. 1

METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

CONTENTS

PAGE

I. Bishop Charles Cardwell McCabe. *Professor Charles M. Stuart, D.D., Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.* 9

II. Sin, in the Light of Modern Thought. *W. L. Watkinson, D.D., LL.D., London, England.* 20

III. The Quaker Laureate of Puritanism. *James Mudge, D.D., Lowell, Mass.* 37

IV. A Definition of the Word "Religion". *Rev. John Leuthold, A.M., Gobfield, Col.* 52

V. Henry Vaughan, the "Silurist" Poet. *Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart, A.M., East Boothbay, Me.* 59

VI. The Message of Victor Hugo. *C. W. Barnes, D.D., Delaware, O.* 68

VII. One Source of Instruction in Prayer. *Rev. W. F. Sheldon, A.M., Simsbury, Conn.* 78

VIII. Some Psychological Suggestions for Christian Workers. *Professor William O. Allen, Ph.D., Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Ia.* 84

IX. "Faith of Our Fathers." *Gardner S. Eldridge, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.* 95

X. Why Taine Failed to Appreciate Shakespeare. *Gertrude See Jackson, A.M., Portsmouth, O.* 100

XI. The Knowledge of God. *D. C. Knowles, D.D., Tilton, N. H.* 105

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

Notes and Discussions. 112

The Voluminous Unimportance of Positivism, 112; The Place of Peter in the Gospels, 117.

The Arena. 128

A Christian Examination of the Moral Order, 128; The Lecture Child and the Popular Lecturer, 130; The Categorical Answer, 131.

The Itinerants' Club. 132

Christ's Instructions to His Disciples (Continued), 132; Silence, an Element in Christian Character, 134.

Archæology and Biblical Research. 136

YHWH, 136.

Foreign Outlook. 141

Glimpses of Reviews and Magazines. 146

Book Notices. 151

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O. C. McCabe

METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1908

Art. I.—CHARLES CARDWELL McCABE

Bishop McCabe died "the best loved" man in Methodism. No one ever spoke of him but in superlative terms. "There is no one in Methodism to fill his place." "He was our matchless leader." "What an addition he will be to heaven!" "If anyone should say that he was incomparable we would not be careful to deny it." "The men of this day will never see his like again." "When he was cast the mold was broken." His work was estimated in similar fashion. "He raised more money for the cause of Christ than any other man in Methodism." "He put the cause of missions on the hearts of preachers as perhaps no other man ever did in connection with our Methodism or any other church." Even his lecture on Libby Prison was "the greatest lecture ever delivered in any age, in any country, by any man." "His ability to describe a scene was unparalleled." "He had a generosity of soul surpassing that of any man of my acquaintance." "He had more and greater gifts than any man in the church of his time." "No better evangelist of patriotism has gone up and down the land since the war." So his most intimate associates spoke of him; so, it is quite certain, American Methodism felt about him.

It is manifest that a man who could lay such a spell upon his contemporaries must be written about; it is equally manifest how impossible it is that he should be written about adequately. The outstanding facts of his career are few and simple enough. He

was born in Athens, Ohio, October 11, 1836. He came of good stock. His father, we are told, was "his physical prototype, with mental characteristics like his own—quickness of perception, promptness of judgment, courage of execution, with a magnetic personality." He had also the gift of song, not the least precious part of the son's inheritance. The mother was a woman of exceptional culture and deeply religious. One, who was playmate of Charles in the boyhood days, recalls the mother as class leader from whose lips came "words of gracious tenderness and sweet seraphic song." The religious susceptibility of the boy was early displayed. He was a leader among the group of boys who crowded the front seat of the old meetinghouse during the revival services conducted by Jacob Young or Father Minturn, and in later life he was wont to refer to the saintly life of the latter as having important bearings on his own conversion. Characteristically, too, he associated with the impressions of this time the lines of two hymns which were frequently on the lips of the old saints. One was,

> If this is death I soon shall be
> From every care and sorrow free,
> I shall the King of Glory see,
> All is well!

The other was,

> O sing to me of heav'n
> When I am called to die;
> Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
> To waft my soul on high.

Our day puts slight emphasis upon hymns of the heavenly country and claims that their tendency is to nourish an effeminate Christianity. It remains true, however, that this "boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun" found them a source of courage as well as of comfort, a spring of action as well as of hope. When eight years old Charles came into "conscious" fellowship with Christ. Happy the child whose parents believe that a child may know and love and serve Jesus and receive early lessons in loyalty! It is both bad poetry and bad science to think that one may be all the better for being a little bad. The vigor and symmetry of faith which characterized the manhood of Bishop McCabe were possible only

because religion was not an after thought with him, but a natural development growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength. When Charles was eleven years old the family moved to Chillicothe, Ohio; three years later they were all in Iowa, and established in Burlington. It was here at the watch-night service held in the old Zion Church on December 31, 1850, by Rev. Levin B. Dennis, that Charles had a singular and memorable experience. During this service he presented himself at the altar as a seeker. So profoundly moved was he that he seemed to his companions to be in a condition requiring medical assistance. Upon recovering, however, he gave joyful and exultant expression to the renewed sense of fellowship with God and forthwith—at one o'clock on the morning of January 1, 1851—joined the church on probation. It is from this day he himself dated the beginning of his career in religious work. The circumstances of his renewal are not without suggestion. "I joined Old Zion in 1851. The church itself was on fire with religious zeal. It was in a constant state of revival. I was a boy of fifteen—the perilous age—the age when great questions are decided forever. It was a glorious thing for me that just at that time my father moved from a church that was cold and formal to one where it was full of spiritual power. The appeals of Brother Dennis swept away my refuge of lies and awoke my conscience. I yielded to the heavenly influences which were about me and united with the church. Dear Old Zion! I loved the very dust upon its walls. Had it not been for what transpired within those walls I verily believe my career would have closed long ago."[1] The church of that day had its "Boy Problem" and, in this notable instance, solved it by receiving him to a communion which was "on fire with religious zeal" and "full of spiritual power," and which promoted a religion with prompt measures for "a refuge of lies" and a somnolent conscience. The extraordinary character of this experience had immediate and far-reaching effects. It instantly and definitely committed the boy to religious work, and it practically determined the character of that work as evangelistic.

[1] A letter to Mr. J. L. Waite of Burlington, Iowa, January 23, 1887, quoted by the Rev. E. H. Waring in an article on "The Early Religious Life of Bishop McCabe" in the Northwestern Christian Advocate of September 11, 1907.

Though only fifteen years old, Charles, with a companion converted at the same time, started a prayer meeting which speedily became a feature of the religious life of the town. At that time our people had great, perhaps overmuch, respect for definiteness in experience. One was expected to be able to cite date and place and circumstances of the critical, it might be supreme, moment. There was just a hint of suspicion where these "marks" or "tokens" were absent. It does not appear that Bishop McCabe was ever solicitous about this feature of the religious life. As pastor, evangelist, and bishop he was content with a surrendered life, however and whenever it came about, if only it made proof of its surrender in a life of faith working by love.

In 1852 the mother died. Soon after Charles made another open consecration of himself in Zion Church in a meeting conducted by the Rev. Landon Taylor. This was followed by his appointment as class leader. About the same time came his call to the ministry, which Brother Taylor recites in some detail in his "The Battlefield Reviewed." "On my mind there rested a burden and it required a sacrifice to throw it off. My divine Saviour, whom I loved and honored, had said to me in language not to be misunderstood: 'That young man belongs to me. It would be pleasant for you to enjoy his society and services in Burlington, but I have assigned him to higher positions and greater honors. You must let him go.' He was then in charge of his father's store and passed by my room every day. I called him in. What momentous interests cluster around a few moments of time! I delivered to him my message from the Lord. He listened. I saw by the starting tear that it had found a hearty response in his own heart and he was ready to say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' I suggested to him what was his duty, to leave his muslins and calicoes in the store and go to the Ohio Wesleyan University and prepare to preach the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. Within a few days he obtained his father's consent, received his letters of dismissal, bade us farewell, attended with our prayers and tears, and started for his Ohio home." His course in college was evangelistic rather than academic. According to the testimony of one of his teachers: "He did not acquire that severe and

symmetrical mental discipline and that accurate scholarship that would have added to the richness of his powers and to the greatness of his influence." On the other hand the same authority says, "In his wide acquaintance with people in central Ohio, in his personal popularity and the acceptability of his visits and services he excelled any other student in the history of the university. He delighted to visit the people in their homes and talk and pray with them whenever they had or had not a family altar. He sought constantly personal interviews, he visited the student in his study, the mechanic in his shop, the plowman in the field, the axman in the woods, and anywhere and everywhere would sing a song of Zion and offer prayer." It is not to depreciate the class room to say that there is an education not of the class room, that the world has many unwritten books which the observing may read to edification, and that in the university of life, in fellowship with God, one may find both discipline and culture. The end of education is not erudition but moral efficiency through mental discipline, and "the distinguishing badge of the scholar is his serious address to the problem of life and his cordial sympathy with all who address themselves seriously to this problem." Bishop McCabe himself was never quite satisfied with the way he used his college opportunity. In after years he worked off his conditions, received his degree and was enrolled as a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan in the class of 1860. More serious, however, was a certain defect of sympathy in the work of modern scholarship from which he never was emancipated. He was too busy a man in other, to him, more necessary and fruitful lines of Christian work to find time for the thorough consideration of issues raised by contemporary science in regard to the Bible. But he was also too ardent a lover of the Bible not to have strong feeling on the subject. He was vastly impatient with the whole paraphernalia of criticism, and to him all "critics" were of one stripe. The refinement of "schools" or "wings" of criticism was to him a subterfuge of lies; he regarded all schools and all wings as "the common enemy," and against them he waged unceasing warfare. A bit of scholarly discipline in early life would have saved him many a heartache and much uncongenial controversy. It is easy to foster prejudice on a mistaken

analogy. A critical examination of the Bible to Bishop McCabe was as the subjection of mother's love to the test of acid or blow pipe. It might have helped to a better understanding of the work of criticism if the Bible had been regarded as a diamond in the rough, for which sound criticism was proposing a more fitting display of its beauty and worth.

In 1860 Charles Cardwell McCabe was admitted on trial in the Ohio Conference, and stationed at Putnam. As was to be expected, he won all hearts and made a deep and permanent religious impression on the community. From Putnam, in 1862, he went to the front as chaplain of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio Volunteers, Colonel William H. Ball, commanding. To the character of his work in the field Colonel Ball bears willing and grateful testimony: "If the chaplain knew that one of our soldiers was on the field of battle in a rain of bullets and he thought the soldier needed religious comfort, he would go and kneel beside him whatever the danger. I say with all the earnestness of which I am capable a more efficient and effective or worthier chaplain never trod the soil of America and few his equal."[1] Here, too, he was first and always the evangelist. He held services in a tent borrowed from the commissary; there were meetings every night; in his regiment there was an "everlasting protracted meeting;" and in his improvised church militant he had 362 members of Christian churches. On one occasion the interest in his "meeting" demoralized dress parade, which brought upon him the rebuke of the commanding officer. His apology was characteristic, "It was wrong, of course, but it was such a good meeting." During this campaign over five hundred soldiers were converted. In his lecture on Libby Prison Chaplain McCabe tells the story of his capture and imprisonment. During the retreat from Winchester with Milroy's division the chaplain fell in with Dr. Houston, of Urbana, "who was never known to forsake the wounded soldier." "Chaplain," said Dr. Houston, "I want you to stay with me and help with the wounded soldiers." He stayed. A Southern provost marshal appeared on the scene and conducted them both to the tent of General

[1] Quoted by the Rev. J. Randolph Smith in an article on Bishop McCabe in Talent for August, 1905.

J. B. Gordon. General Gordon upon learning their mission detailed fifty soldiers to help get the wounded off the field. Later, they were taken to General Early, who thought that "preachers had done about as much to bring on the war as anybody," and who ordered both to be taken to Richmond and confined in Libby Prison.[1] Of his sojourn in Libby he has himself told in words that the world will never willingly let die, and of his ministry there one of his comrades declares that "when this prisoner came in he entered as the angel of the Lord." While in prison he was brought to the gates of death by typhoid fever, but was nursed back to life through the tender and helpful ministry of General William H. Powell, with whom he was henceforth "as Jonathan and David." As soon as his health permitted he found a congenial task in soliciting funds for the work of the Christian Commission. This was the beginning of that campaign of appeal for liberal support of benevolent causes which ceased only with his life. With the exception of two years spent as pastor of our church at Portsmouth, Ohio, the remainder of his life was spent as an apostle at large in behalf of religion and patriotism. Two years (1866-1868) were given to canvassing for a centenary educational fund in which he acquired $87,000 toward the endowment of his own *alma mater*, Ohio Wesleyan University. In 1868 his services were coveted by two new benevolent agencies organized by Methodism, one to care for the unchurched on the frontier, the other to care for the otherwise uncared for among the freedmen. The letter offering him a position in the Freedmen's Aid Society never reached him; that from the Church Extension Society was received and the offer accepted. From that time his career was an open page, legibly inscribed, and eagerly read by the church universal. From 1868 to 1873 he was financial agent, from 1873 to 1884 he was assistant corresponding secretary of the church extension work. In this time, largely owing to the influence of his eloquence and consecration, the collections for the society were advanced to $300,000 a year and a loan fund of $500,000 was established. In 1884 he became associated with Dr. J. M. Reid as corresponding secretary of the Missionary

[1] See the reprint of the lecture from a stenographic report made in 1895, printed in the Western Christian Advocate of February 6, 1907.

Society. Here, too, the charm of his pleading was exercised to extraordinary results. From $731,125, in 1884, the yearly income was increased to $1,262,248; and in 1892 the debt of the society was extinguished. In 1896 he was elected to the episcopacy, to the burdens and cares of which he added those of the chancellorship of the American University, to which office he was chosen in 1902. His presidency of the Conferences in South America gave him opportunity for studying our mission work in a Roman Catholic country at first hand. The contact begat in him a new enthusiasm and zeal. His visit marks a new era in the evangelization of that land and the powerful impression made upon the people is to be affectionately commemorated in a church to bear his name in the influential city of Montevideo.

Such restless and untiring energy, even in so good a cause, could not last forever. In the early summer of 1906 he complained of an attack of vertigo, which left him in weakened condition. Later, however, he reported himself to be much better; in the autumn he was doing his usual amount of work. On December 9 he met an engagement at Torrington, Connecticut, where he preached and lectured. The next day he was in New York city. Crossing the city he took his train for Philadelphia and home; he was stricken with apoplexy and carried to the New York Hospital, where on Wednesday, December 19, he passed away in the serene consciousness that, as another brave-hearted soldier once said, "It is pleasant to die when the conscience is at rest." By his side was the cherished comrade of his heart and life whom, as Rebecca Peters, he married in Ironton, Ohio, on July 5, 1860.

It will be manifest from this sketch of his life that Bishop McCabe's genius was in the field of gospel evangelism. He was in every fiber of his being a propagandist. He made it his one business to make others believe what he believed to be worth believing. To this he consecrated without hesitation and without reservation his superb endowments and his unflagging industry. He could have excelled in many directions. It is the prerogative of genius to be potentially many kinds of a great man in one. But, from the memorable night in old Zion Church, he separated himself for the one work of making men and women know and own the gracious

sway of his own Saviour. He would do his official work as he might; he would take care of his routine responsibilities as he could; nor was he slack about either. But if, as church extension secretary, he was eager for new churches till he could set the church to singing, "We are building three a day," he was more eager for disciples with a new and gracious experience to fill the churches. If, as missionary secretary, he was insistent for larger offerings till he brought the church to his standard of a million for missions, he was even more urgent that the army of givers be increased by recruits who would themselves acquire the missionary spirit through renewal of grace. If, as bishop, he was alert for the proper transaction of official Conference business, he was even more alert to the Conference opportunity for revival work in the community. His audacities in administration were all in the interest of evangelism. Did Alaska need the gospel? He quietly enlarged the borders of the Puget Sound Conference to include Alaska and reported to the General Missionary Committee, whose authority he had usurped, that it "needed to be done and I did it." To this work he brought unusual gifts and graces. He had a winsome and compelling presence, a face goodly to look upon, forehead on which to bind Victory, eyes in which Conquest slept, and lips upon which Strength "lay silent till wars aroused." The spell of his voice was wonderful, and not less wonderful its range of power. He could bring to weary and sin-burdened hearts a message of divine love in tones

> Sweet as a bird's song in the trees
> When all the woodland sorrows under cloud.

He could wake the slothful and indifferent with the ringing peal of the trump of doom, and send them out to life again with a new sense of the peril of slothfulness and indifference. No less wonderful was his power in song. Without being in any sense a vocalist he had the genius of interpretation. Naturally his preference lay with songs which told a story—"My Mother's Beautiful Hands," "Papa, What Would You Take for Me?" But his singing was also and always evangelistic. Jenny Lind, to a comment of Addington Symonds upon her singing, said innocently, "I sing to

God." Bishop McCabe sang to, and for, God. With gifts so wonderful and so wonderfully combined one is disposed to speculate on what might have happened had the man, who united in himself the excelling qualities of Moody and Sankey, been set free by the church for his evangelistic mission.

Bishop McCabe left no written works. He was a voluminous correspondent, but no author. He preferred to write himself and his message upon the hearts of men. The extent of his influence we shall never be able to measure. In turning over casually a report of the recent Jubilee in India the book opened to a page on which was given the fraternal address of a distinguished leader in another denomination, who owed his conversion and his dedication to missions to the direct influence of Bishop McCabe. Could the testimony of all he thus helped be brought together it would not be surprising to find every quarter of the globe and all churches represented. In social intercourse the same evangelistic temper was in constant and in constantly gracious exercise. It was the easiest and most natural thing in the world to talk of the deep things of God with him; and one never left him without a quickened apprehension of the reality of religion.

It would be excusable in a man of this temper to find him other-worldly about mundane matters. But Bishop McCabe was an exact and methodical man of business. Literally millions of money passed through his hands, every dollar of which was accounted for. His private charities, for one of his resources, were conducted on the most lavish scale. One reason why men gave to him was that they were sure their gifts would be accounted for and that the man to whom they gave was himself an "hilarious" giver. To look after his manifold interests required ceaseless diligence. He was a most conscientious and indefatigable worker. He was avaricious of time and did not hesitate in case of a conversation or debate to answer letters and listen at the same time. But he was never thoughtless or rude and he never slighted details or overlooked sources or matters of information. In the Conferences where he presided he was quite as thorough as his colleagues if somewhat more unconventional. He had a resourcefulness in kindness of heart which stood him in good stead when a tangle of

procedure was involved. No one was ever deliberately or seriously placed at a disadvantage by his rulings and his appointments were all accepted in good faith and with no more than the ordinary percentage of friction. He had an eye and a heart for dramatic effects, as witness multiplied scenes in connection with the roll call of the superannuates. To have a veteran borne in on the shoulders of some brethren while the congregation sobbed or shouted, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," or to have the veterans file past and shake hands with him while he sang "My ain Countree" for them—these things were quite after his heart—and of all hearts. His addresses to young preachers were characteristic of the man. The things he said were not extraordinary in themselves; but his saying of them was extraordinary. His dominant thought was born of his own success: Love to preach, but love more the people to whom you preach. True eloquence is not in skillful choosing of a word whose pedigree is unimpeachable, but in making every word conscious of your commission from God. Everywhere he brought to the work of the kingdom the brightness and warmth of an unquenchable optimism. He was sometimes disappointed in, but never hopeless about, men. And because he had hope of them he begat hope in them for themselves. He could not think that God was to be defeated. Next to the church his love went out to the nation. Patriotism was but the national aspect of his piety, as piety was his specific for the national well-being. His access to the heart of the old soldiers was instant and intimate, and he never met them that he did not offer them help in the war against sin and the banner of Christ under which to rally. He had a genuine passion for men, and so a capacity for

> That comrade love
> That knits men closer than the clasp of kin.

It was because he accepted his Master as model as well as master, and gave himself for man's redemption, that he died, as for forty years he lived, "The best loved man in Methodism."

Charles M. Stuart.

Art. II.—SIN, IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN THOUGHT

That the primitive man possesses a high degree of moral integrity is not without a certain scientific sanction. Sir J. W. Dawson speaks of "the tendency of biologists to infer that animals and plants were introduced under embryonic forms, and at first in few and imperfect species"; and he then adds: "Facts do not substantiate this. The first appearance of leading types of life is rarely embryonic, or of the nature of immature individuals. On the contrary, they often appear in highly perfect and specialized forms."[1] Without attempting to unduly press this passage, it certainly makes it all the easier to believe that the primitive man was not necessarily the meanest of his species. If leading types of life on the lower levels often appear in highly perfect and specialized forms it is not unscientific or unreasonable to believe that the highest of these leading types emerged on the scene with noble qualities. But, whatever sanction geology may thus seem to give to the dogma of the moral integrity of our first ancestor, science certainly leaves plenty of room for a catastrophe answering to the Fall. The doctrine of degeneration, held by science as firmly as it holds that of development, and which, indeed, is essential to the conception of evolution, has made it easy to believe in the most disastrous falling away. Science has made us distressingly familiar with reactions, reversions, parasites, atrophies, and extinctions, and it is in nowise unreasonable to believe that a being like the primitive man, full of splendid potentialities, should have declined from the spiritual law of his being, and fallen as low as we know man to be. In all spheres science has discovered striking exemplifications of the law of degeneration, and the corruption of humanity is an assumption quite in keeping with much that has been established concerning this law. But it must be allowed that the belief that we have risen out of an animal condition, and that sin is explained by the survival of animal impulses, gains ground with many thinking Christian men. It will be interesting, therefore, to inquire what will be the result if this view of the

[1] Salient Points, p. 26.

genesis and history of human nature should ultimately prevail. Will the orthodox doctrine be discredited, or, if not discredited, will it be seriously modified, or, will the main part of the evangelical faith remain, only suffering a fresh interpretation?

I. Let us take the witness of modern science as to the Reality of Evil. Revelation is not misleading us with a grim fiction when it insists on the doctrine of sin, for rationalists are increasingly sure of the working in nature of some kind of malefic element. The old deists saw nothing in the world except the beautiful and the good; gay theologians today refuse to recognize any dark enigma in nature or humanity; but the scientist sees evil everywhere. The rascality of nature confounds him. The plant world is full of sad significance. The whole mystery of iniquity is suggested in the grass, the flowers, the trees. Shapes and colors are rich enough, yet the vegetable world is an encyclopædia of wickedness. In our fields and gardens the plants display the worst moral characteristics: they live by selfishness, they commit all kinds of crimes in attempting to satisfy their egoistic ends; they are spiteful, cunning, dishonest, cruel. In equatorial forests the spectacle is more terrible still. The bush-ropes strangle, the parasites bleed, and the epiphytes hang on for a living; robbery, tyranny and murder are in evidence on every side. One of the older naturalists has left it on record that the contemplation of a Brazilian forest produced on him a most painful impression on account of the vegetation displaying a spirit of restless selfishness, craftiness, and despotism; and most modern observers are troubled by the fact that field and forest are as full of evil forms as the mind of man is, and that these evil forms marvelously correspond with the perversions of human nature. If Mr. Drummond is allowed to find in leaves and blossoms the indications and foreshadowings of the purest and sublimest moral virtues we must equally respect the stern naturalist who finds in the same flora the abounding images of our base humors, acts, and intentions. An article in The Forum on Crime Among Animals points out that everything one meets with in communities formed by man is also to be found, on a smaller scale and in rough outlines, among the animal species; psychology has shown that a universal fraternity exists between

all living beings; and man has been led to recognize a part of himself throughout the whole realm of nature, even in the humblest of animals. And so the school of criminal anthropology founded by Professor Lombroso has endeavored to discover in the animal species the origin of the mysterious and terrible phenomenon we call crime. The writer of this article claims that almost every form and variety of human crime is found among animals. Cases of theft are noticed among bees; thievish bees which, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well-stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives, and carry off the provisions. These marauders form regular colonies of brigand-bees. Sparrows are guilty of real robbery with regard to swallows' nests, and when opportunity serves the swallows inflict dread revenge. Real instances of theft may also be observed among pigeons, in the artificial communities formed by dovecotes. Nor is murder wanting among animals—that is to say, not murder such as is caused by the exigencies of the struggle for life, but murder committed under the influence of individual malice or passion. Storks will murder members of their flocks. Parrots attack their companions and crush their skulls by repeated blows from their beaks. Partridges, out of jealousy, often kill each other's young. Infanticide is a crime of very frequent occurrence among animals. Ants sometimes display a mad thirst for blood, a feverish desire to kill. Horses, dogs, elephants, monkeys are found guilty of envy, hatred, selfishness, violence; and these passions are revealed by them not only in the struggle for existence, but in pure wantonness. Van Beneden in his interesting book on Animal Parasites gives many striking instances of animal wickedness. Professor Drummond in Tropical Africa supplies fresh testimony to the same effect: "Carlyle in his blackest visions of 'shams and humbugs' among human kind never saw anything so finished in hypocrisy as the naturalist now finds in every tropical forest. There are to be seen creatures, not singly, but in tens of thousands, whose very appearance, down to the minutest spot and wrinkle, is an affront to truth, whose every attitude is a pose for a purpose, and whose life is a sustained lie. Before these masterpieces of deception the most ingenious of human impositions are vulgar

and transparent. Fraud is not only the great rule of life in a tropical forest but the one condition of it. . . . At the first revelation of all these smart hypocrisies one is inclined to brand the whole system as cowardly and false. And, however much the creatures impress you by their cleverness, you never get quite over the feeling that there is something underhand about it; something questionable and morally unsound."[1] Charles Dixon suggests that man learned deceit by witnessing the practice of it in lower forms of life; which is rather hard on the lower forms of life, remembering the abounding originality of man in that direction. Scientists fully recognize that the evil thus diffused through all nature finds its last extreme expression in man. Joseph Le Conte puts the scientific points thus: "All other evils are but shadows of moral evil, cast backward and downward on earlier stages of evolution and lower forms of existence. But from the evolution point of view these earlier and lower forms of evil are rather to be regarded as foreshadowings of the reality to come. They are but earlier and lower stages of the evolution of the *same thing*—embryonic conditions of the now full-grown evil."[2] According to this distinguished scientist the evil manifest in geological ages, the sinister features of plants and animals, was but typical and prophetical of the wickedness which was to arise at full fruition in human nature and human society. In man evil attains its final subtlety, violence, and ghastliness. Naturalists see and acknowledge that our greater nature does not exempt us from the law of evil, but, on the contrary, that our superior faculties and powers give to that dark law, which they discover everywhere, exaggerated development and tragic expression. The optimist of a past generation painted the orchid without the centiped, glossed over the dark aspects of the world, but modern science has made such optimism impossible; the naturalist finds the morbid element working in bee, bird, and beast; he is offended at every turn by injustice, duplicity, truculence, and wrongfulness in that earth and sky which seemed once altogether beautiful and good. The sinister signs of plant and animal life are, as we know, immoral, and quite other than that dark thing which is

[1] Pp. 161, 179. [2] Evolution, p. 370.

truly called sin, as I hope by and by to point out; but in lower and higher stages alike the scientist finds the morbid element and law. As Huxley testifies, "the universal experience of mankind testified then, as now, that whether we look within us or without us evil stares us in the face on all sides; that, if anything is real, pain and sorrow and wrong are realities."[1] The terrible indictment of the race which it is the first duty of the preacher to urge has received the sanction of the interpreter of nature.

II. Another evangelical doctrine to which modern thought gives an undesigned sanction is that of the Total Depravity of human nature. Very many Christian men have felt uneasy about this orthodox position, to say nothing about the rational world generally. They think that human nature is a mixture of good and evil, and that it cannot be understood unless this is allowed. Revelation, on the contrary, insists that human character is simple; that it is either good or bad. Man morally cannot be figured as the image with head of gold, body of brass, legs of iron, and feet of clay; there is in him a spirit which transfuses his whole nature and gives him one character. He who has leprosy is a leper; he is not partly sound and partly diseased. The disease may manifest itself here or there, in a hand or foot, in this member or that, but the whole man is justly regarded as diseased; the virus is in his blood circulating through his entire system; there is no part from which the subtle infection is excluded, and you can think and speak only of a diseased personality. Such is the meaning of total depravity; it is not implied that the man will practice every vice, that in every faculty and sphere he will display the presence and power of unrighteousness; it simply means that the false set of his will, the unworthiness of his ideal, corrupts his whole being, perverts his action, and gives him the character of a sinner. Rationalists are conscious of the unity of human character. In a letter of George Sand occurs this instructive passage: "I want to see man such as he is. He is not either good or bad, he is good and bad at the same time. But, being good and bad, he must be something more. . . . There is the shade! the shade being, in my opinion, the aim of art—he must possess some

[1] Romanes Lecture.

internal power which leads him to be very wicked and but little honest—or very honest but little wicked."[1] Here this gifted writer, in the very moment of yielding to the atomistic theory of human character, feels its insufficiency. She sees that however we may appear good and bad at the same time, however fine and repulsive traits may mingle in the same individual life, yet there is at last some "internal power," some bias, passion, some master idea and sympathy, which determines the character as good or bad; and it is "the aim of art" in history, biography, fiction, and the drama, to seize amid conflicting signs and symptoms the determining principle. The theologian holds substantially the same view. He does not deny the splendid natural virtues, he willingly allows that we are not, roughly speaking, altogether good or evil, but that we reveal strange moral confusions and contradictions; yet it is the burden of theology to affirm the all-pervasive sinfulness of human nature, and it is the aim of the preacher, as George Sand declares it to be the aim of art, to discover to men the fundamental, central, dominant principle of their lives; that principle which determines character as sinful whatever may be the mixture of good and evil in conduct and action. The philosopher and the theologian are agreed that however to the uncritical eye men may appear at the same time both good and bad, they are in the last analysis either good or bad according to their elect ideal, their master passion, their supreme purpose. Many strongly protest against the classification of men as sheep and goats; they regard the simple, sharp distinction as "a dramatic dualism" which will not satisfy the thoughtful. Yet it is remarkable how science insists on an analogous dualism in its own realm. Influential scientists reject as a fatal heresy the suggestion to establish an intermediate kingdom of microbes between the two organic kingdoms of animals and plants. They contend that a third organic kingdom would include a collection of very heterogeneous groups which it would be far more satisfactory to leave in one or the other kingdoms. "We should, in our opinion, approximate more closely to nature's plan by only admitting two great kingdoms—the organic kingdom, which includes plants and animals, and the inorganic kingdom

[1] Letters, Vol. III, p. 324.

of minerals. The organic kingdom should then be divided into two sub-kingdoms—animals and plants—of which microbes, or whatever else they may be called, should form the connecting link, and testify to the common origin of the two great organic kingdoms."[1] They cannot allow two kingdoms; all objects must be distinguished as organic or inorganic, as true plants or true animals. In nature are strange things and creatures—hesitating, indecisive, obscure—partly vegetable and partly animal, it would seem, half their time animal, and the other half vegetable, and the naturalist experiences more difficulty in settling scientific frontiers than the statesman does; but sharp frontiers the scientist must establish, frontiers so sharp that nothing can live upon them. Things must be recognized as on this side or that, as belonging to one realm or another. All this not as a mere matter of convenience, but as a necessity of orderly thought and progress. If a scientist were to arise of sufficiently profound insight, able to pronounce as to the essential character of the most indefinite and amorphous objects, there is little doubt but that the distinctions of the several kingdoms would be found to exist in the constitution of things; the boundaries of the spheres, the clear lines of demarcation, are not obvious, but they are there and must be postulated. When the evangelical faith insists on a similar twofold classification in the moral sphere, refusing an intermediate category or categories of vague, heterogeneous groups, it is only insisting upon the same lines as the scientist finds to be consonant with the facts and laws of the physical world, only with far greater reason. Jesus Christ made no mistake about his decisive, imperative division of men into sheep and goats; the "dramatic dualism" is no mere metaphor, but a solemn and inevitable fact of the spiritual universe. However far apart species may stand in nature, they are at last akin in essence, and cannot even in thought be utterly and finally divorced; but souls may acquire character absolutely diverse; it is possible for a bridgeless gulf to be established between them, and when the omniscient Judge comes he will, with infallible judgment, resolve the most heterogeneous groups and assign them to their own proper and permanent sphere. On which side of the

[1] Troussart, Microbes.

line does science place man; does it class him with the sheep, or the goats? The Christian theologian has suffered worlds of abuse on account of the injustice he is alleged to have done human nature, but today the thoroughgoing scientist counts the theologian a sentimentalist who shrinks from admitting the whole truth as to the unfathomable depravity of the race. The scientist is often a more cordial and enthusiastic believer in human badness than the preacher is. He does not, however, speak of total depravity, but of the preponderance of bestial instinct and passion in our nature. The photography of the Röntgen rays ignores elegant shapes and handsome features; penetrating within the organism, it discloses the hidden skeleton and all interior defects; so modern science loves to show how within the proud forms and charming colors of civilization lurks the image of the gorilla. The evangelical has been scorned for daring to affirm the depravity of sweet little children, but at last wisdom is justified of her children. In Darwin's Life and Letters we read this: "My first child was born December 27, 1839, and I at once commenced to make notes on the first dawn of the various expressions which he exhibited, for I felt convinced, even at this early period, that the most complex and fine shades of expression must all have had a gradual and natural origin."[1] There is something very grim in the great scientist standing over his firstborn and watching in its cries and gestures for reminiscences of our forest ancestor. One may regard the spectacle as that of a naturalistic priest reading over a babe the Baptismal Service: "Forasmuch as all men are conceived and born in sin." As Darwin frankly notes in his child signs of our animal origin, so science finds the gorilla, strong, truculent, ineradicable, in all society. The devil of theology means a great deal more than the baboon of science, yet, so far as our argument is concerned, whether the malignant factor in our nature is known as ape or devil matters little, the one important thing to observe being that the black element is more fully recognized by the anthropologist than ever before. Enough that he finds in us all the irregularities and immoralities of the disordered universe out of which we arose; that he finds in us evil full grown; that he

[1] Vol. I, p. 95.

declares it to be our sad and despairing task to struggle with a wild, selfish, cruel nature. Read in the Epistle to the Romans the chapter in which the apostle depicts the tragic antagonism between the law of the mind and the law of the flesh, and then turn to Darwin and his compeers and consider their account of the strife which rages in the human breast between the promptings of the ape and tiger and the aspirations of the ethical man, and you will be satisfied that, so far from having discredited the doctrine of sin, the evolutionist has supplied a powerful and lurid commentary on the reasonings of Saint Paul. We believe that sin means a great deal more than is implied in animal impulses, but we cannot expect the scientist to treat of the spirituality of wickedness. He has gone a long way with the theologian, gone as far as it is possible for him to go, when he allows that the rational element is so seriously obscured and dominated by the wild beasts of the forest. Call the malign element in our nature ape or devil, it does not greatly matter so far as the general Christian position about the fact of sin is concerned; it is a matter of melancholy satisfaction that the naturalist has found the pestilence that walks in darkness, found it to be very deadly, and to work with awful energy.

III. Science finds the malign irrational element in human nature to be universal. Saint Paul argues that all "men are under sin"; "there is none righteous, no, not one"; "they are all gone out of the way"; "they are together become unprofitable." He then draws an awful picture of depraved nature, and concludes by affirming that we are all in the same condemnation, "for there is no difference." This theology, teaching the universality of sinful nature, gives umbrage to many; they angrily declare that such a representation is contrary to fact and common sense. It is manifest, they say, that there is a great difference. An eloquent rationalist maintains that there are two distinctly different types of human nature; some, with a pure and delicate constitution, are saints from their mother's womb while others are born radically and hopelessly bad. Mr. Karl Pearson thus states the case: "From a bad stock can come only bad offspring, and if a member of such a stock is, owing to special training and education, an

exception to his family, his offspring will still be born with the same taint. . . . No degenerate and feeble stock will ever be converted into healthy and sound stock by the accumulated effects of education, good laws, and sanitary surroundings. Such means may render the individual members of the stock passable if not strong members of society, but the same process will have to be gone through again and again in ever-widening circles if the stock, owing to the conditions in which society has placed it, is able to increase in numbers."[1] Thus there are two distinct stocks: the bad stock can never be converted into a sound one, and ought therefore to be suppressed, while, on the other hand, society ought carefully to see that the population of the future is bred out of its nobler members. The reality of this distinction, and the importance of producing posterity out of our best types, is the favorite theme with a certain school of thinkers. "The end, then, toward which we have to aim is the production in each generation of children from the best and healthiest of the population alone, for it is surely only reasonable that we should, as a community, pay the same care and attention to our own race propagation that a gardener does to his roses or chrysanthemums, or a dog fancier to his hounds or terriers, or a cattle dealer to his southdowns or shorthorns. That there is no means of improving our race so efficaciously as by selection we may be certain, and that there is no other way is highly probable." "We can improve our race by adopting the one and only adequate expedient, that of carrying on the race through our best and most worthy strains. We can be as certain of our result as the gardener who hoes away the weeds and plants good seed, and who knows that he can produce the plants he wants by his care in the selection of the seed." "One cannot for a moment doubt that, by selection, England in a hundred years might have its average man and woman as well endowed in body and mind as are the best of us today."[2] The hope of the race, according to these thinkers, lies in insulating the fine, the strong, the prudent type, and in forcibly and mercilessly eliminating the weak, the unfortunate, the imprudent, and the sinner.

[1] Grammar of Science, p. 32.
[2] A. B. Hayeraft, Darwinism and Race Progress.

Men are wheat and tares, and we must conserve and propagate the wheat, as the gardener hoes away the weeds; we are sheep and goats, and care must be taken to separate the sheep from the goats, and to see that only the sheep multiply.

Is it true that any profound distinction such as is here implied exists among men? Has science discovered any radical distinction? Fortunately we have the verdict of one of the foremost representatives of modern science, and it is curious to note how precisely this verdict agrees with the finding of the Epistle to the Romans. In his Prolegomena to his Romanes Lecture Huxley introduces this reflection: "I sometimes wonder whether people who talk so freely about extirpating the unfit ever dispassionately consider their own history. Surely one must be very 'fit' indeed not to know of an occasion, or perhaps two, in one's life when it would have been only too easy to qualify for a place among the unfit."[1] Here the candid evolutionist says, in so many words: "Look into your own heart, remember your own history, you sleek, complacent judge of your brother, and you shall know how truly you share the propensities and perils of the unfit; once, twice, yea, many times, you have consciously known your fallen brother's passion and actually provoked his fate." Really, the modern scientist takes the place of the evangelical Bradford and, looking upon the drunkard, the thief or the murderer, confesses: "There, but for—for—for inexplicable good luck, goes Thomas H. Huxley." The divisions between the wheat and tares, the sheep and goats, must take place at the right time, and must be effected by competent authority. It is precipitate to attempt the segregation recommended by materialistic dreamers, and presumption on our part to take the judge's seat. It is, of course, interesting to know that after the rationalist has long derided the vulgar dualism of wheat and tares, sheep and goats, he has at length discovered that such a dualism may be a reality, and that it is desirable to follow that line of cleavage; but the rationalist is wrong in anticipating the great assize, and doubly wrong in usurping for himself the office of judge. The law of sin works in all, the hope of salvation is valid for all, and it were a vast impertinence

[1] Evolution and Ethics, Vol. IX, p. 39.

to attempt a short cut to the millennium by determining personal moral value by muscles, health, or clothes. The problem of life and character is not so entirely physical as these materialists assume, neither will it be settled after their easy-going mechanical fashion. We cannot now be sure of the essential worth of any man; our classifications are pitifully superficial; we might easily propagate the wrong plants, breed with the wrong stock, and therefore today none may claim privilege or suffer extinction. Wheat and tares must grow together until the harvest; before then they may have changed places, and only in the light of the Lord of the harvest shall character be determined and a just separation be effected. None dare now revile his brother, seeing we are all in the same condemnation; none need despair, for all are included in the same covenant of mercy. Day by day in the hearts of men the deep issues are being worked out, and we solemnly wait the coming of the Judge who will do right. "There is no difference," says Saint Paul. Whatever difference may exist in features, color, language, culture, status, we are all of one stock, tainted to the core. In its own diction modern science substantially says the same thing. The evolutionist will not hear of Adam, yet he forthwith postulates another ancestor for us all. We must not seek the genesis of the race in many centers, or even in several centers; only in one center and one ancestor; an ancestor fearfully weighted with animalism and who has necessarily infected all his posterity. Adam and Paradise disappear, but their place is occupied by an equivalent. The schoolboy giving an account of Shakespeare's plays explained that these plays were not written by Shakespeare, but by another fellow of the same name. Turning to the naturalist's revised Genesis we find Adam and his garden gone, but another common father and another express locality figure in their stead. We have one ancestor and a common nature still. Viewed externally the differences of men are practically infinite, but the animal ancestor lurks in us all. His fur has been smoothed, the red tooth has been polished into an ivory ornament, the rending claw has become a white hand glistening with gems, the cruel eye has been softened to the luster of the gazelle's, but the ape and tiger, however disguised, are within us, and within us all—savage

or civilized, cultured or coarse, saintly or vicious, rich or poor, great or small. Mr. Huxley with admirable candor reminded us that despite all distinctions we are yet one in origin and essence; and if we look within we shall find established an irrefragable identity, the identity of passion and moral weakness.

IV. The last view of sin that we will consider is its Transmission. And here again science gives a distinct sanction to the orthodox doctrine. Professor Huxley, speaking of the oriental doctrine of transmigration, remarks that this doctrine must not be rejected on the ground of its inherent absurdity; it has its roots in the world of reality, and it may claim such support as the great argument from analogy is capable of supplying. He says: "Everyday experience familiarizes us with the facts which are grouped under the name of heredity. Every one of us bears upon him obvious marks of his parentage, perhaps of remoter relationships. More particularly, the sum of tendencies to act in a certain way which we call 'character' is often to be traced through a long series of progenitors and collaterals. So we may justly say that this 'character'—this moral and intellectual essence of a man—does veritably pass over from one fleshly tabernacle to another, and does really transmigrate from generation to generation. In the new-born infant the character of the stock lies latent, and the *ego* is little more than a bundle of potentialities. But, very early, they become actualities; from childhood to age they manifest themselves in dullness or brightness, weakness or strength, viciousness or uprightness; and with each feature modified by confluence with another character, if by nothing else, the character passes on to its incarnation in new bodies. The Indian philosophers called character as thus defined 'Karma.'" Thus we learn that Hindu speculation touching the transmigration of souls has its roots in the world of reality, for we actually witness the transmigration of character, we see men transmitting their intellectual and moral essence through countless generations. Gautama taught "the transmigration of character," and, whether that doctrine be true or not so far as it relates to the individual passing in successive worlds through successive stages of being, the evolutionist holds that it is perfectly true as it relates to the transmission of

character from one individual to another through interminable ages upon this earth. This transmission of character which is so reasonable to the scientist is substantially all that the orthodox ask for when they postulate hereditary depravity. Another point may be made here. Huxley holds that transmitted character is not modified in transmission. He says: "That the manifestation of the tendencies of a character may be greatly facilitated, or impeded, by conditions, of which self-discipline, or the absence of it, are among the most important, is indubitable; but that the character itself is modified in this way is by no means so certain: it is not so sure that the transmitted character of an evil liver is worse or that of a righteous man better than that which he received."[1] And one of the chief features of Weismann's theory is the noninheritance by the offspring of characteristics acquired by the parents in the course of their lives. The language used by Huxley and Weismann is very different from that of Boston in The Fourfold State, but it none the less expresses in new terms the evangelical doctrine of the taint of evil transmitted to all the sons of Adam; which is a stable element in human nature and which a villain or a righteous man transmits just as he received it. Some theologians have thought that evolution will ultimately do away with the doctrine of original sin, so far at least as that doctrine insists on the entail of evil. Henry Ward Beecher in his Discourses on Christianity and Evolution dwells triumphantly on the theory that the vicious element in the race would grow fainter and fainter, any slight increment of good attained by the parents would be communicated to their offspring, the struggles of one generation for a higher or fuller virtue would be inherited by the next in a stronger brain and purer fiber, until the vicious dispositions and weaknesses of the race would be bred out and children come into the world with pure and healthy instincts only. The preacher was premature. Modern science does not support this optimism. Its last word declares that acquired characters are not transmitted, and that there runs through the long series of the generations an infected plasm which will persist to the latest member of the series, no matter what the individual may do or be.

[1] Romanes Lecture.

The fundamental character persists. Society is not to be sanctified by subtle improvements in the individual physically transmitted, the gorilla tendencies cannot be bred out. The theologian teaches much the same when he insists that there is in human nature a germ of evil which persists irrespective of all conditions. We will not contend that the doctrine and reasoning of Darwin and Weismann are identical with the dogmas of the church, but they certainly bear a curious resemblance to them. When the evolutionist has put forth the doctrine of the animal genesis and taints of human nature; contended for the transmission of character—that is, "the moral and intellectual essence of a man does veritably pass over from one fleshly tabernacle to another"; and affirmed that no individual modifies the fundamental character of the species, he has accredited orthodox doctrine as far as it is open to him to do so. After championing these three great assumptions he can object to the theologian only on the ground that his doctrine of original sin is not strenuous enough; that he does not sufficiently recognize the depth, power and hopelessness of evil. Writers who have the least sympathy with Christianity are free to acknowledge that modern science has given quite an unexpected sanction to the doctrine of original sin. In an address delivered in South Place Chapel, Finsbury, the sanctuary of freethinkers, Mr. Bernard Bosanquet spoke thus about sin: "If to admit the sinfulness of man were enough for orthodoxy, I imagine that few of us would be heretics. The old problem of the conflict in man's nature remains a fact under every new name. In the greater life of the world, and more especially of mankind, there is something which the animal individual may or may not make his own, a principle on which he may or may not lay hold, a direction in which he may or may not set his face. Whether he call it, with Plato, the ascent from the underground den of ignorance and passion, or, with John Bunyan, the Pilgrim's Progress from the City of Destruction, is a mere affair of phrases and metaphors. But if we think that the will to be good grows up as a matter of course in every man, and maintains itself in his mind without help from a greater power than his, then we are in a fool's paradise, and have still much to learn from the Catholic Church. When we read of God

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and sin we must not think complacently to ourselves that 'we have changed all that.' "[1] No, indeed, they have not "changed all that" concerning sin; from new standpoints they have confirmed it, with new facts illustrated it, and with new and gloomier colors painted it. As the Spectator a while ago remarked, "we doubt, indeed, whether, in spite of the doctrine of evolution, there is not at the present time a deeper though a more reasonable belief among us in original sin than there ever was in the most Calvinistic eras of the most Calvinistic Churches."

Preachers have no cause to feel uneasy if they spy the rationalist in their congregation. He used to scorn our doctrine, and became indignant over the injustice we did human nature, but now he is better informed, and often wishes that we would be more emphatic about the defiling and corrupting quantity found in human nature. He is far from being reconciled to the devil, but he is as strong on the mark of the beast as the most fanatical interpreter of the Apocalypse. Charles Darwin says: "The history of the progress of knowledge is but an account of the passage of the inconceivable into the conceivable"; and we may safely apply this sentence to the subject in hand, and say that the progress of scientific knowledge has made the inconceivable evangelical doctrine touching the fact, universality, transmission, and the power of sin, an empirical truth as well as a theological one. While the orthodox doctrine retains, and must retain, its mystical character, modern thought and research have supplied new demonstrations of the truth as it impinges on the physical and physiological world. As far as that was possible to it, it has given the doctrine of sin fresh credibility in the eyes of a scientific generation. John Fiske asks with confidence: "When did Saint Paul's conception of the two men within him that warred against each other—the appetites of our brute nature and the God-given yearning for a higher life—when did the grand conception ever have so much significance as now?"[2] On sin, as properly sin, modern science casts little light, can cast little light. In the sphere of the spirit sin emerges. We have spoken of the crimes of animals, but in so

[1] The Civilization of Christendom.
[2] Man's Destiny, p. 104.

doing we merely used the language of accommodation. Sin can exist only with self-consciousness—the knowledge of God, of the higher law, of freedom and conscience. When the apostle reminds us that we wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, with spiritual wickedness in high places, he implies the true character of sin as against what in nature we call evil. It is in the sphere of the spirit that the unmoral becomes moral or immoral, that the appetites and passions take on an ethical character and become of infinite significance. Into this realm science cannot enter, but its deeper researches prove that the mystery of iniquity is a great fact, and it has more clearly shown the nature of those lower impulses which it is the work of the soul to discipline. For the knowledge of sin in its essence, for grace to deal with it, for the hope of a full triumph over its subtlety and power, we must go to revelation and to Him who is the center of revelation.

W. L. Watkinson

Art. III.—THE QUAKER LAUREATE OF PURITANISM

The hundredth anniversary of Whittier's birth (December 17, 1807) furnishes a felicitous occasion for a fresh study of his influence and genius. It is fifteen years since he passed from earth (September 7, 1892), and that has given sufficient time for a fairly complete, though perhaps not final, estimate of the poet and of the man. It has become abundantly evident that the "barefoot boy" of the East Haverhill farm and "the Hermit of Amesbury" was not only an efficient force in the fight for the freedom of the slave but also a large contributor to those high puissances which have perpetual cogency in the realm of character. His own character was, of course, a very considerable element in this effect. The man was more than the poet. His life was very sweet and holy, very strong and true. His best utterances, those which have most cheered and charmed, uplifted and inspired the largest number of hearts, came from the deep fountains of his own soul, and derived not a little of their power from the fact that his individual experience was distinctly manifested in them. He walked with God. He is easily the most religious of our major American poets. The moral interest is always supreme with him; so much so that some, whose bent is not in this direction, have complained about it, counting it a detraction from his poetic excellence, holding that art is belittled and weakened just in proportion as it has commerce with morality. Whittier did not think so. At any rate, there was never a day when being and doing good was not more important to him than personal reputation. He deliberately counted the cost of taking up the antislavery crusade, knowing well that it closed to him, for the time at least, the gates of both literary and political preferment. But the path of duty was so clear that it left him no room for hesitation. At a later period we find him saying: "I care not for fame, and have no solicitude about the verdict of posterity. What we are will then be more important than what we have done or said in prose or rhyme, or what folks that we never saw or heard of think about us."

When the grass is green above us,
And they who know us now and love us
Are sleeping at our side,
Will it avail us aught that men
Tell the world with lip and pen
That we have lived and died?

At another time he writes: "I cannot be sufficiently grateful to the Divine Providence that so early called my attention to the great interests of humanity, saving me from the poor ambitions and miserable jealousies of the selfish pursuit of literary reputation. As I have never staked all on the chances of authorship, I have been spared the pains of disappointment and the temptation to envy those who, as men of letters, occupy a higher position in the popular estimation than I have ever aspired to."

The zeal with which he threw himself into the emancipation of the slave in early manhood had a variety of results. The cause did as much for him as he did for the cause. It was the gymnastic of his genius. It gave tone to all his subsequent years. It produced a sudden, quickly noticeable, and almost startling change in the character of his poetry. Before this his poems had been little more than exercises in rhetoric and versification, of which he was always afterward ashamed. They were very abundant, and fairly well liked. In the six or seven years from the time he really began to write until the change came he composed, and published in the Haverhill Gazette and other places, a poem almost every week. The number in all was not far from three hundred. He never received any pay for them, and scarcely twenty of them are now extant. Their death was entirely natural. They had none of the vivifying spirit which breathes in nearly all he wrote after he consecrated himself to the holy war. Previously loving his life he lost it. Now losing, forgetting, himself, he made an unspeakable gain, and found a freedom which put surprising power into his pen. His engrossment in the contest with slavery was attended, however, with this disadvantage as regards the Muse: he was too much absorbed with his message to stop long for a study of means and methods; the matter just then meant much more than the manner. How could he pause to perfect the form when his soul was all on fire to strike swiftly and fiercely at the foe? He felt

called upon to meet with promptitude the pressing demands of the hour. His words were blows, his poems battles. So it was not either beauties or blemishes that weighed with him so much as the execution he could effect in the ranks of the enemy. The prophet and the reformer leaped to the front; the artist, in some respects, suffered. He could not take time to prune and polish when some burning thought cried out for instant expression, or some incident on the tongues of the people gave a text for immediate discussion. While the printer's boy waited for copy it was hardly possible to brood much, or tarry long to select the very choicest phrases, and the habit of haste, the fault of negligence, thus formed, clung to him. It clung to him the closer because rather natural to him on account of limited educational advantages. Until nineteen years of age he had no schooling except what he obtained at the district school during a small part of the year. Only two of his teachers there (both Dartmouth students) were at all fitted for their work. His mother, his Bible and Burns were his real instructors. When nearly twenty, after a very hard struggle to earn a little money, he had one year of two terms at the Haverhill Academy. This very meager literary training necessarily cramped him in some directions while it doubtless helped him in others. It brought him, or left him, nearer to the people. It threw him back on common things for his main themes. It made him the Burns of America. Regarded purely as a writer it must be admitted that he lies open to considerable criticism. His faulty rhymes are altogether too numerous. Few of his poems are wholly free from them. They can be counted by the hundred. Such couplings as "word" and "God," "breath" and "path," "are" and "wear," "curse" and "us," "toil" and "isle," "good" and "renewed," "lay" and "Florida," "live" and "survive," "come" and "roam," "foam" and "clomb," "blood" and "gratitude," "yet" and "feet," "flow" and "brow," "swell" and "oracle," "made" and "read," do not strike one pleasantly. Apparently they did not trouble him. He did not think it worth while to go out of his way to obviate them. His ear was not very well taught. It could be wished that he had been a little more fastidious, more sensitive to harshness of sound. There is a great deal of improvisation, confessedly so, in his work.

There is much that reads as though ground out to order, impromptu, rather pretty and smoothly flowing but with no special inspiration or emotion in it, hardly more than prose measured off into feet and decked out with passable jingles. His work is very uneven, yet it showed but little progress in the sixty years during which he wrote. Of his five hundred poems fifty perhaps will be read for another fifty years, and half that number twice as long. It must also be said that he lacked compression. He had an almost fatal fluency at times. He babbles on when he has nothing further, or nothing of any particular importance, to say. He is very diffuse, unable to stop at the right place or to exercise self-restraint. Nor can it be claimed for him that he had a pre-eminent imagination. His figures, as a rule, are obvious and trite, in no way out of the ordinary, or likely to linger long in the mind. Occasionally, however, one is thrilled with the aptness of the metaphor or the power of a comparison. What could be finer than some of the stanzas in the "The Worship of Nature"? such as

> The mists above the morning rills
> Rise white as wings of prayer;
> The altar-curtains of the hills
> Are sunset's purple air;

or a few of the lines in his description of Hampton Beach:

> They saw the prismy hues in thin spray showers
> Where the green buds of waves burst into white froth flowers.

That he was incapable of sustained effort, that he produced no extended or elaborate work, that he rarely or never excelled himself, was due in part to his health. He suffered much from physical disabilities, how much only those who knew him well ever suspected. This very seriously affected the exercise of his powers. Inheriting from both his parents a sensitive, nervous temperament, he was never robust. One of his earliest recollections, he says, was of pain in his head; it seldom left him. It accompanied every intellectual exertion. In middle or later life he could not write or read continuously for half an hour without suffering. A mental strain of two hours was intolerable to him. Pain in the region of

the heart also was often severe, and constantly wearing upon him. He was a wretched sleeper, getting very little sound repose, often going night after night with almost none, and counting five hours of slumber at a stretch a wonderful mercy. He did his work under greater difficulty in this respect, probably, than any of the leading writers of the land; but he was always cheerful, genial, brave, and wholesome. Nevertheless, while it is only fair to note these limitations, he was a true poet, with genuine genius. He was not a mere fashioner of phrases, a carpenter of couplets, a vociferator of verses. Indeed, in these respects, as we have seen, his art was often defective, crude, measured by the highest standards. But he had something to say, a real message, which could best be said in rhythmical form. He was a natural singer, a balladist, excelling in the lyric and bucolic rather than in the epic or dramatic. It was plain also that the ethical was more strongly developed in him than the æsthetical; that his hold on his readers was more because he stirred their hearts profoundly, and helped them in the battle of life, than because he gave them new ideas or impressed them with his brilliant powers of fancy. He was a seer and a prophet, a mighty moral teacher; not a theologian or a preacher exactly, but his influence on the religious thought of the American people has been far greater than that of the occupant of any pulpit. In the long run the poets prevail.

Just what did he teach? What were the main thoughts which he felt himself commissioned to communicate to the world? One does not have to read long in order to see that his productions are thoroughly saturated with the Bible. This was the one book of his boyhood days, the one with which he was most familiar all his life. He was so filled with its truths, with its language, and so intimately acquainted with every part of it, even those portions less generally perused, that he could draw at will upon all its stores of opinion and expression. The ordinary reader who attempts to trace up his Scripture references to their source will find himself driven to prolonged use of the concordance, and will emerge from the endeavor much better acquainted than before with the treasures of Holy Writ. We have noted between six and seven hundred biblical quotations or allusions in his poetical works, and

doubtless the list might be further extended. But to say that he was emphatically biblical in his teaching is, of course, somewhat indefinite. What special parts of the Bible did he mainly affect? What particular truths were dearest to him, and have, through him, become most impressed upon the public? Charity, sympathy, pity, brotherly kindness, unselfishness, love—this class of sentiments, all will agree, were those for which he had chief affinity. It was these qualities that he was never tired of praising. The uttermost toleration also, the very largest inclusiveness of belief, and the very mildest judgments upon others, as mindful of our own weakness, our own imperfections in conduct or creed, strongly characterized him. He was surprisingly, stupendously optimistic, with profound faith in human nature, full of hope and good cheer, enthusiasm and brightness. He sings:

> The Night is mother of the Day,
> The Winter of the Spring,
> And ever upon old Decay
> The greenest mosses cling.
> Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
> Through showers the sunbeams fall;
> For God, who loveth all his works,
> Has left his hope with all.

There is never any doubt with him that "truth itself is strong" and shall certainly prevail; that "no seed of truth is lost, through summer's heat and winter's frost, and every duty pays at last its cost." Never any doubt, either, had he that it is perfectly safe to trust God. He constantly, clearly teaches patience under the divine discipline, faith in the Father's care—in his power, wisdom, affection; cheerful acceptance of all his allotments, perfect confidence in his all-embracing providence. It is perhaps in this more than in any other direction that he has strengthened the hearts of men to endure, and be, and do. "Before me, even as behind," he says, "God is, and all is well." "Well I know that all things move to the spheral rhythm of love." He rebukes "the faithlessness of fear." As to the "old baffling questions" which evermore send out their silent challenge and their dumb demand, torturing the soul with their "riddles of the dread unknown," he says:

I have no answer, for myself or thee,
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee:
"All is of God that is or is to be;
And God is good." Let this suffice us still,
Resting in childlike trust upon his will
Who moves to his great ends unthwarted by the ill.

With him "nothing can of chance befall," "that is best which is," and "what is dark below is light in heaven." He is certain that "the end will tell, the dear Lord ordereth all things well," that "soon or late our Father makes his perfect recompense to all," sending a fresh blessing ever to take the place of that removed. Even when our loved ones go, called to himself by the Father, "when in the shadow of a great affliction the soul sits dumb," we are not to think that any evil has been wrought, or any real loss sustained; "the good die not," "they live on earth in thought and deed as truly as in his heaven." "Life is ever lord of death, and Love can never lose its own."

While laying stress on human dignity, and the inborn right of every man to freedom and to the uttermost use of all his powers of thought and speech and act, he is not of those who idly fancy that in this universe, God-ruled, with its marvelously complicated conditions, any man can do, in the outward realm, precisely as he pleases, or is fitted to determine the course of his career.

The threads our hands in blindness spin
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.

Through wish, resolve, and act, our will
Is moved by undreamed forces still;
And no man measures in advance
His strength with untried circumstance.

But he is the farthest possible from diminishing our sense of responsibility or encouraging aught of fatalism or inactivity. In a very important sense "we shape ourselves the joy or fear of which the coming life is made," "the tissue of the life to be we weave with colors all our own."

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life than lie
Unmindful on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by.

> Better with naked nerves to bear
> The needles of this goading air,
> Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego
> The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know.

Good deeds are with him ever the best kind of worship; one would think at times he meant there was no need for any other worship. He gives the highest efficacy to "the prayer of love which, wordless, shapes itself in deeds." He would not have him called heretic "whose works attest his faith in goodness," although that faith be "by no creed confessed." In one place, defending Sumner, he seems to sneer at "frames and moods" as of little account, "the bigot's narrow bound," a mark of "cant." In another place, praising Burns, he says: "He who sings the love of man the love of God hath sung." Again he writes: "Love is one with holiness"; "beauty is goodness, ugliness is sin"; "the good is always beautiful, the beautiful is good." Perhaps he did not quite mean this. If he did, we must take some exception to it. He had the defects of his qualities. How could it be otherwise? Who has not? In stating strongly a precious and important truth, which at the time seems most needing emphasis, he could not always stop to append a counterbalancing statement or guard his sentence from abuse. We are quite certain he did not really intend to depreciate righteousness or put mere sweetness in its place. Nor was it any part of his plan to cast scorn upon the inward life. On the contrary, true to his Quaker training and the principles of the Friends, to which he was very warmly attached—he said near the close of his life: "I have been a member of the society of Friends by birthright and by the settled conviction of the truth of its principles and the importance of its testimonies"—he never tires of eulogizing the inward voice and ear, "the still witness of the heart." We must listen, he says, "through the noise of time and sense to the still whisper of the Inward Word, bitter in blame, sweet in approval heard. It is its own confirming evidence." With him the deepest test of faith, deeper than "prison cell or martyr's stake," is "the self-abasing watchfulness of silent prayer." True piety he finds stamped with "cheerful walking as one to pleasing service led, doing God's will as if it were my own, not trusting in my own, but in God's strength alone." He hears,

listening with his heart, the "voice without a sound" which says: "Be just, be true, be merciful, revere the Word within thee; God is near."

Another point of doctrine wherein Whittier gives out at times an uncertain sound—although in the end he seems to emerge from ambiguity—is that which concerns the doom of the lost, or the possibility of any being finally lost. It is evident that in some moods, and at some stages of his life, he verges toward Universalism. His affections and sensibilities lead him powerfully that way; he writes some lines that can hardly be interpreted otherwise than as sanctioning that faith: "Love must needs be stronger far than sin"; "The patience of immortal love outwearying mortal sin"; "I do not fix, with metc and bound, the love and power of God"; "I know not of his hate. I know his goodness and his love." All this, if it stood alone, would surely put him with Tennyson and Browning on this theme. But it does not stand alone. There are abundant indications that in his later years, as his thought grew more mature, he saw the other side more clearly, and appreciated more fully that all could not be managed by mere softness. In 1842 and 1843 he rates the clergy roundly because they sanction capital punishment, which he crudely calls the "crime of revenge," and "the law's darkest crime," "murder by the law's command," terming the gallows a "foul devil's altar," the chaplain and hangman "two busy fiends." He favors unmeasured mercy, unlimited forbearance toward the criminal; no restraint must be put upon him for the good of society, only for his own good. This is very shallow and raw. But he speaks also of "God's hate of sin," and says: "Thy judgments too are right." "Stern-eyed duty" comes to the front in his thought no less than mild-eyed love; he seems to recognize that persons may be so inexorably, inseparably bound up with sin that they must share its treatment. He says very explicitly, replying to a letter from an inquiring friend: "I am not a Universalist, for I believe in the possibility of the perpetual loss of the soul that persistently turns away from God in the next life as in this. But I do believe that the divine love and compassion follow us in all worlds, and that the heavenly Father will do the best that is

possible for every creature he has made. What that will be must be left to his infinite wisdom and goodness." He refers his correspondent to "The Answer," where he gives clearest testimony to his belief in the power of man to resist the love of God, to have gone so far in sin that his habit-bound feet will lack the will to turn—the soul prisoned in dreary selfishness and the mind unable to break the fetters of doubt or believe in the love of God; no eye left that can see, no ear that can hear; the will paralyzed by long continuance in evil. "No force divine can love compel." It would seem that all who are not Calvinists—and Whittier certainly was not such—must take this ground. In his fierce dissent from old New England Calvinism, as well as in his emphasis on the inward witness, the freedom of man, the love of God, the glory of toleration, Whittier was in close affiliation with Methodism. It is well that the revisers of our Hymnal increased to seven, from two, the hymns we have drawn from Whittier's poems. The seven now standing in his name in our collection are the following: No. 128, "We may not climb the heavenly steeps," and No. 479, "O Love, O Life," ten stanzas in all, taken from the thirty-eight stanzas of "Our Master"; No. 472, "I bow my forehead to the dust," eight stanzas from the twenty-two of "The Eternal Goodness"; No. 398, "It may not be our lot to wield," from "Seedtime and Harvest": No. 543, "Dear Lord and Father of mankind," from "The Brewing of Soma"; No. 712, "Our thought of thee is glad with hope," from the twenty-five stanzas of "Our Country," read at Woodstock, Connecticut, July 4, 1883, and No. 589, "When on my day of life the night is falling," from "At Last," recited at the poet's bedside as the last moment of his life approached, and most suitable for any such occasion. It breathes a humbleness of spirit most beautiful and wholesome, which one finds appearing very frequently indeed in these poems, and which must be accounted a very important part of the poet's beneficent influence upon the world.

How great an influence in very many ways it was! Oliver Johnson calls him "the prophet-bard of America, poet of freedom, humanity, and religion, whose words of holy fire aroused the conscience of the guilty nation and melted the fetters of the slave." President Eliot said: "They who love their country will thank him

for the verses, some pathetic, some stirring, which helped to redeem that country from a great sin and shame; they who rejoice in natural beauty will thank him that he has delightfully opened their eyes to the varied charms of the rough New England landscape by highway and river, mountain and seashore; they who love God will thank him from their hearts for the tenderness and simple trust with which he has sung of the infinite goodness." Katherine Lee Bates speaks of him as "this man of peace who flung the flames of war, this singer with the fresh voice of a Burns and the holy heart of a George Herbert." She counts it a part of the contradictions in his case that, being a Quaker, he should be a poet at all, since that is the silent sect and not given to music. Yet Walt Whitman and Bayard Taylor came of Quaker parentage on both sides. Gail Hamilton stitched her mischievous comment on his somewhat inconsistent attitude into a pair of slippers which he liked to show, with a humorous look, to his friends. On each slipper she embroidered a bristling American eagle, with blazing eyes and claws full of thunderbolts—all worked in peaceful drab. Lowell also, in his "Fable for Critics," wittily touches the same point. And Hawthorne similarly styles him "A fiery Quaker youth, to whom the Muse has perversely assigned a battle trumpet." Others have called him "the wood-thrush of Essex," "the Galahad of modern poets, with Christian's shield of faith and sword of the Spirit," "the poet of the people," the "poet of our work-a-day world," "the poet of New England, whose genius drew its inspiration from her soil, whose pages are the mirror of her outward nature and the strong utterances of her inward life." This last point deserves larger elaboration than we can give it here. He was in some ways a local rather than a national or world-wide poet. Indeed, America has produced as yet no world-poets. Whittier had no message for other lands—is very little known abroad. He was primarily the singer of a section, but the ideas of that section came to be so dominant that their progress carried their representative with them into national place, and he has come to be the voice of perhaps a larger portion of the American people than any other of the elder bards. He knew the heart of New England as few have done, and has spoken her deepest convictions in a way

that gives her heartiest satisfaction. He has also drawn so truthfully and lovingly her scenery, particularly in the immediate region where he dwelt, that the valley of the Merrimac—Amesbury, Salisbury, Haverhill, Hampton Beach, Kenoza Lake, Attitash—has received from him a glory similar to that which Burns conferred on the Ayr and the Doon. "Our lowland river," he calls it, "stream of my fathers," "child of the white-crested mountain," "type of the Northland's strength and glory," "pride and hope of our home and race." He has put it upon so many of his pages that, though before, as he complains, "unpictured and unsung by painter or by poet," it now stands out in beauty under its banks of laurel bloom, bearing the breath of the woodlands, the wealth of the vales, the pomp of the hills. He has shown us also The Old Burying Ground, The River Path, Sunset on the Bearcamp, "the winding ways of Pemigewassett and Winnipesaukee's hundred isles," the farmhouse, the schoolhouse, the brook, the bees, and "all the unsung beauty hid behind life's common things," until we who dwell in this small corner of a mighty country feel anew the high privileges which a sojourn here confers. It is most of all in Snow Bound—which all agree to be his masterpiece, the high expression of his genius, and which was the foundation of his fortune, netting him from its first impression ten thousand dollars—that we see with sunlike clearness a certain part at least of the old-time life in the farmsteads of New England. That picture, by universal acclaim, takes its place with The Deserted Village and The Cotter's Saturday Night. It is indeed "A winter Idyl," an ideal reproduction of the inner ways of the American rustic home in this cold Northland a century ago, whence has sprung so much that is purest and best in our national character. It was my privilege recently to visit that old homestead in East Haverhill so well described in Snow Bound, and also in Telling the Bees. It is reverently cared for by a board of trustees and in excellent preservation, although nearly two centuries and a quarter have passed since it was erected, in 1688, by Thomas Whittier. The rooms, kept intact as the family left them, are a storehouse of memories and curious relics of those days long past. The spinning wheel, the huge central fireplace, with its andirons, cranes, and other appurtenances, the

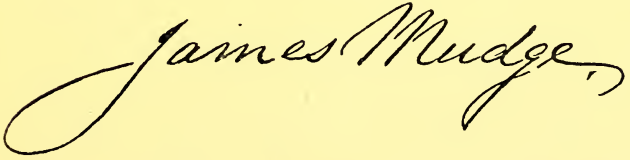
saddlebags, foot warmers, brass warming-pans, a sheet spun and woven by Whittier's mother, that mother's Bible, printed in Edinburgh in 1791 and open at her favorite psalm, the twenty-fifth, a framed catalogue of the officers and students of the Haverhill Academy in 1827, when Whittier attended; a sampler wrought in the eleventh year of her age by Lydia G. Ayers, the little girl who hated to go above him; the picture of the schoolhouse by the road, and many, many other things are there. Outside is the brook, still babbling down the hill; the beehives, the stepping-stones, the "gap in the wall," "the barn's brown length and the cattle yard," "the little red gate and the well-sweep near," the pasture, and the burying ground. It was a beautiful day, the clover lay upon the fields in the warm sunshine, and at the brook as it crossed the road four barefoot boys were merrily playing. It seemed a bit of paradise.

But it is Amesbury which holds the house that was the poet's home from 1836 to 1892, the plain little Quaker meetinghouse he attended, a short walk up the street, and the grave in Union Cemetery—fitting name. A hedge of arbor vitæ suitably surrounds the burial plot, and two other trees of the same sort are there, one directly in front of the very simple, small stone on which are carved the dates of the poet's birth and death. Around him lie eight other members of his family. The rooms that he mostly occupied in the house are maintained intact, with his pictures, books, and furniture, the desk on which he wrote his principal works, the rough draft of his last poem and other manuscripts and proof sheets framed. Among the portraits which he loved to look at in the "Garden Room," where he mainly worked and received his guests, but which he never called his study or library, are those of Lincoln, Beecher, Garrison, Emerson, Longfellow, H. O. Houghton, Joseph Sturge, General "Chinese" Gordon, and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. In a closet hangs his clothing as when he left it. The pilgrims to this shrine are many, and if they carry away, as they can hardly help doing, some fresh devotion to the grand ideals which the poet put on deathless record their labor is well spent. White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart was he. His life was "made by duty epical and rhythmic with the truth." "In his heart were fair guest chambers open to the sunrise and the

birds." He had a "conscience keen from exercise and chronic fear of compromise." "A silent, shy, peace-loving man," he calls himself, forced by events to become "a fiery partisan," to leave the Muse's haunts to "turn the crank of an opinion mill," yet hearing still "the fitful music of the winds that out of dreamland blow." He "mingled in the conflict warm, to pour the fiery breath of storm through the harsh trumpet of Reform," yet his gentleness and simplicity and his rare kindliness of heart deeply impressed all who were favored with his intimacy. His lovable traits were many. His presence was a benediction in any home. He was charming in conversation, and had a special gift of story-telling. He was full of frolic in a quiet way, says Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps Ward, and "no one of the world's people ever had a keener sense of humor," which one would never suspect from his poetry. In physical appearance he was tall, erect, with glowing dark eyes, dark brown hair, and a fine complexion. He loved beautiful things, but was careful, says Mrs. Claflin, not to express admiration of pictures and statues and songs, because that would not be consistent with Quaker ideas. He never visited a theater; he never drank wine. He was a close observer of all public affairs, and a trusted adviser of many of the most eminent men of the old Bay State. His political instincts were unerring, and his counsel was constantly sought by those in high places. Very seldom has the world seen such an example of poetic and devotional temperament combined with preëminent political sagacity and business judgment. Seldom also has one born, as he declares of himself, "without an atom of patience in his composition," acquired so complete a self-mastery that, through the resolute control exercised over his tempestuous spirit, gentleness became a second nature. He religiously curbed his tongue and measured his words, speaking slowly, with precision and hesitation. His life was a consecration to all that is highest and best. Gail Hamilton says of him: "Blessed and beloved apostle! Sweetest saint in all the calendar! Worthy successor of that disciple whom Jesus loved, gentlest and tenderest of all the sons of thunder." How many hearts has he comforted, how many lives uplifted! How much we owe him for his brave stand in behalf of the despised and helpless; for lofty, weighty words of fervent faith,

for tender breathings of brotherly love. In the power of the truth he assailed every form of wrong; in the name of the great Master he proclaimed the gospel of infinite mercy. We are grateful to him for Abraham Davenport, and Barbara Frietchie, and Maud Muller, and "The Eternal Goodness"—that marvelous expression of trust in the Father. The world has moved toward his positions; they must increasingly prevail. His place is secure. Even Professor Barrett Wendell, who keenly criticises him at some points, admits that "his faults are small beside his merits," and declares that "his chance of survival is better than that of any other contemporary man of letters." His aims were holy. "If I ever feel like envying anyone," he said, "it is not the famous author, but some soul much like Jesus." He spoke in fitting forms those abiding principles which have been at the foundation of New England's greatness and which, if our republic is to abide, must increasingly permeate the nation. He was at once a poet of nature, an apostle of liberty, and a prophet of progress—journalist, politician, philanthropist, reformer, seer, and mystic. He has been canonized by the people, who are so deeply his debtors. His appeal was made to conscience; his work was for character, to create nobler natures and grander lives. He had a high mission, a strong message. With the soul of a child he did the task of a man. May this centennial of his birth stimulate the study of what he wrote, and thus bring to mankind an added benefit from his great example. Not too strongly did Holmes put it, as he penned his farewell meed of praise above the open grave of his friend:

> Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,
> Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong;
> A lifelong record closed without a stain,
> A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.



Art. IV.—A DEFINITION OF THE WORD "RELIGION"

The full title of this article would be, A Proper Definition of the Word "Religion," for Purposes of Philosophical Controversy. Herbert Spencer said that "not as adventitious will the wise man regard the faith which is in him," but rather look upon his thoughts and convictions "as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die." It requires some courage to offer for publication any further contributions to the hoar controversy between "science and religion," but so long as men feel that "the gospel of the silent tongue is a heresy of cowardice" will hesitancy be overcome and recognized truth find utterance.

This is not to be an attempt to settle the celebrated feud, nor yet to pass upon the merits of the respective contentions. The reconciliation of the two "great irreconcilables" may be looked for when the following words of Scripture shall have ceased to be true: "'I will bring the philosophy of the philosophers to nought, and the shrewdness of the shrewd I will make of no account.' Where is the philosopher? where the teacher of the Law? where the disputant of today? Has not God shown the world's philosophy to be folly? For since the world, in God's wisdom, did not by its philosophy learn to know God, God saw fit, by the 'folly' of our proclamation, to save those who believe in Christ! While Jews ask for miraculous signs, and Greeks study philosophy, we are proclaiming Christ crucified—to the Jews an obstacle, to the Gentiles mere folly, but to those who have received the call, whether Jews or Greeks, Christ, the Power of God and the Wisdom of God! For God's 'folly' is wiser than men, and God's 'weakness' is stronger than men" (1 Cor. 1. 19-25, Twentieth Century New Testament).

No, we do not expect to be able to bring about even a brief truce. If we succeed in enabling interested spectators to see through the flying dust long enough to recognize the identity of the combatants, we shall consider our purpose to have been accomplished. We propose to show that it is not a controversy between

science and religion, or that, in so far as it is such, it is a foolish affair *per se*. We maintain that the controversy is glaringly misnamed, and fail to understand how the misnomer could remain so long unchallenged. To be sure, it has long been felt that the word "religion," as employed by the champions of science, included too much, and defenders of religion have frequently tried to force upon the opposition certain limitations, though with little success. F. Hugh Capron, for instance (The Conflict of Truth), confidently entered the fray with a definition of religion which he pronounced to be "extremely simple," namely, "the religion of the Bible." He uses the term "as synonymous with the Bible," and presumes to say: "What Mr. Spencer means by 'religion' is not quite clear, inasmuch as he has not, so far as I am aware, expressly defined it. But that he uses the term in a wider sense than that which I attach to it is evident from a variety of facts. Thus, when he comprises in his term both 'pantheism' and 'theism,' and includes amongst what he calls 'religious ideas,' 'aboriginal creeds,' 'fetishism,' 'ancestor-worship,' and other similar superstitions, it is apparent that by 'religion' he means not merely the religion of the Bible, but the aggregate of religious beliefs, past and present, pagan and Christian."

Mr. Capron's definition will succeed just as soon as scientists can be convinced that the matters and things which he asks them to eliminate are not proper subjects of philosophical inquiry, or do not belong under his own qualitative definition of religion, or as soon as he will furnish them with a suitable and satisfactory term by which to designate the things to be eliminated from the term "religion." That in the course of his argument Mr. Capron was brought to a realization of the arbitrariness of his "definition," is betrayed by the following remarks, in a footnote: "From what has been said it must not be supposed that the term 'religion' is always used in the ensuing pages in the restricted sense implied by my own definition of the term. On the contrary, it will frequently be employed in the wide and somewhat indefinite meaning in which Mr. Spencer employs it, as connoting all the religious beliefs which have ever guided or deluded mankind."

We maintain that the term "religion" is, by all defenders of

religion whose efforts have come to our notice, restricted along wrong lines, at least for the purposes of a philosophical controversy. To be tenable, restriction must be undertaken along lines intersecting at right angles, so to speak, those hitherto chosen. In other words, the restriction must be qualitative, rather than quantitative. The term "religion" has been made to cover too many *kinds* of things, too diverse in nature to be covered by one term. Religion, as generally conceived, embraces three groups of things: First, ideas or beliefs (theology); second, precepts or rules of conduct (ethics); and, third, conduct or action (religion). Defenders of the faith who insist on recognizing none but "the religion of the Bible" make three fatal mistakes:

First. They unjustly deny religion to those portions of humanity whose religious conduct or worship is not inspired or guided by the Bible. It would be just as reasonable to deny that any nation has a government whose political affairs are not regulated by what has been demonstrated to be the best science of government. As a matter of fact, all service or worship growing out of religious beliefs and precepts, whether these be correct or incorrect, is religion, and philosophy will always so regard it. It cannot even be said that all religion of heathenism is unacceptable. Saint Paul tells us that God has planted in the human soul a certain mysterious and irrepressible prompter of religion which has throughout all history urged men to "seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him." Must not honest endeavors along this line always and everywhere have constituted acceptable religion? We believe that whenever and wherever men, without the aid of revelation, by mere strength of inclination and devotion, produced right God-service, God recognized and rewarded it. "In every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

Second. When they speak of "the religion of the Bible" the restriction of the term "religion" is mainly quantitative, for, it still covers, in reduced quantities, the same qualitative variety of things that it covered before. It still embraces beliefs, creeds, dogmas, theology, incentives to action, rules of conduct, etc., as well as conduct, actions, and forms of worship. That the term

"religion" cannot successfully and consistently be extended over all these different *kinds* of things is shown by Mr. Capron's footnote (quoted above) and by the many different shades of meaning which the word invariably receives in arguments like those of Spencer and Capron. While in Spencer's First Principles the troublesome word is in most instances made synonymous with "creeds" and "theology," there are other instances where religion is described as defending its creeds and theology. The term "religion" can no more successfully be made to include theology than the word "health" could be made to include hygiene, or the word "education" to include pedagogy. If it is done, new words will have to be called in to assist in differentiation. This has been found necessary in the case of religion. In the only place where the Bible furnishes a direct definition of religion, a late translation (Twentieth Century New Testament) has substituted for the simple word "religion" of the older versions the words "religious observance" (James 1. 27). Reason and the exigencies of the controversy both demand the qualitative restriction suggested. There can be no question as to which of the three qualitative groups into which the matters and things commonly embraced in the term "religion" are divisible is entitled to the name. Religion has been primarily defined as "the feeling of reverence toward the Creator and Ruler of the world, together with all those acts of worship and service to which the feeling leads," or "the feeling of veneration with which the worshiper regards the Being he adores, especially the intense veneration which the Christian has for the Trinity, with the moral results to which that veneration leads." The Christian religion may be defined as "communion of life and love with God the Father, restored by the redemption and reconciliation effected by Jesus Christ, together with the subjective and objective service and worship which that communion prompts." These definitions accord with that furnished by the Bible itself; in James 1. 27: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." This definition is absolutely silent in reference to beliefs, creeds, precepts, etc. It speaks only of action or conduct. It

tells us that religion is service before God the Father, and shows what its nature must be, both as directed toward our fellow-beings and toward ourselves, in order to fulfill its mission—glorifying and pleasing God. Luther has properly rendered the word "religion" in this passage *"Gottesdienst"* (God-service). It is admitted that beliefs, convictions, and rules of conduct are of fundamental importance as incentives and guides to religion, but in a philosophical controversy it will never do to confound them with religion itself. To deprive them of the name "religion" is not to disparage them, not a whit more so than it would be a reflection on hygiene to say that it is not health, or on pedagogy to say that it is not education. With all reverence we say that Mr. Capron's way of restricting himself to "the religion of the Bible" is no more tenable than would be an attempt to define "health" by restricting the term to the "hygiene" of the recognized best authority on the subject—presuming that the terms should ever become confounded. There is just as much religion in the Bible as there is health in the best book on hygiene.

Third. By their failure to keep in mind these distinctions, defenders of the faith have perpetuated and encouraged the erroneous impression that religion itself is a party to the celebrated controversy and the subject of attack on the part of science. As a matter of fact, there is as little sense in speaking of a conflict between science and religion as there would be in speaking of a conflict between science and health, or science and government, or science and education. Science may be at outs with existing theories of hygiene and seek to be allowed to prescribe new aids to health; it may seek to introduce new ideas in political economy for the improvement of government; it may enter into a controversy with existing schools of pedagogy for the mastery in educational matters, but it would be a fool science that undertook to quarrel with health, government, or education itself. It would be every whit as foolish for science to open up a controversy with religion. What has been so persistently called a controversy between science and religion is in reality a controversy between two theologies—a theology based upon the conclusions of natural science on the one hand, and a theology based upon spiritual expe-

rience and revelation on the other. The former is trying to wrest from the latter the control of religion. Herbert Spencer has probably never before been accused of being a theologian, and it would appear that he never suspected it himself; but such he was, or tried to be, nevertheless. If his dissertation on "Ultimate Religious Ideas" does not constitute a theological treatise, what shall we call it? Religion is interested in the controversy between these two theologies to the same extent that health would be in a controversy between two schools of medical science, or education would be in a wrangle between two schools of pedagogy; and its life or desirability is in no more danger than that of the latter would be from such contentions.

Should it be urged that, so far as the practical effects and results of the controversy between the two theologies are concerned, we have called attention to a distinction without a difference, we answer that we have pointed out a far-reaching difference, which will be more and more recognized as the controversy is reviewed with our definition of religion in mind. "But, were science to successfully assail Christian theology, would that not prove fatal to Christian religion?" it may be asked. That would indeed be the case; but we claim for our argument that it makes clear the fact that such success can never come to science. Just as the needs of health called for hygiene, so have the needs of religion called for theology. And just as a system of hygiene stands or falls, not on its diplomas, but its ability to furnish and restore health, so will Christian theology stand or fall, not on the approval of science but on its ability to further religion. We claim that our argument leaves no doubt as to the outcome of the theological controversy. Religion has been aptly called the music of the soul. How would a controversy between two schools of musical science be decided? By their respective ability to produce music able to please the musical ear of a representative audience. The judge in matters of religion is the heart, and the heart is deciding the celebrated controversy for many individuals every day (Rom. 10. 10). Music owes its existence to the presence and powers of the vocal organs and to its ability to produce pleasing effects upon the emotions and the intellect. So long as these powers

remain, music cannot be endangered by controversies between musical sciences. Religion owes its existence to certain spiritual faculties and powers in man and to its ability to satisfy and please the heart. That science of music will be held in highest esteem which can produce the most satisfying and pleasing effects; and that theology or religious science will enjoy the highest regard which can prescribe the religion most sweet and satisfying to the heart. These matters of the soul, however, can never be subject-matters of natural science. The "theology of the cross" stands forever vindicated by its ability to restore health to the soul and to produce a religion which has this testimony, not that it stands approved of science, but that it pleases God.

We would congratulate ourselves on having performed a good deed even if these observations should do no more than allay the disquieting fears engendered by the misnomer among the unlearned and uninitiated. The average person does not judge a physician by the scientific rating of his methods, nor care a straw about the controversies he has on hand. Contentions between different schools of medicine elicit little interest, but many might be unnecessarily alarmed if some fool disciple of Æsculapius should get terms mixed and lead people to believe that an assault upon their health was planned.

John Leuthold.

Art. V.—HENRY VAUGHAN, THE "SILURIST" POET

Writing to his friend Brecknock, in a spirit of hearty hospitality as generous as that of Tennyson, two centuries later, when inviting his friend Maurice to a session of sweet thought at Farringford—Henry Vaughan says:

> Come then! and while the slow isicle hangs
> At the stiffe thatch, and Winter's frosty pangs
> Benumme the year, blith (as of old) let us
> 'Mid noise and war, of peace and mirth discusse.
> This portion thou wert born for. Why should we
> Vex at the time's ridiculous miserie?
> An age that thus hath fooled itselfe, and will,
> (Spite of thy teeth and mine,) persist so still.
> Let's sit then at this fire.

Vaughan lived in a time of public turbulence, but he lived in retirement, and in a country almost as wild and solitary as Wordsworth's Lake Country, involved in a web of splendid esoteric thought. Whittier, who loved this dear and quaint poet, as much a quietist in spirit as himself, but not possessing that burning patriotic spirit white to the core, takes him to task for this detachment from the sorrowful interests of his time, in the opening of his "War Time" poems:

> Olor Iscanus queries: *"Why should we*
> *Vex at the land's ridiculous miserie?"*
> So on his Usk banks, in the blood-red dawn
> Of England's civil strife, did careless Vaughan
> Bemock his times. O friends of many years!
> . . . . . .
> Not thus we trifle with our country's tears
> And sweat of agony.

This inactivity in a martial time was surely a shortcoming in a good man's character. The civil war was on, and it was time when all men should take sides, and, if true, surely with justice and righteousness. The man on the outside, who acts the part of spectator, always sees clearly the faults and follies of both parties,

and may become blind to the truth which is so obscured. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," for service is due. Yet in charity it should be remembered that Vaughan lived apart from public affairs, in a time when many excellent people were not especially concerned in them; and his disposition not only should be regarded, which was solitary and pacific, but his opinion, which was that the world of his time was a Vanity Fair, from which he must withdraw if he, indeed, would lead the life of the Spirit.

Henry Vaughan styled himself "the Silurist," as having descended from an ancient and noble family, and having his residence among the Silures, or people of South Wales. In what was once considered a mansion house, now a farmhouse, not far from Brecon and near the river Usk, the poet was born, with his twin brother Thomas, in the year 1621. Newton-by-Usk, or as it is also called, Skethiog-on-Usk, in Brecknockshire, is in the midst of much noble and beautiful scenery; and, if Scotland is "meat nurse of a poetic child," so is Wales. That dear stream that sang to his dreaming childhood, whose wild mazes he loved to follow, is celebrated in his verses:

> Garlands and songs and roundelayes,
> Mild dewie nights, and sunshine dayes,
> The turtle's voyce, joy without fear
> Dwell on thy bosome all the year.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The factour-wind from far shall bring
> The odours of the scattered spring,
> And loaden with the rich arreare
> Spend it in spicie whispers here.

Emerson writes, in his poem, "The Problem": "I love a prophet of the soul." And such was Henry Vaughan, who walked the green hills of Wales and by his bright, wild river, with his heart and his thought in heaven. He was a mystic of the mystics, and not the less a poet; full more so than was George Herbert, a much more practical man, whom he followed as his pietistic and poetical master. He dwelt in another world than this, even while he dwelt in this, and was known as a man apart, even in an age when the monastic idea had not quite died away. He was, even more than Wordsworth, England's poetic eremite. Something of

harshness may be found in his verse, and he does not escape the marring conceits of his time, but he must be taken for his occasional effects in passages of a higher order than are to be found in most of his contemporaries "like wild flowers," Campbell somewhat grudgingly says, "on a barren heath." "Wildflowers" they may be—wild roses and violets, or our own delicious arbutus—yet how pure and sweet! As when he sings:

> Fresh as the houres may all your pleasures be,
> And healthful as Eternitye!
> Sweet as the flowre's first breath, and close
> As th' unseen spreadings of the Rose,
> When he unfolds his curtain'd head,
> And makes his bosome the Sun's bed.

Writing of a royal scion, early cut off, the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of James I, he said:

> Thou seem'st a rose-bud born in snow,
> A flowre of purpose sprung to bow
> To heedless tempests, and the rage
> Of an incensed and stormie age.
>
> And yet as Balm-trees gently spend
> Their tears for those that doe them rend,
> Thou didst nor murmure nor revile,
> But drank'st thy wormwood with a smile.

Chambers says: "The poet was not without hopes of renown, and he wished the river of his native vale to share in the distinction":

> When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams,
> And my sun sets where first it sprang in beams,
> I'll leave behind me such a large kind light
> As shall redeem thee from oblivious night,
> And in those vows which—living yet—I pay,
> Shed such a precious and enduring ray,
> As shall from age to age thy fair name lead
> Till rivers leave to run "and men to read."

The same loved river doubtless inspired these lines in his poem, "The Story of Endymion":

I have known
Some crystal spring that from the neighbor down
Derived her birth, in gentle murmurs steal
To the next vale and proudly there reveal
Her streams in louder accents, adding still
More noise and waters to her channel, till
At last, swollen with increase, she glides along
The lawns and meadows in a wanton throng
Of frothy billows, and in one great name
Swallows the tributary brooks' drowned fame.

And these lines, entitled "Timber," are almost worthy of Wordsworth:

Sure thou didst flourish once, and many Springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings
Which now are dead, lodged in thy living towers.

And still a new succession sings and flies,
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
While the low violet thrives at their root.

Chambers, who gives no extravagant estimate of Vaughan as a poet, says: "The poems of Vaughan evince considerable strength and originality of thought and copious imagery, though tinged with gloomy sectarianism, and marred by crabbed rhymes." But the "gloomy sectarianism" was a characteristic defect of earnest religious men of that age, and there were many who far exceeded Vaughan in their errors of uncharitableness; while, as to his poetry, he has left at least a dozen pieces that are flowers of immortal bloom, fragrant to the sense of all succeeding ages.

When they had reached the age of eleven, Henry Vaughan and his brother were put under the tuition of the Rev. Matthew Herbert, then rector of Llangattock, where they continued for six years, imbibing that aroma of classical literature so important to the development of at least one of them. Their next remove was to Oxford, where, in 1638, they were entered at Jesus College. The time was unpropitious to literary pursuits, for the whole country was in a state of ferment and the agitation of parties in a condition of civil war touched even the remotest and quietest

places. King Charles himself had moved his court from London to Oxford, and the members of that university could hardly escape the necessity of taking some determinate action or attitude in relation to the burning question of the hour—To fight, or not to fight? Thomas Vaughan was drawn into the struggle on the side of the king. It is not clear that Henry ever wavered in his determination to be neutral. "He considered, he tells us [so writes Henry F. Lyte], that there was a voice in a brother's blood, which would cry to heaven against the shedder of it, and therefore he conscientiously abstained from meeting in the field his infatuated countrymen, though not from the advocacy of his sovereign's cause by every means which he deemed legitimate." Vaughan began in the easy-going manner of his time, when first he dallied with the Muse; he had not found his true spirit and real vocation. Yet there was never, even at his poorest, any departure from his native delicacy and purity, no concession to the soiled, sinful license of the time. He went up to London, became acquainted with some of the literary men of his time, and visited that most genius-haunted of all English pothouses, the Globe Tavern. "He mentions Randolph as one whom he specially delighted in. He flung his poetic tribute, along with so many others, on Cartwright's premature hearse. Fletcher's plays, published in 1646, came out with commendatory verses of his prefixed to them. And Ben Jonson, 'great Ben,' seems to have been an object of his peculiar admiration." Under such influences his first verse was conceived and formed. His first book appeared when he was twenty-five, and bore the quaint title, "Poems, with the Tenth Satire of Juvenal Englished" (1646). His first characteristic work came out in 1651, and was entitled: "Olor Iscanus: a Collection of Select Poems and Translations by Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist." But a change came over Henry Vaughan, with the awakening of his religious nature; his instinct to solitude became stronger, his pietistic tendency more pronounced, and his spiritual insight deepened with the refinement of his æsthetic sensibility. In that rural retreat in which the greater portion of his life was spent he produced his best poetry, issuing it in successive volumes to which he gave such characteristically quaint titles as "Silex

Scintillans" (1650-1655); "Flores Solitudinia" (1654), and "Thalia Rediviva" (1678). "As a sacred poet," Chambers says, "Vaughan has an intensity of feeling only inferior to Crashaw." He follows Herbert in outward form and arrangement of his thoughts, and it might be interesting to compare the "Rules and Lessons" of Vaughan with "The Church Porch" of the poet he admired:

> When first thy eies unveil, give thy soul leave
> To do the like; our bodies but forerun
> The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
> Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the sun.
> Give Him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep
> Him company all day, and in Him sleep.
>
> Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
> Dawn with the day: there are set awful hours
> 'Twixt Heaven and us; the manna was not good
> After sun rising; far day sullies flowers:
> Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
> And Heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

"During his last years," we are told, "Vaughan ceased from literary activity. He lived quietly in the lovely vale watered by the Usk, the river he loved; and having attained to the good age of seventy-two, died on April 23—Shakespeare's deathday—in the year 1693. The genuine humility of the man is implied in the Latin inscription he desired to have placed upon his tomb: 'An unprofitable servant, the chief of sinners, I lie here. Glory be to God! Lord, have mercy upon me!'"

Henry Vaughan was, in some degree, a forerunner of greater poets to come, and has given a hint here and there, which poets of greater taste and more classic finish have followed. So Campbell, in this stanza of his poem on "The Rainbow":

> When o'er the green undeluged earth
> Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
> How came the world's grey fathers forth
> To watch thy sacred sign!

has but a doubtful improvement on the older lines of Vaughan:

Still young and fine, but what is still in view
We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnished flaming arch did first descry;
When Zerah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful *world's gray fathers*, in one knot
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light and trembled at each shower.

Nor can we forbear to quote those beautiful, sacred, mystic lines, "The Retreate," which has been pronounced "a kind of seventeenth century forerunner of Wordsworth's 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality":

Happy those early dayes when I
Shined in my angell infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestiall thought;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my first love.
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flowre
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinfull sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A severall sinne to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.

Oh, how I long to travell back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine;
From whence th' inlightened spirit sees
That shady city of Palme-trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came—return.

I have, among my "golden books," set apart for the hour when I need healing and consolation, the "Silex Scintillans" of Henry Vaughan. Sometimes, when the Sabbath dawn appears, and I long for the fountain of refreshment, his inspiring and beautiful words will come to me:

> Unfold! unfold take in His light,
> Who makes thy cares more short than night.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Hark! how the winds have changed their note,
> And with warm whispers call thee out;
> The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
> And backward life at last comes on.
> The lofty groves, in express joyes,
> Reply unto the turtle's voice:
> And here, in dust and dirt,—oh, here,
> The lilies of his love appear!

Or, when the evening has come, and work is over, and my heart is weary, and I am dreaming of the days that are not, and the friends that have left me; then I turn, as Lowell in his later days loved to turn, to these lovely lines, so full of supernal light and divine comfort:

> They are all gone into the world of light,
> And I alone sit ling'ring here:
> Their very memory is fair and bright,
> And my sad thoughts doth clear.
>
> It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
> Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
> Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
> After the sun's remove.
>
> I see them walking in an air of glory,
> Whose light doth trample on my days:
> My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
> Mere glimmerings and decays.
>
> O holy hope! and high humility!
> High as the heavens above!
> These are your walks, and you have shewed them me
> To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death—the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lockt her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy Spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

While listening to the loftier and larger songs that come down the ages, there are some of us who are unwilling to forego the message of such a true minstrel as Henry Vaughan.

Arthur J. Lockhart.

Art. VI.—THE MESSAGE OF VICTOR HUGO

The critics do not agree in their estimates of Victor Hugo. This is something of a relief, for in the usual sketch of great characters the man is so transcendently great and immaculately good as to seem to be far beyond ordinary humanity. Victor Hugo has not yet been beatified. He has been accused of excessive conceit, of sublimated patriotism, of perfervid exaggeration, of scientific inaccuracy, and of extensive and variegated politics. It has been declared that he lacks in logic, that he has no sense of humor, that he has no idea of literary proportion, that his philosophic teachings are chaotic, that he is "the sonorous echo of popular emotion," and Le Maitre declares that he is "the mightiest gatherer of words since the world began." It has been asserted that Victor Hugo "has a tendency to regard the universe too much from the point of France, in the first place; Paris in the second, and Victor Hugo in the third." Sainte-Beuve complains of him, Dowden commends him, Lowell writes in depreciation and Swinburne gives him dithyrambic laudation. We shall allow the critics to wage this war to their hearts' content, but in the meantime we may satisfy ourselves with the estimate of Professor Harper, of Princeton, who asserts that "the name of Victor Hugo still stands out more prominently than any other representing the intellectual life of France since the fall of Napoleon."

The phrase of Professor Harper will aid in fixing in mind the period of Victor Hugo's work. His literary career began as Napoleon's power ended. Hugo was born in 1802, and an ode written for the National Academy in 1817 brought him into prominence. He died in 1885. A posthumous work was published in 1901, and another this year, 1907.[1] His place in literature began to be discussed seventy years ago. His works number at least fifty volumes. His career as a statesman was likewise com-

[1] Victor Hugo's Intellectual Biography, being his latest unpublished work and giving his religious and philosophic convictions. (Funk and Wagnalls.) In this work Hugo says: "In religion I put God above dogma. If I were sure that this grave statement would be heard and understood seriously, I would say that I am of all religions. I believe in the God of all men. I believe in the love of all hearts. I believe in the truth of all souls."

prehensive and influential. We are told that "he was almost officially the poet laureate of the Restoration, he was a member of the Assembly before the *coup d'état,* he was in exile from 1851 to 1870, he sat in the Assembly in 1871 and in the Senate after 1876." His period of literary and political activity thus covers the formative period of modern France; that period following the final wave of the Revolution and during which the forces of modern French life have found their present-day adjustment. The causes leading to the Revolution as well as the conditions following that colossal event give us light upon the man and his message. Professor R. H. Dabney, in his Causes of the French Revolution, shows these factors to have been the pecuniary privileges of the nobility and clergy, absentee landlords, patrician monopoly of the chase, the egotism and intolerance of the clergy, the sinecures of the nobility, the vampires of Versailles—for example, there were only two hundred and ninety-five cooks in the royal palace; the absolutism of the king—Louis XIV, and his famous "I am the state;" the profligate life at court, the oppression of the peasants, and the intolerable taxes—for instance, the salt tax. The government had a monopoly of salt and compelled every person over seven years of age to buy seven pounds a year at four times its value. Professor Dabney also mentions, as other causes, forced labor and military service, general vagabondage, extreme centralization in government, the rationalistic movement in Europe, the progress and influence of physical science, the influence of English thought, and the progress of American liberty. Two elements he mentions deserve especial attention. First, in regard to the oppression and intolerance of the Roman Catholic Church. On this point Carlyle, in his essay on Voltaire, says: "The original personal hatred against the Catholic faith passed by degrees into hatred against the Bible, against the Christian religion, and at last against religion altogether." It is well to remember that in most cases infidelity is the result of reaction against the false and fraudulent, which incorporate themselves with true religion and try to cover their deception by their dogmatic and often despotic zeal. In our day this is so well understood that dogmatism and intolerance are regarded as the badges of insincerity. The second point, the in-

fluence of American history on the French Revolution, is a matter of peculiar interest. Buckle, the philosophic English historian, says: "In 1776 the Americans laid before Europe that noble Declaration which ought to be hung up in the nursery of every king and blazoned on the porch of every royal palace." The soldiers of Lafayette were saturated with the American spirit, and the doctrine of the Declaration of the Rights of Man was at the suggestion of Lafayette himself adopted by the French National Assembly. It is believed that Thomas Jefferson, who was much consulted by the democratic party of Paris, gave the advice which determined the Third Estate to call itself the National Assembly, and this brought on the struggle which overthrew the nobility and clergy.[1] Another indication of American influence was the honor shown to Doctor Franklin. Madame Campan says that she was present at an entertainment in which the most beautiful among three hundred women was appointed to place upon the gray head of the American philosopher a crown of laurel and two kisses on the old man's cheeks. Even in the palace of Versailles, at the exposition of the Sèvres porcelain, a medallion of Franklin having the inscription, *"Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis,"* "He snatched the lightning from heaven and the scepter from tyrants," was sold before the very eyes of the king. Marie Antoinette perceived the drift of this admiration for Franklin and often made sarcastic remarks about it. When Franklin died—the outbreak of the Revolution had then taken place—the National Assembly decreed unanimously three days of public mourning and the motion was made by Mirabeau. The Chevalier de Parny wrote a poem to the people of Boston and in it occurs the stanza:

> And you, happy people, without kings and without queens!
> You dance to the music of the clanking chains which shackle the race of man.

As intimated, the reconstruction period following the Revolution, with its blending and developing of such diverse influences, had a profound effect upon Victor Hugo. Frederic Harrison contends that the French Revolution is not yet ended. He says: "The true

[1] Dabney, p. 289.

reason why the French Revolution is not yet ended is this: that it was far more constructive than destructive; that permanent changes grew up amid all the confusion and bloodshed." He continues: "It would be easy to show that the last fifty years of the eighteenth century was a period more fertile in constructive effort, and gave us more germs of new social institutions than any similar period of fifty years in the history of mankind." Through the whole of the period, from the battle of Waterloo until 1885, Victor Hugo labored like a giant amid these mighty and constructive forces. He did a Titan's part in molding them and they not less affected him and fashioned the man and emphasized his message.

Victor Hugo's relation to the romantic school and his service in broadening the literary method and view are well known. In his work it is easy to trace a striking personal characteristic, his love of contrasts. This is found everywhere. Thus in his account of the funeral of Napoleon he describes a bevy of children playing among the great culverins brought from Algiers. "A tiny girl, pretty and fresh-colored, dressed all in white, amused herself by filling with sand with her ruddy little fingers the touch hole of one of the great Turkish cannon." An old Guard looked on and smiled. What a striking contrast—the grimness of war and the gentleness of childhood! He tells us that a robin built her nest in the mouth of one of the great bronze lions marking the battlefield of Waterloo. His description of the embalmment of Talleyrand is equally in point. He states that the doctors pursued the Egyptian method, removing the brains and the bowels, and having transformed Prince de Talleyrand into a mummy they nailed the mummy in a coffin lined with white satin and retired—leaving upon the table Talleyrand's brain: "That brain which had thought so many things, inspired so many men, erected so many buildings, led two revolutions, duped twenty kings—held the world. The doctors being gone, a servant entered; he saw what they had left: Hulloa! they have forgotten this! What shall be done with it? It occurred to him that there was a sewer in the street; he went there and threw the brain into this sewer. *Finis rerum.*" In that most fascinating of all literary portrayals of battle, the field of Waterloo, Hugo describes a brook flowing with blood, English, German and

French mingled, and beyond it was an orchard in full bloom, and beyond the orchard was a wood filled with violets. What a picture of war! The mingled perfume of the violets and apple bloom and in the quiet deepened by the buzzing of the bees is heard the babbling of the bloody brook! Could anything be more horrible? To state the message of Victor Hugo is exceedingly difficult. It is like searching for the message of an Encyclopedia. There are many paths which might be followed almost indefinitely. (1) Victor Hugo is the champion of the rights of children. He is the children's friend and sworn protector. In his Man who Laughs he launches his colossal strength against a now abandoned crime—the theft and mutilation of children. He gives the story of an abandoned child left by the child stealers upon the Portland coast. He describes the child's discovery of the body of a smuggler hanging from the gibbet and swaying to and fro in the storm. It will be remembered that the bodies of malefactors were tarred and left hanging as a warning: "The child could make out the face. The boy saw the mouth, which was a hole, the nose, which was a hole, the eyes, which were two holes. . . . The canvas was rotten and cracked. A knee passed through. One slit exposed the ribs. Part was body, part bones. The face was clay-color; some slugs had wandered over it, leaving vague silvery ribbons. The skull, cracked and split, was parted like a rotten fruit. The teeth had remained human, they had preserved their smile." He explains incidentally that the grass upon the slope was elsewhere thin, but a bunch of luxuriant growth was immediately beneath the gibbet. Suddenly the awful figure begins to move; the storm has caught it and is swinging it like a pendulum of horror, and the creaking of the iron chain mingles with the howling of the wind. What a spectacle for a child to witness! From this scene Hugo passes rapidly to depict the retribution so richly deserved by those who, having first stolen the child, then abandoned him to encounter such horrors. He describes the sinking of the Ork, the vessel in which the child-thieves are trying to make their escape. The ship is broken and is slowly filling. The sea is absolutely calm and the snow is falling. They observe the time—the ship has only one half-hour to live. The thieves are kneeling on the deck. Some one

asked: "Is there anything else we can throw overboard?" The doctor, a very interesting character, replied: "Yes." "What?" "Our sins." They shuddered, and responded "Amen." The doctor is the only one standing. He seems to be their priest before the Infinite. He continued: "Let us cast our crimes into the sea. They weigh us down! They are sinking our ship. Let us think no more of being saved, but of salvation. Our crimes—especially the last—this it is which overwhelms us. What is done against a child is done against God." The ship slowly sinks from sight. "The sea has no more wrinkles than a tun of oil." The snow continues to fall. Absolute silence. The child upon the Portland downs is avenged. Cannot we trace his love for children as shown in his poems? He is the French Robert Louis Stevenson. Had he used dialect, he might be called the Whitcomb Riley of France. (2) Hugo is the defender of the poor. The title of his greatest work, Les Miserables, indicates his humanitarian spirit and social message. It is an interesting question whether or not Hugo was a socialist, and, if a socialist, what sort, for there are many kinds. Probably as full an expression of his views as any found in short compass is given in the closing pages of Ninety-three, his great historical novel. Cimourdain and Gauvain are conversing in the dungeon. The circumstances of this conversation are most improbable but not less interesting. The topic is the Revolution. Gauvain declares: "The visible work is savage, the invisible, sublime. Behind a scaffolding of barbarism a temple of civilization is rising." Cimourdain accuses him of being visionary; he says: "None of these things can feed man." "How do you know? Thought is nourishment. To think is to eat." "No abstractions! The republic is the law of two and two make four. When I have given to each the share which belongs to him—" "It still remains to give the share which does not belong to him!" "What do you mean by that?" "I mean the immense reciprocal concession which each owes to all and which all owe to each, and which is the whole of social life." "Beyond the strict law there is nothing." "There is everything." "I only see justice." "And I—I look higher." "What can there be above justice?" "Equality." Cimourdain insists that he particularize, which he does; enumerating not a few

of the positions of modern socialism. Parasitism must be destroyed, waste lands cleared up, pasture lands utilized, communal lands divided, natural resources developed; make the most of nature. "At this moment France only gives her peasants meat four days in the year; well cultivated she would nourish three hundred million of men—all Europe." Cimourdain is still incredulous, and declares that these high proposals are beyond the possible, are in dreamland. Gauvain continues: "This is my thought—constant progression. If God meant man to retrograde, he would have placed an eye in the back of his head. Let us look always toward the dawn, the blossoming, the birth; that which falls encourages that which mounts. The cracking of the old tree is an appeal to the new. Each century must do its work, today civic, tomorrow human." He added, in a low and solemn voice: "There is a Power which must be allowed to guide." "What?" demanded Cimourdain. "Gauvain raised his finger above his head. Cimourdain's eyes followed the direction of that uplifted finger and it seemed to him that across the dungeon vault he beheld the starlit sky." In his Retrospect, written ten years before his death, Hugo epitomizes his convictions in these words: "I say that Humanity has a synonym—Equality; and that under Heaven there is but one thing to which we ought to bow—Genius; and only one thing before which we ought to kneel—Goodness." Brander Matthews thus sums up Victor Hugo's social message: "Beyond Hugo's great genius was his great heart. He is the poet of the proletarian and the people; he is the poet of the poor and weak and suffering; he is the poet of the overworked woman and the little child; he is the friend of the downtrodden and the outcast, and his is truly the Christian charity, which droppeth like gentle dew from heaven." (3) Victor Hugo was an uncompromising enemy of capital punishment and a pioneer prison reformer. He was the John Howard of France. Through his works may be traced his opposition to the death penalty and his pleas for humane treatment of prisoners. It will be remembered that the criminal code of those days was very severe. The humanitarian spirit was in its infancy which now places emphasis upon the reformatory element in penal administration. Hugo's protest was that of a pioneer,

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and much progress has been made not only in the mitigation of severities but also in the use of redemptive measures. It is not to be supposed that our French poet spoke the last word on this matter, for prison discipline and methods of punishment are among the live questions of the hour. A favorite method of Victor Hugo to bring the death penalty and oversevere laws into disrepute was by his vivid descriptions of executions, and by placing the innocency and moral worth of those unjustly condemned in contrast with the wickedness and cruelty of the officials who enforced the law. What is more terrible than the scourging of Quasimodo? One can almost hear the swish of the small lashes, "like a handful of vipers," falling on the poor hunchback, and when the punishment is over Pierrot Torterue allows the soaked lashes of his scourge to drain, drop by drop, to the ground, making a crimson pool. Hugo's hatred of the death penalty and his usual methods of discrediting by contrast and vivid description are shown in his description of the trial of John Brown. We cannot help feeling keenly the sting of his words. The graphic quality of his sketch needs no comment. He says:

> John Brown on a stretcher, with six wounds scarcely closed—one shot in his arm, one in his back, two in his chest, two in his head; hearing with difficulty, the blood dripping through his mattress, the shades of his two dead sons near him, his four fellow-prisoners, wounded, dragging themselves along by his side—Stephens with four saber cuts. Justice eager and hurrying on; an attorney, Hunter, who wishes to be quick; a judge who consents to all this; the pleadings cut short, almost all delay refused, forced and mutilated documents produced, witnesses for prisoner driven away, the defense trammeled, two guns loaded with canister in the yard of the tribunal, orders to shoot accused if there is any attempt to rescue them, forty minutes for deliberation, three men sentenced to death. I affirm upon my honor that this did not come to pass in Turkey, but in America. These things are done with impunity in the face of the civilized world. The universal conscience is an open eye. Let the people of Virginia remember it. They are seen.

A reprieve was granted from December 2 to December 16, and Hugo makes his impassioned plea (alas! in vain) that the execution be stayed:

> I kneel with tears before the great starry flag of the New World and supplicate, with clasped hands and with profound and filial respect, that illustrious American republic to think of the safety of the universal moral

law, to save John Brown, to cast down the threatening scaffold, and not permit that under its eyes (and, I shudder, almost by its fault) the first parricide should be surpassed. Yes, let America know it, and look to it: there is something more frightful than Cain killing Abel—it is Washington killing Spartacus.

Did Victor Hugo carry his opposition to capital punishment too far? Have we made so much progress that this method should be abolished, or does the survival of the fittest still need some legal assistance? Shall we make our prisons so fine and comfortable that they are more attractive than the haunts of the criminal? In a recent book W. H. Lecky observes:

> The humanitarian spirit which mitigates the penal code and makes the reclamation of the criminal the main object is a perfectly right thing as long as it does not so far diminish the deterrent power of punishment as to increase crime, and as long as it does not place the criminal in a better position of comfort than the blameless poor, but when these conditions are not fulfilled it is much more an evil than a good.

(4) Victor Hugo is a prophet of the conscience. In the realm of the conscience he places the highest heroism. He has given a new type of hero—not merely one with a conscience, but one because of his conscience. Preëminently Jean Valjean is such a hero. Says Dr. Quayle: "In Macbeth conscience is warring and retributive; in Richard III conscience, stifled, is waking, speaks in dreams and is a menace, like a sword swung in a maniac's hands; in Arthur Dimmesdale conscience is lacerative; in Jean Valjean conscience is regulative, creative, constructive. Jean Valjean is conscience and conscience is king." It is not necessary to retell the familiar story of Jean Valjean. We shall only glance at the scene of his sublime self-renunciation in the court at Arras. The dull, stupid galley slave is about to be condemned in his stead. With great difficulty he has at last reached the city. He finally enters the hall, and by sending his name to the president is invited to a seat of honor by his side. The judge is pleased to show courtesy to the honored mayor. To reach the seat he must pass by a rear hallway and a waiting room whose door opened directly to the judge's bench. To this room there is an outer doorway. Shall he go in, or escape by this open way? The polished brass door knob for entering the court shines like a terrific star. The last

battle, fought within this little room, continued a full quarter of an hour. Through it all the fatal door knob gleamed, now like a star, now like the eye of a tiger. All at once he clutches the knob and passes within the court, the judge rises with great courtesy and gives M. Madelaine a seat. The prosecutor is closing his arraignment. It is certain that the man is doomed. M. Madelaine turns to the jury and court and says in a gentle voice, "Gentlemen of the jury and Mr. President, have me arrested. The man you are seeking is not he, for—I am Jean Valjean!" "Not a breath was drawn, all felt that species of religious terror which seizes a crowd when something grand has been accomplished." In this fashion Victor Hugo enforces the sovereignty of conscience. Without discussing the grounds of its authority he makes conscience king. (5) One more element in Hugo's message is his doctrine and method of redemption. It may be briefly stated in the expression, "the best for the worst." A curious flaw in the elaboration of this principle is found in the conduct of the old bishop who, to shield Jean Valjean, told the much-discussed lie in regard to the gift of the silver candlesticks. This is certainly an instance of Hugo's exaggeration and overstatement; but, recognizing this defect, the compassion and self-sacrifice of the good bishop are certainly Christian. Throughout his works Hugo enforces this principle, the best for the worst, as the method of human redemption.

A popular vote on the relative preëminence of the great Frenchmen of the last century was recently taken (January, 1907) by one of the most widely circulated papers of Paris, the Petit Parisien. There were at least 15,000,000 answers received. Pasteur led the list, with 1,338,425 votes. Victor Hugo came next, with 1,227,103. Gambetta was third and Napoleon I was fourth.

C. W. Barnes.

Art. VII.—ONE SOURCE OF INSTRUCTION IN PRAYER

"And it came to pass that, as he was praying in a certain place, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples." These disciples were not unfamiliar with the worship of God. They had been trained from their youth in the religion of their fathers. Some of them had been with John in the wilderness and learned of him. Yet their fellowship with Jesus impels them to say: "Lord, teach us to pray." When Saul the persecutor became the servant of Jesus Christ the transformation was made known by a single word: "Behold, he prayeth." Being a disciple of Jesus implies that a man tries to pray and feels the need of learning how to pray. As a people we give little heed to liturgies or books of devotion, and there are good and historic reasons for the widespread conviction that "the world will never be converted by fixed forms of prayer," however much we may respect some who habitually use them. Nevertheless, it is possible to condemn unduly or neglect overmuch their use. Men may possibly not be brought to confess Christ by them, but by them many a disciple of Jesus has been nourished as in green pastures and refreshed as beside still waters. The first book which John Wesley prepared was a book of daily prayers. Without the study of noble expressions our conception of prayer and our practice of it easily tend toward phrases or other forms more or less fixed, which lack richness and reverence and power. A man may never read a prayer and yet use "vain repetitions" when he prays. A vigorous Christian life implies unfettered expression of the soul in prayer. The soul may not be bound even by the most beautiful and searching and stately words, though it may be starved through ignorance of such forms. The poet is mistaken, as he himself later confesses, when he says:

> Man rises best alone:
> Upward his thoughts stream, like the leaping flame
> Whose base is tempest-blown;
> Upward and skyward, since from thence they came,
> And thither they must flow.

Such lines are true for some moments—not for all; true, perchance, for some men but not for all, true for some moods but not for all. There are men from whose presence and from whose words we may catch the upward-leaping flame, the spirit that yearns toward God.

> Not like the men of the crowd
> Who all around me today
> Bluster or cringe, and make life
> Hideous, and arid, and vile;
> But souls tempered with fire,
> Fervent, heroic, and good,
> Helpers and friends of mankind.

"Man rises best" sometimes in fellowship with such as these. In the quest of such fellowship I have been led to prepare a group of prayers from the psalms. The Hebrew bards who wrote the originals were men of God, "fervent, heroic, and good." Some of the prayers are condensed from a single psalm, others are compiled from two or more sources. Each selection has a distinctive theme or themes, and the cycle is fairly inclusive of our fundamental needs. While each selection has a certain completeness as it stands it may well serve as an introduction to farther spontaneous petitions. For this reason no attempt has been made to round out the prayers with concluding formulæ. They were prepared to provide pertinent and inspiring suggestions for seasons of personal devotion, having in mind the young disciple rather than the saint who through long years has entered richly into the secret of the Lord. Printed upon cards they have proved of service not only to individuals, but as a concert exercise at the morning table altar. "Ask," said Jesus, "and it shall be given you." What shall we ask? The poet urges us:

> Speak to him, thou, for he hears, and spirit with spirit can meet:
> Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

How shall we speak? Devout men of old who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost may teach us after many days.

The selection for Sunday is a prayer for the love of public worship chosen from the eighty-fourth psalm. Notice the

recurrence of the words, "The Lord of hosts." They and their repetition are full of meaning. It is written of the Lord of hosts that "his way is in the sanctuary." "There are gifts of God which only a community can receive"; "there are inspirations which can come only to those who are gathered together with one accord in one place." This prayer should impel us to worship God in the great congregation and say, "Lord, I would thus love thee; help thou my lack of love":

SUNDAY.—FOR THE LOVE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP

How beloved are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God. Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, in whose heart are the highways to Zion.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer. A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather lie on the threshold of the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord God is a sun and a shield. The Lord will give grace and glory. No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

The public altar of God rests upon a multitude of altars in the hearts and homes of his children. The twenty-fifth psalm suggests waiting upon God in the secret place. The individual must go forth alone. He must know how to worship alone. Each day is an unknown country; we need guidance. Each yesterday has its failures; we need mercy. Each today has its problems and temptations; we need instruction and establishing in righteousness:

MONDAY.—FOR GUIDANCE AND MERCY

Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. O my God, I trust in thee, let me not be put to shame. Yea, let none that wait on thee be put to shame.

Show me thy ways, O God; teach me thy paths. Lead me in thy truth and teach me, for thou art the God of my salvation. Let integrity and uprightness preserve me. On thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they have been ever of old. Remember not the sins of my youth nor my transgressions, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

How often we fail in thought and in word! The tongue is a little member but it kindleth great things. Behind the tongue

is the thought or the lack of thought. It is a wicked excuse sometimes to plead, "I didn't think." We may not prevent thoughts of evil, but to cherish evil thoughts is a sin whose punishment is heavy. Curiosity born of a deceived imagination leads many a youth where no selfrespecting man will go. Worry is a foolish form of thought.

TUESDAY.—FOR RIGHT WORDS AND THOUGHTS

O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thoughts afar off. Thou searchest out my path and my lying down and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Even the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day, the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips. Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

The Christian life is a life of action. We must be doers of the word, not thinkers only. We may not always abide at home. We must endure the jostle of the world's highway, of the give and take of the marketplace. We need to learn what we ought to do and to be willing to learn:

WEDNESDAY.—FOR RIGHTEOUS DEEDS AND A TEACHABLE SPIRIT

My voice shall thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee and I will look up.

Lead me, O God, in thy righteousness, make thy way straight before my face. For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness. Evil shall not dwell with thee.

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law. Teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God. Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk. Let me go forth unto my work and unto my labor until the evening. Let me lie down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only, makest me to dwell in safety.

The springs of action are the purposes of life. Deeper than our thoughts are our motives and desires. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." It is vital to true devotion that our worship be inspired of God and that our attempts at worship shall be sincere—not from "feigned lips." Our "wicked ways"

are in us before they become the practice of our lives. "Keep pure thy soul":

THURSDAY.—FOR PURITY OF HEART

O Lord, open thou my lips and my mouth shall show forth thy praise. Give ear unto my prayer that cometh not out of feigned lips.

Cleanse thou me from hidden faults. Thou delightest not in sacrifice, else would I give it. Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offerings. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Incline not my heart to any evil thing, to practice deeds of wickedness. Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

"The first thing I ask of God," says a devout, virile, scholarly man, "is that he will forgive my sins." The dreadful thing about sin is the separation from God which it entails upon the soul. The great blessedness of forgiveness is fellowship with God. The forgiven soul is in the relation of "restored confidence." God trusts us again in and with his presence. We need often to be forgiven. We need sometimes to let this plea rise alone, and with emphasis, from our hearts:

FRIDAY.—FOR FORGIVENESS AND FELLOWSHIP

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done that which is evil in thy sight.

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation and uphold me with a willing spirit. Cast me not away from thy presence and take not the spirit of thy holiness from me.

No man is sufficient unto himself. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." The truly awakened heart is conscious of his need. He knows that he must lay hold of One above and beyond himself whose presence makes for righteousness. He knows that his life upon the earth must be brief at the longest, and that godliness is profitable for him at each step of the way. He knows that God has work for him to do, work fitted to his hand:

SATURDAY.—A CONFESSION OF DEPENDENCE UPON GOD

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children, and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us: yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

There is more of meditation than of activity in the psalms and in these selections, yet "no man can pray without working," and no one can enter into the spirit of these devotions without being inspired to more worthy activity. The single petition, "Let thy work appear unto thy servants," affords full scope for all our energies.

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle; face it; 'tis God's gift.

Then,

Begin the day with God! He is thy sun and day;
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes, brush slothfulness away.
Take thy first walk with God! Let him go forth with thee:
By stream or sea, or mountain path, seek still his company.

W. F. Sheldon

Art. VIII.—SOME PSYCHOLOGICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS

There is a new note sounding loudly in our church life today. However, historical investigation, as usual, reveals that the new is old. But though old, still it is new—new in emphasis as compared with the recent past, new in form, new in interpretation and adaptation to this age. This new-old note and old-new note is *evangelism*.

In sounding this keynote, there is less need than in the past to defend its right to be the keynote. More and more we are coming to see that propagation is a fundamental law of life, and that church suicide is as possible as race suicide; that the church which lacks evangelistic efficiency not only will cease to grow but, in a few generations, will cease to be. To be sure, the bleaching skeleton may persist for some centuries but the life is gone. And it is a monument to human frailty that this insight is helping to drive us to work that should always have been attended to for love of our neighbors and of our God. The infinite wisdom of God is illustrated in the law of self-preservation imbedded deeply in the nature of individuals and of institutions which drive them to unselfish service when their stock of simon pure altruism runs low. Recent church history illustrates the beneficent working of this law. The meager results of church work in the last years of the last decade and in many instances an absolute shrinkage in membership and resources caused alarm and had much to do with the sounding of the trumpet for evangelistic effort. So today individual interest and ecclesiastical well-being join anew with the command of Scripture and the needs of men in calling us to aggressive evangelism. Evangelism, then, is, and of right ought to be, the dominant interest of our church life. This is our platform and on this we stand. I even dare to say that evangelism takes precedence of the edification of the saints. Not that the latter is unimportant. Both are important and each should have its place, but evangelism, in my

opinion, should come first and edification second. My reasons for this conviction are: 1. Without recruits we soon would have no saints to edify. 2. Christians are less dependent on the church for edification than nonChristians are for the message of salvation. The Bible, literature, art, and nature are more effective aids to edification than to evangelization. In a very special and emphatic way evangelism needs personality back of the message. 3. Personal evangelism is the most effective minister unto edification that I know anything about. So I repeat, evangelism is, and of right ought to be, the dominant interest in church life.

But for mutual understanding we must agree on what we shall mean by evangelism. A moment's reflection will save us from identifying evangelism with special theologies or special methods or special meetings. Let us agree to use the word in its broader meaning, so that it shall include all activities of a consecrated Christian which are conscious endeavors personally to carry the evangel of Christ to nonChristian men. Or, suppose we adopt Saint Paul's definition: "I am become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some." This definition excludes unconscious influence. For while such influence may be the most powerful appeal to the nonChristian, it is beyond direct control. It is not conscious, directed effort for the salvation of men. And by this exclusion we remove the excuse of a multitude. Lazy Christians have sublime faith in the power of holy example to bring men to Christ, without work on their part. This definition also excludes evangelism by proxy. The wealthy man has not done his full quota even when he pays the salary of a missionary. The church member cannot delegate the minister to deliver his message for him. The minister should feel no sense of relief or duty done when he has secured a professional evangelist. Each Christian has his own sphere and his own message. No man, no angel can take his place. Evangelism by proxy is a dismal failure. The definition does include regular meetings and special meetings and preaching and praying and personal work and family prayer and confidential talks and numberless words of worship and of counsel and countless deeds of friendship and of service, provided that in each case the word is spoken

and the deed is done with the conscious purpose of winning someone to Christ. This is not the whole of a Christian life. We are trying to define only the evangelistic phase of that life. And when we say evangelistic phase it is evident that we mean something definite, something that we recognize in our thought, something that we intend and plan for and work at, a program that is to be given first place in the program of programs called life.

If what I have said is true, if it is the business of every church and of each member of every church to win disciples for our Lord, the psychology of the situation ceases to be exclusively an academic question and becomes a matter of popular interest and of great practical importance. And, first, we might gather up some of the suggestions that come from one of the most conspicuous recent movements in psychology. Debates concerning the relations of mind and matter are centuries old, but in these latter days more specialized attention has been given to the relation of thought to the body and more especially to the nervous system. That thought does affect bodily states is well known. Christian Science has furnished considerable valid evidence. That bodily and nervous states do affect our thinking is a matter of common experience. What the psychological laboratory is doing is to explore and measure and register the finer manifestations of this inter-relation of the mind and the nervous system. The details of this work cannot be presented effectively without laboratory experiments and that is a long and fairly dry process. But if the arbitrariness of my method may be excused, I would like to make a few suggestions to Christian workers that grow out of such laboratory work. Let us try to apply two conclusions of the laboratory to evangelistic work.

I. The nervous organization of an individual conditions his intellectual and emotional and volitional reactions. Nerve cells do not make but they do condition thought. No man can escape even for a moment from his particular nervous constitution. As well try to step out of yourself to see the wrinkle in the back of your coat as to escape your point of view. And equally impossible is it for one to escape from his own nerves. Therefore

we Christian workers need to remember that nervous constitution affects the form and expression of religious experience, and that our nerves are not the standard for our fellows. The other man is no more to blame for his excitability than I am for my stolidity. It is a physiological impossibility that we all should take our religion in the same fashion. Such uniformity is not to be sought after or desired. Let each man react and find expression in his own way, so long as his religion is ethically efficient in his life. The same physiological facts lead to a suggestion for us ministers too. Every mother knows that an excitable child needs to be soothed and shielded, while the phlegmatic child may well be prodded with excitants from without. But alas, is it not true that we ministers often show less sense? How often we work on the nerves of an excitable congregation and address our most soporific sermons to congregations of the stolid sort? All this is so simple that it seems well-nigh commonplace, yet these simple suggestions, if assimilated, would smooth the way for coöperation and church union, and would result in such a baptism of Christian charity as the world has seldom seen. Our religious differences are more a difference of nerves than some folks dream of.

II. Disease and fatigue modify mental life. These usually make thought less clear, emotions less vivacious, and will less prompt and persistent. Illustrations of this abound in common life. Every teacher knows how hard it is to make a tired or sick child understand. Every young lover ought to know that his affection is not displayed to best advantage if he persists in calling when fatigue is approaching exhaustion. Some of us can understand what slowness to will means as we remember some call to action after we had settled back in an easy chair for a well-earned rest. All this is evident, but what would you think if I should talk of a man's being too tired to get converted? Indeed, it seems to be a current notion that times of sickness and exhaustion are golden opportunities for evangelistic efforts. I would not throw the shadow of a doubt on the gracious possibility of a deathbed repentance. The Christian may better make his appeal then than never. But when I see a stalwart Christian

worker seeking out the sick and the weak and the defective I sometimes feel like shouting again the call of the playground: "Take somebody of your size." Every agent, every commercial traveler, most observing men know that an impoverished or defective nervous system tends to make a man abnormally susceptible to the influences of his environment. A strong magnetic personality can talk him into doing what he is told. Scientific investigation confirms this popular conviction. Such a man is like a mirror that reflects its surroundings more quickly and more accurately than an artist can paint, but alas, the picture changes with every turn of the glass. It is easy to convert such a man, in the conventional sense, but it is little short of a miracle to nurture such a convert so that he afterward becomes a monument to keeping grace. Yet a multitude of good people gloss this over with some vague suggestions about one soul being as good as another before God, and cheapen or discredit the power of divine grace by making overmuch of such results of evangelistic effort. Such cowardly evangelism must result in a church full of defectives to the hindering, if not to the utter defeat, of a more virile evangelism which would seek out the strong man to make him a power for God in the world. Then what shall we do with the men and women of low nervous organization who are the first to move in a revival meeting? Let them come. Give them all the help you can in the name of Christ. But do not make overmuch of such results lest you repel the strong. Push the work steadily for nobler and more abiding results, knowing full well that your revival has not yet reached a stage that is very significant for the ethical and social life of your community. All honor to the man who reaches down to help the weakness of the weak for love's sake, but *shame* on the man who tries to evangelize the weak because it is easy and thus he can make a show of results.

And now let us pass to some suggestions that are derived from a psychological study of feeling. In recent years the emotions have been at a discount. We like to imagine ourselves "cold, logical engines"; we have intellects; we think things out; insight determines action. To be sure, we are not pure intellects, but then intellect is dominant. So men talk and so men act.

But least of all can Christian workers assent to such teaching. We need the emotion, the passion of religion for moral life. Fortunately modern philosophy and psychology give no such primacy to intellect. The modern view is that intellect, feeling, and will are never separate and that all three appear in every state of consciousness. So I claim no primacy for feeling but gladly recognize the three as coördinate in mental life. But intellect and will have had more than their share of attention in religious thought and life. If religion was often too emotional a hundred years ago, we are as extreme in the opposite direction. As I heard a pastor tell his people once, "It is true that people sometimes become demented over religion, but you are in no danger of going crazy that way." In recent years, we have been afraid of sentiment, of emotional exuberance, of appeal to feeling in religion. It is high time for us to wake up to the fact that much of our boasted intellectualism is a myth. Our feelings play as large a part as our intellect in life. Much of our belief, much of our doing, yes, even much of our thinking, rests more on sentiment than on insight. This is true of those who have the best-trained intellects, and feeling determines an increasingly large part of life as we go down the educational scale. Nor does this statement belittle manhood. The greatest attribute of God is his love, and it is in his emotional life that man can show forth the broken image of his Maker most perfectly. Then it behooves every Christian worker to study the emotional side of life and learn how to appeal to the heart. This is especially important for evangelistic effort, because the beginnings of conversion are generally found in the emotional life. In saying this I do not wish to ally myself with the apostles of hypnotism and maudlin sentimentality. There is a difference between appealing to the noblest sentiments in the heart of man and a cheap working on the emotions. In this nobler sense it is evident that the heart must be stirred to bring men to Christ. No doubt there is a portion of the field of knowledge where reason is dominant. Mathematics is the classical example. But for the comprehension and judicial weighing of the ethical and theological truths involved in conversion, most men need a motive, an impetus which is often best furnished by

aroused emotions. In this use of the emotional appeal one is not aiming at an irrational emotional religious result but only using the emotional approach to get reason into action on the problem. But even when the intellectual process has set in feeling is not absent. To be sure, violent emotions do break up logical processes, but a glow of feeling of the less violent sort only promotes intellectual activity. At this point we find two common blunders. The tropical evangelist tries to fire the convulsive emotions which retard or destroy the rationalizing process, and the arctic pastor introduces cold logic and handles his knife with all the deftness and skill and heartlessness of a surgeon schooled to vivisection. It is a good thing for a hospital surgeon to suffuse his operation with quiet feeling that does not dim the eye or unsteady the nerve, and in moral surgery such feeling is necessary to success. In evangelism we must feel for the man who is struggling, and to the best of our ability maintain in him a healthful glow of feeling while he thinks his problem through. Thus thought and feeling work together toward their normal end—an act of will. At this point psychology emphasizes the importance of the emotional side of the process. Professor Wundt writes that "A volition entirely without emotion, determined by a purely intellectual motive, is a psychological impossibility." Then how unscientific it is to suppress or ignore the emotions either in ourselves or in the man whose conversion we desire!

If the emotions play so important a part in evangelistic work, it may not be amiss to mention some of the facts and laws of the psychology of feeling. While the intellectual and emotional activities of mind are never separate in life, psychological analysis develops strong contrasts between them. For instance, you are all familiar with the law of the association of ideas, but have you ever stopped to think that feelings are not forged together like ideas? The nearest we come to an association of feelings is when each of a series of ideas is able to preserve a characteristic tone of feeling when it recurs. This reproduces the sequence of feeling, but I think Hoeffding is right in saying that "it is through the relation of thoughts to thoughts that feelings pass into new feelings." We present this as our first point of contrast: Ideas com-

monly occur and recur in associated groups, but there is no association of feelings, in the same sense. We note the homiletical application of this statement. So far as ideas are concerned the best part of even a good sermon is the part that is never uttered. A good sermon suggests more than it says. But when the preacher seeks emotional results, treatment needs to be more complete, for it is impossible to produce a chain of emotions by suggestion without going through the whole series.

Our first point of contrast suggests the second. Intellect is more quick and versatile. Feelings are slower in being aroused or recalled. The situation is somewhat like the distant observer watching a man drive a post. He sees the blow fall and later hears the sound of the stroke. This is not entirely evident in daily life, but close scientific observation shows that cognition precedes a marked development of feeling just as touch is quicker than pain. If you wish to prove the latter point, just put your finger on a hot stove; you will feel the stove before you feel the burn. The slower movement of feeling is more evident in sustained intellectual processes. I shall never forget a lecture on physics by Professor Hannel in which he hypostatized a fixed quantity in a formula full of variables. Intellectually I saw his point at once, but it was weeks before I could enter even partially into his evident feeling over the matter. In memory the slowness of feeling is very evident. Longfellow has expressed this in the beautiful lines:

> Alas, our memories may retrace
> Each circumstance of time and place,
> Seasons and scenes come back again,
> And outward things unchanged remain;
> The rest we cannot reinstate;
> Ourselves we cannot recreate,
> Not set our souls to the same key
> Of the remembered melody.

We remember the images of the past, but without their original modes and emotions. Only when absolutely absorbed in memories can we awaken even the modified and weakened feelings. The suggestions growing out of this slowness of feeling are evident. No fundamental change, like conversion, is to be wrought without

a complete mental process back of it, and that means that reason, feeling, and will must each do its part. A conversion of the heart without the head is a very incomplete affair and the conversion of the head without the heart is never effective in life. Conversion is never ideal until it moves forward from assent to emotion, or passion, or devotion, or whatever else you may choose to call it, to a rational and at the same time an emotional devotement of oneself to God and his service. By this I mean nothing spectacular or hysterical, but something deep and strong and true, like unto that deep, steady love of a noble man for his wife, which never sues for a divorce.

Our third point of contrast is this: Repeated sensations, perceptions, and thoughts tend to become ingrained. Repeated affections tend toward zero. This accounts for a part of the charm of a first view or a first reading or a first love. Of course the same idea may recur with a changed and more intense emotion, but that is not a repeated emotion. This law of repeated emotions means that emotions similar in quality which are aroused by repeated experiences tend to decrease in intensity. Applying this to the religious life, we observe that there is often an emotional difference between the contrition of a new convert and the contrition of an old Christian. This may not be due to greater sinfulness on the one hand or to greater worthiness on the other. Heaped up guilt is not a satisfactory explanation. It does not necessarily spring from a difference in faith. My explanation is that the older Christian has lost much of the emotional freshness of contrition through repetition without impairing in the least its ethical quality. And sometimes we sing with long-drawn sighs and many smitings of conscience:

> Where is the soul-refreshing view
> When first I saw the Lord?
> Where is the blessedness I knew,
> Of Jesus and his Word?

This may be a good hymn for faithless saints, but too often it is used to express regret for an emotional bloom departed which is absolutely inevitable and which does not signify any deterioration of Christian character or life. I suppose the very best of husbands

cannot maintain the passionate ardor of courtship days, but, nevertheless, for height and depth and abiding loyalty that husband's love so far excels the flaming affections of the young gallant as to be beyond comparison. And here psychology gives an approving nod. For to say that repeated emotions tend to fade out is only half the truth. There are two ways of fading. The emotion may fade into nothing, that is, fade out in an absolute sense, or it may simply decrease in intensity by diffusion. In this latter case feeling gains by repetition in breadth and depth what it loses in freshness and intensity. Thus the feeling may spread over an ever larger part of life and may be fed by many more sources than at first, but, as a rule, this inner growth of feeling is not apparent except in a crisis, when it may revert to the more concentrated form of an emotion or passion which reveals the added strength that has been gained through quiet growth. This is the case in a marriage of true love, and this is the case in religious experience. The freshness and intensity of religious emotions may wane and still the heart make steady growth in love of God and of fellow-men. Here the danger is lest we mistake a fading out of feeling which is a real deterioration of character for the mere passing from a concentrated to a diffused state of feeling. The former is always a calamity, the latter may be a blessing.

In connection with this we should remember that all extreme emotions are intermittent. That is one reason why every preacher should have a home of his own, so that he can draw the shades and have the reaction from his sermon without scandalizing the neighbors. If the reaction is melancholic, the neighbors might think God was dead; if jovial or humorous, they might think the preacher lacked seriousness of purpose. Of course we ministers know that this is a normal reaction, and the girls we marry soon learn the secret—some of them to their sorrow. The slump after revival meetings often is another example of the same phenomena. Extreme emotions cannot be sustained for long, and strong feelings tend to pass into their opposites. That is why orators mix pathos and humor. Churches and church people are not exempt from this law. If a revival stirs up extreme

emotions, there must be a reaction, but please remember that the reaction does not necessarily condemn the revival. The oscillation may end in an improved equilibrium. On the other hand, if a church indulges in religious hysterics, it should expect to laugh and cry by turns. Then how unscientific, how unpedagogical, how unreasonable we are to expect the glow and ardor of a new convert to continue without variation! Rather should we expect emotional changes and prepare the convert for them, knowing full well that the stronger the emotion the greater and the quicker the reaction. Thus, with all the emphasis which I have been trying to place on the emotional side of Christian life and work, I would be among the first to warn against confounding emotional with ethical and religious states. But still I would conclude by reiterating that we all are or ought to be evangelists; that as evangelists we should know something of the laws of body and brain and should cowork with the laws of God in man's organism even when we are seeking to save his soul; that as evangelists we should recognize the primary importance of feeling in winning men to Christ; that while appealing to the hearts of men it is not necessary to offend their intellects, and that there are laws of emotional life which we must observe in making an appeal and in caring for converts. "Brethren, the love of God constraineth us." "See that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." And "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."

William Orville Allen.

Art. IX.—"FAITH OF OUR FATHERS"

It is difficult to understand why a man should take up the study of birds, flowers, rocks, or any other part of the mortal universe and argue therefrom against the immortality of the soul, or any other phase of our faith. It is not simply a long cry, but an absolutely impossible one, from the vegetable garden to the soul of the man that walks in it. And I can see no more reason why a man versed in the science of vegetation should be authority on the affairs of the soul than that a man with a religious experience should be an authority on the science of potatoes. We are in the immediate presence of two distinct facts, one is ourselves and the other the earth on which we live. To say distinct facts is simply to affirm what has thus far never been denied by anything approaching demonstration.

Each fact has its history. There is an Earth-story, full of charm, running through the ages. A story she brings in herself, that lives and throbs beneath our feet, branching upward into our body, but never higher than the crown of the head. And the learning of man, that is, science, has been bringing this story to us along the way.

Then there is ourselves and our own story, that also runs through the ages, a story that we bring in us and with us. It is not the story of the body; there is no such story, at least in the history of man. Physically we are today what our remotest ancestors were. It is a story of the spirit; a real man-story; the essence of all history.

> It was the human spirit,
> Of all men's souls the soul,
> Man the unwearied climber
> That climbed to the unknown goal.

And this story we bring in the faith of the soul and the traditions of the race. Taken in the largest general sense there is always the man and his book. I have a friend who has traveled much and his house is full of curios. This came from India, this from China, and this again from Mexico. Man is such a traveler.

He has gathered himself from every age, every clime, and every shore. As our scientist would say: "He is a part of all that he has met." But what he brings are not mere curios, but the spoil of his indomitable spirit. And this spoil he brings in the very structure of his being and the genius of his traditions.

From time to time this traveler has been held up in the name of some last word of science. We are called upon to stand and deliver our faith. But why should we throw over this faith-story for that Earth-story? Both are facts, and ours is the bigger and mightier of the two. They talk of "the flower in the crannied wall" and all it holds in the mysteries of God and man. But what of this soul in the crannied wall of time, and all its mysteries, histories, and victories.

The story of our faith began back somewhere when a man stepped out. He heard a voice and went forth. Faith is more than a new thought; it is a new step. It involves the whole man. He idealizes himself out of the old situation, he takes a step. Afterward he takes up the study of the ground on which he stands, the step he has taken, and why he took it. This is science. Science is an afterthought. It is no bogie that leaps out upon us from ambush; it is only the thought of the man that is taking the trip. It is our own creation. We have wrested it from the dumb and senseless toils of nature. There is no scientific fact that is not red with the blood of him who brought it. Nor is it an idle tale, but a part and parcel of our own life. We should never have had it only that we had use for it in the larger faith-story of man. To abandon what we bring in us and with us for this last word of science is to give the lie to the whole progressive structure of history, while the noble procession of the spirit is swallowed up in its own last thought.

When a man takes his stand upon the faith of his fathers, he is not only upon good sentimental ground, but on good substantial scientific ground as well. The foundations are more than logical, they are structural. He simply rests upon the age-long structure of life and trusts that the power that has brought him thus far can take him farther. All progress is a faith process. We do not reason our way, but steer boldly forth and afterward

think it over. It is not the afterthought of the fathers, but their faith we swear by. We may not accept their definition of God, but we accept the reality and make our own definitions. The reality always transcends the definition, whether new or old. The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob need not necessarily measure up to the stature of ours, but he must transcend the times in which they found him, and this he did. He was to them a transcendent Reality. They had experiences with him, ventured forth, fought battles, realized life, and left us their spiritual remains. And that experience with this transcendent Reality was the dynamic of the world's progress. The faith of our fathers, then, is as broad and deep and strong as the human race. But thus far we have taken it in an unqualified way, with all it holds of reality and unreality. As yet it is in its crude state and should pass through some refining process, should be filtered of the mud gathered from the banks; should undergo some final criticism. And if we hold to the historic method we shall come naturally to the gospel, the supreme critique of world-faiths.

The unique genius of Christ as a critic of world-faiths should have a larger place than our space here allows. But a glance will give the gist. How well he distinguished between the commandments of God, the vitalizing forces, and the traditions of men. With what scorn he pounced upon the gift at the altar representing institutional piety and at the same time giving the lie to filial love. In tracing the real succession of faith he broke all the antecedent mappings of tradition and discovered the true descendants of Abraham here, there, and everywhere. He was the heir of the essence and the master of the form of all that went before. He dared even to reduce the whole organic structure of the faith of his day to the simple story of God and man. "Earth changes, God and the soul stand sure." The chief value of the critic is not in his subtractions but his remainders. If he ask me to exchange one theory for another, I care little for the barter, but if his plucking away the husks brings me the life-giving kernel, then I am his debtor. It was in his remainders that Christ outranked all other critics. It was no instinct of destruction, but of construction, that made him turn upon the traditions of men. That

the eternal truth of God might come to light. And that truth be summarized in himself. The old faiths were filtered through the personality of Christ and given to us in terms of his own life. He is the Divine Remainder.

If our faith had culminated in a book, another and still another must be written, for of making books there is no end. If it had reached its finality in a doctrine, we still should have more doctrines to make, for these are in the realm of the relative. Then, indeed, would the philosophers have cause for the charge they sometimes make, that our faith is yet in its childhood and must give way to manlier creeds, or that some day the "o'erturned altar" will again lay bare the ancient lie. But when we reach the ultimate of our faith in this life of Christ, transcendent thus far of all excellence or theories of excellence, even philosophy, which claims that "man partly is and wholly hopes to be," may admit Him as a proper man-goal of the race, and a finality of faith that is beyond repeal. And when at last the noblest suspicion of the race is fulfilled in his resurrection it is evident that we have not been constructing a philosophy, nor dreaming dreams, but interpreting the actual, original, eternal Epic of all the ages.

This is not an argument from innate ideas, but inwrought ideas. We simply appeal to history. Into the court of human destiny we summon the man himself, with all his spiritual findings. We have not consulted the records, nor the rocks, nor the stars, but the man himself as he comes to us gathering himself in the way.

And what he brings is not mortal. He has not brought the Pyramids of Egypt, the Temple of Jerusalem, nor the Gardens of Babylon. They lie far back in his journey; they have gone to pathetic dust. But from every civilization he has sucked the immortalities and brought them in his faith and the fruits of his faith. Earth with her death-doom has no claim upon his cargo. He has nothing of hers. Naked he comes and naked he goes, save for what he carries in the structure of his soul and the halo of his spirit. Nor is it an argument from inward monitions: "It must be so, Plato. Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire?" Some of our "pleasing hopes and fond desires" lead only to fictions. Through them the imagination "builds a world

apart from God's." But faith holds always to the gist of the soul, the ways of God, and his unfolding world. Imagination has led us into many a poetic by-path, her monuments are everywhere. But faith keeps always to the highway of development, holds Sinai ever in view, is structural to life as it was, is, and ever shall be. "By it we understand the ages have been framed." Its very literature as compared with that of the imagination has the straight simplicity, free stride, and lusty strength of a life that is sure of its way. The faith of our fathers is more than a "pleasing hope, a fond desire." It is an entity; the genius of history, the dynamic of progress, "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Afloating, afloating
Across the sleepless sea;
All night I heard a singing bird,
Upon the top-mast tree.

O came you from the isles of Greece
Or from the banks of Seine;
Or off some tree in forest free
Which fringe the western Main?

I came not off the old world
Nor yet from off the new;
But I am one of the birds of God
Which sing the whole night through.

Gardner S. Eldridge

Art. X.—WHY TAINE FAILED TO APPRECIATE SHAKESPEARE

It seems strange that such a great writer as Taine should not satisfy us when he criticises Shakespeare, but there are few lovers of Shakespeare who will assent to Taine's estimate of him. The explanation of Taine's attitude is probably to be found in his peculiar theories of literary criticism. At the period in the history of French literature when Taine came into prominence literary criticism had ceased to concern itself with rules and had become a consideration of literary works as signs of the conditions of society, and as important data in arriving at a knowledge of the progress made by the human race. It was this phase of it that Taine emphasized. He was really a disciple of Sainte-Beuve, for most of the views which he made into a rigid theory are those that Sainte-Beuve, at one time or another, had set forth in his criticism. But what is new is the use to which Taine put them, forming them into an inflexible system. "He made of criticism a positive science which had for its object the general philosophy of the human mind, and for a method, on one hand, the rigorous analysis of the naturalist, and on the other, the systematic deduction of the geometrician." Taine did not consider the work of art for its own sake but simply for the information about man which he could secure from it. Man was, according to his idea, only an animal of a higher species, and the critic was to study his literary products in exactly the same manner as the naturalist would consider the work of the lower animals for the purpose of receiving enlightenment upon their nature and habits. He believed that there was no difference between the physical and the moral world, that both were subject to the same determinism. Starting out with that assumption, his system of criticism was based upon two principal laws, which Pelissier calls the law of dependencies and the law of conditions. The law of dependencies states that just as the various organs of an animal constitute a whole, no part of which could be subject to change without a corresponding change being experienced by the other parts, so the different aptitudes of

man sustain a necessary relation to each other; they are proportioned and produced by a single law, which being given, we can foresee their energy and calculate what their effects are to be. This law is the *faculté maîtresse,* and its uniform action is communicated in various ways to the different mechanisms of the human mind, impressing upon them a series of foreseen movements. Taine believed that man was inevitably determined by innate characteristics and that he could be traced back absolutely to one superior force, the "dominant quality." The law of conditions signified that every work of art is determined by preëxisting conditions and the individual nature of the artist, which is the result of these aforesaid conditions. The *faculté maîtresse* governs the development of the intellectual organism and is itself subject to higher laws which can be attributed to three distinct primordial forces, the race, the milieu, and the moment. The influence of the race meant to Taine all the innate and hereditary influences which distinguished one race from all others which had developed in the same general circumstances. The *milieu* was the combination of both physical and moral circumstances which modified the race itself and, more particularly, the individual. The moment was to be understood as the influence which all preceding literary works have upon those that follow them.

The chief objection usually made to Taine's theory of criticism is that it overlooks the monad, "the thing which causes twenty or a hundred men, who have been subjected to apparently the same influences, to differ absolutely from one another, and which makes only one of this great number excel by originality." In short, Taine failed to take into account the power of genius. He overlooks this force and seems not to realize that genius is inexplicable by any rules and laws. This probably explains why his treatment of Shakespeare is so unsatisfactory. If he had been content to attribute in him what was inexplicable to the idiosyncrasy of genius instead of trying to make him conform to his system of analysis, his criticism of Shakespeare would have come nearer to being a true one. But he does not do this. He says, "I am about to describe an extraordinary species of mind, perplexing to all the French modes of analysis and reasoning,

all-powerful, excessive, master of the sublime as well as the base," and then attempts to judge Shakespeare absolutely according to French standards, failing to realize that he is too universal to conform to the standards of any one nation, but must be judged by his universality. Taine here makes the mistake against which Madame de Staël had warned in her criticism, that of believing that what is incomprehensible to the French mind, and which it cannot appreciate, is necessarily due to defective art and not because of any fault in the French standard. Taine says that Shakespeare is purely subjective, that is, that circumstances and the externals of life contributed but slightly to his development. Then instead of perceiving that here there is something which cannot be explained by any rigid system, he tries to give to Shakespeare the same treatment that he would accord to any ordinary writer. Some of his statements are most unfair. He says: "Shakespeare never sees things tranquilly. All the powers of his mind are concentrated on the present image or idea. He is buried and absorbed in it. With such a genius we are on the brink of an abyss; the eddying water dashes in headlong, swallowing up whatever objects it meets, and only bringing them to light, transformed and mutilated. We pause stupefied before these convulsive metaphors, which might have been written by a fevered hand in a night's delirium, which gather a pageful of ideas and pictures in half a sentence, which scorch the eyes they would enlighten. Words lose their meanings; constructions are put out of joint; paradoxes of style, apparently false expressions which a man might occasionally venture upon with diffidence in the transports of his rapture, become the ordinary language. Shakespeare dazzles, repels, terrifies, disgusts, oppresses; his verses are a piercing and sublime song, pitched in too high a key, above the reach of our organs, of which our minds alone can divine the justice and beauty." Many of these statements are mistaken. Almost any one of Shakespeare's sublimely philosophical passages by its calm serenity is sufficient to refute the declaration that Shakespeare never sees things tranquilly.

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.
>
> The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation.
> That away, men are but as gilded loam or painted clay.

Are these the convulsive metaphors produced by delirium? Taine's accusation that Shakespeare makes the language of every day false expressions which a man might use with diffidence in the transports of ecstasy is a contradiction of terms. A man who is speaking with the transports of rapture does not use expressions "diffidently." He does not consciously use any expression. He speaks the language of his heart, and, with all due respect for Taine, it is more likely to be the language which Shakespeare gives him than the extremely delicate, subtle, and stilted language which the French dramatists would sanction, familiarity with which causes Taine to utter such an erroneous judgment of Shakespeare's diction. That is the secret of Taine's failure to appreciate Shakespeare; he persists in judging him by the falsely elegant and restrained ideas which governed the drama in France. He says again: "The stage is full of abominations. Shakespeare lugs upon it all the atrocious deeds of civil wars." This, too, is at variance with the French usage which discountenanced any violent action taking place upon the stage. Taine seems to ignore in these assertions the fact that French drama and English drama are primarily different; that the drama of France is based upon that of the Greeks, while the drama of England is indigenous. "The speakers," he says, "do not remain quietly seated in their chairs, like the Marquises in The Misanthrope. They whirl around, leap, gesticulate boldly their ideas—their wit-rockets end with a song." This would naturally seem the case to one who was accustomed to the calm course of events upon the French stage, but a man who aspires to be a critic should extend his range of vision beyond the customs of his own country.

One statement made by Taine can be turned against the French drama which he constantly uses as his unit of measure. When he says of Shakespeare's characters that "they say nothing in a simple style; they seek to heap together subtle things, far-fetched, difficult to understand; all their expressions are overre-

fined, unexpected, extraordinary; they strain their thought and change it into a caricature," he might be speaking of the classical drama of France. A language which deemed it inelegant to mention love except as "fire," "flames," a "crown of passions," which referred to one's parents as those who had given one the light, or by some other such circumlocution, and which thought the depths of indelicacy had been reached when Hamlet spoke of his shoe in talking to his mother, such a language certainly lies open to the same charges which Taine brings against Shakespeare's diction. And then his declaration that Shakespeare's women are only charming children who feel in excess, and love passionately, that they have "unconstrained manners, little rages, nice words of friendship, a coquettish rebelliousness, a graceful volubility which recall the warbling and prettiness of birds," is evidently unjust. Any representative list of Shakespeare's women is sufficient to prove the statement false. Portia, Rosalind, Viola, Hermione, Lady Macbeth, Cordelia are more than "charming children." Contrast any one of them with Corneille's "Pauline," for instance, and you will be satisfied that the advantage rests with Shakespeare. Taine made the mistake of judging the great master of drama by the standards which governed the dramatic writers of France, and he failed to take into account the part that genius plays in Shakespeare's art. He tried to make him conform to his own inflexible and rigid system, and judged him deductively instead of inductively.

Gertrude See Jackson.

Art. XI.—THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD

All knowledge is valuable, but it cannot be said truthfully that every kind of knowledge is of equal value. We are told by Paul that "the things which are seen are temporal, while the things that are unseen are eternal." The time element, therefore, must be considered in estimating values. No one will question the importance of the physical sciences as related to human well-being; but when compared with the importance of spiritual realities the transient nature of the former must give place to the eternal interests of the soul. To one who accepts the statements of revelation that "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise and the elements shall melt with fervent heat," the knowledge given by the physical sciences loses in comparison with that knowledge that outlives such catastrophes. For this reason the knowledge of God surpasses in intrinsic value all other classes of knowledge that can be attained by a rational, moral being. "To know God is eternal life" is the sublime deliverance of the world's greatest teacher. Some perplexed thinkers assert the impossibility of knowing God. Because they cannot compass the infinite, and give a logical statement of the mysteries of his being, they deny the possibility of any definite knowledge of his nature and attributes. If their assumptions are correct, religious worship is a vain show and is rightly classed as human superstitions. Ignorance is truly the mother of devotion if the object of worship is unknowable. For there can be no true faith where there is no knowledge. Intelligent faith is the consummate flower of knowledge. There can be no rational faith in a person of whom we know nothing. There may be blind, unintelligent trust, but Christian faith is not of this sort. Christian faith demands knowledge as its basis. Right here is the marked difference between the Christian and all other religious systems. Christianity demands knowledge of God, while other religions ignorantly worship they know not what.

The knowledge of God is given us in two books, the book of nature and the book of revelation. By the book of nature we mean

the physical universe and God's general dealings with the race, while the book of revelation is contained in the Bible in its entirety. This knowledge is not given us in either book in any systematic form or creed. It is given in the form of facts, principles, laws, precepts, which are to be discovered, classified, related, and explained by human investigation and reasonings. We know God, as we know men by what they have done and said. Actions and speech lie at the basis of faith in each other, and actions and speech give us the imperishable foundation of our faith in God. It is scarcely necessary to say that in this investigation no action or speech ought to be overlooked in laying the foundations of our faith. All these data need a rational interpretation. Man is the interpreter. But what is the key to all these facts, laws, principles, and precepts? Man himself is the key. There can be no true philosophy of nature or revelation that ignores man as the key to their mysteries. The only explanation of this universe of being that can satisfy a rational soul is personality with all its conscious powers. The most momentous statement that ever emanated from the pen of an inspired writer is found in the first chapter of Genesis: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." This passage gives us the true key to the knowledge of God himself. It tells us we are not God, or divine in the same sense in which God is divine, but we are fashioned or created in the likeness of God. We are made in his image in spiritual powers, capacities, and constitution. This being so, we can know him, but only as we first *know ourselves.* This marvelous revelation of our birthright invests the science of psychology with a value that surpasses all other physical sciences. "Know thyself" lies at the gateway of the knowledge of God. To perfect our knowledge of our own souls is the pathway by which we attain to a true conception of our Creator. Fifty years ago the writer studied in the Wesleyan University a popular text-book on mental philosophy. As he recalls the work, the first few pages were devoted to a very superficial statement of the relations of the will and sensibilities to the intellectual powers, while most of the book treated in a practical way of the intellectual functions. There

was no clear presentation of the threefold functions of the soul as intellect, sensibilities, and will; and yet this text-book was probably the best of its time. Since that day great light has been thrown on the science of the soul, and it is not too much to say that a more consistent science of human nature is destined to bring us in the near future to a more rational and correct conception of the true God and banish from human philosophies and creeds many erroneous elements that have wrought only evil to mankind.

But all that has been said needs careful qualifications, lest the statement that we are created in the image of God, and know his nature and attributes through our own self-consciousness, may lead to the gravest errors. Many years ago a minister in the city of Boston was arraigned by his denomination for heretical teachings. In his trial he defended himself by the following argument: "We know nothing of God as a person except through our own consciousness. In my conception of God I take my own spiritual powers and faculties, magnify them to infinite proportions, and thus create the ideal image of my God." Here, doubtless, is truth; but in this ideal creation lurks one of the commonest errors of human theology. It is not true that the God of the Bible is a human soul, magnified to infinite proportions. "My thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways," is God's protest, through the agency of his faithful prophet Isaiah, to such an assumption. Constitutionally we have all the spiritual endowments of our Creator. These are necessary to constitute a moral personality; but these powers are not coördinated in us as in him. In us they are defective, unbalanced, marred by sin and the hereditary taints of misuse. Therefore when we magnify the imperfect endowments of a human soul to infinite proportions we have no true image of God but, rather, a moral monstrosity that only caricatures the Divine Being. We can safeguard our knowledge of God from such errors by observing a simple principle which is fundamental to all correct thought of him. That principle is this: "All God's powers, attributes, and endowments are coördinate and equal, being infinite and perfect." In him there is no darling attribute. His perfect nature prevents it. Because of this constitutional perfection of his being, all that he thinks

and wills and does, all his moral laws and choices and actions, are the expression of these inherent perfections. "Wherefore," says Paul, "the commandments" are "holy, and just, and good," since they are the product of a nature holy, just, and good. And all this can be predicated of his providences and special dealings with his rational creatures. But this cannot be said of man as we know him. Self-consciousness asserts the very reverse. Human souls differ not in their constitutional powers but in the relative strength of these endowments. Some persons are lovely in their sympathies, but they lack wisdom. Others are generous, but not just. Others still are just, but unlovely. We all know persons who are most delightful neighbors but whose sense of obligation is so attenuated that we would not loan them a dollar with the expectation of seeing it again. These varieties in human character come directly from unbalanced and imperfect endowments of individual souls. If each soul, therefore, should attribute to its God a magnificent image of itself, we should not have the real objective Deity of Monotheism, but a horde of deities with all the infirmities of the inhabitants of Olympus.

It is our conviction that most of the errors of theology are more often the result of these false conceptions of God than from a willful perversity of the spiritual life. Erroneous creeds are the natural product of false conceptions of God, and they would not have been produced had all thinkers accepted the simple principle of the equality of the divine attributes. The ministry of today, reacting from the erroneous teachings of the sovereignty of God, is emphasizing other qualities so disproportionately as to lead to equally erroneous instructions. The unbiblical teachings of the modern pulpit about the atonement of Jesus Christ is an illustration. The cross is magnified as a marvelous revelation of divine love for man. And so it is. No human language can assert it too strongly. But how little we hear of the cross as a marvelous revelation of God's justice! This element seems to have been largely eliminated from modern preaching. And yet justice has as much to do with the cross as love. "Being just and yet the justifier of the ungodly." Whence comes this defective presentation of the atonement of Jesus Christ? Is it not from the eclipse

of the attribute of justice in the divine nature? Once let the conception of the infinite equality of all God's attributes be firmly imbedded in human thought, and the rationality of all the biblical statements of his character will become the necessary creed of all thoughtful souls. Then will we apprehend the true meaning of God's holiness. For as a ray of light is a compound of the seven prismatic colors coördinated according to nature's unvarying law, so the holiness of God is the product of all his attributes in infinite perfection. For want of this conception we are in peril of losing the biblical consciousness of sin. And we feel assured that all that human nature needs to restore to it this consciousness, now so emasculated by an erroneous conception of God, is a faithful presentation of the perfections of the divine nature necessarily involved in his holiness.

But how shall we secure such a conception? Are we left to the debatable conclusions of our own minds through the difficult interpretations of the facts, laws, precepts, and commandments of nature and revelation? Fortunately, in addition to these sources of information, we have given us an illustration in real life of all they would teach us. That is a remarkable statement of Hebrews that "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, . . . who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person," more literally, "the engraving of his being," or, in modern speech, the "photograph of his essence." Human language could hardly express more fully the essential Godhead of Jesus when taken in connection with the whole trend of Scripture, and especially the opening verses of Saint John's Gospel, together with the luminous language of Paul in Colossians: "For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." We make no attempt to analyze the peculiar personality of Jesus Christ. We do not aim to give a philosophical explanation of that unique nature. We only assert that he is the one true illustration of God. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." In him we can see all the attributes of the Deity in their infinite perfection and adjustment. We accept him as God incarnate in human nature and the full and final

expression of the divine personality. We do not say he is no more than this. We believe he is. We believe he is also the full and final expression of a human being at his best. But this is not a part of our contention. In seeking to know God, do we ask "Is God omnipotent over nature?" Behold the Christ rising from human slumber and rebuking the winds with a word and calming the troubled sea. Do we seek to know something of God's omniscience? Behold him reading the innermost thoughts of his enemies and unfolding to them their most secret communings. Do we long to understand God's compassion and mercy toward his sinful creatures? Behold his outstretched hands over Jerusalem, and his tears of tender sympathy as he cries: "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" Do we earnestly covet an exhibition of God's love for humanity? Behold Jesus lifted up from the earth on the cross for our redemption from sin. Do we wish to know if God is just? Behold his deep indignation at the profanation of the temple by the money changers, his awful invectives at the hypocrisies of the Pharisees, and his withering curse of the fig tree that failed to bring forth its promised fruitage. From all this we learn there is no darling attribute in Jesus Christ. His teachings, his life, his spirit show us a perfect balance of all the constitutional powers of his personality in infinite perfection. It is true that justice for wrongdoing is held in abeyance by mercy for a time, since otherwise human probation would be an impossibility. But herein also he truthfully represents God, who from the beginning declares himself to be long-suffering, merciful, slow to anger, and not willing that any should perish. There is no quality or power in the divine nature that is not illustrated in its perfect adjustment in the life and earthly experiences of Jesus Christ.

Hence we affirm we can know God if we will. We can get a true conception of his nature and purposes. The data are at our disposal in the universe and in the Book.

In conclusion, it should be said that we have treated only the

conditions of an intellectual conception of God. Even this we hold to be exceedingly valuable. Without this knowledge we are continually exposed to the evils of false philosophies, which make the practice of holiness impossible.

There is another class of knowledge, even more important to steadfast character, namely, that of personal experience. He who knows God intellectually has gained great wisdom; but he who knows him experimentally has secured infinite riches.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the latter knowledge is only attained by a life of perfect submission to the teachings of God's Holy Book. He who has caught the ineffable conception of God as revealed in Jesus Christ, and has, by a living faith, made his will the controlling factor in his earthly pilgrimage, has eternal life already begotten in his own soul, and can joyfully await the coming of the crown of righteousness which shall be given at the day of his appearing.

D. C. Knowles

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE Rev. W. W. Peyton's book entitled The Three Greatest Forces in the World. Part I. The Incarnation, which we noticed at length in an editorial in September-October, 1907, and which was at that time reported to be out of print, can now be obtained from The Macmillan Company, New York, or through Eaton & Mains or Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.40, net. Postage extra. Our editorial notice was such as to enable the reader of the REVIEW to judge whether the book was one he would desire to purchase.

THE VOLUMINOUS UNIMPORTANCE OF POSITIVISM

WE know of no modern system of thought that is at once so intellectually pretentious and of so little account as positivism. Nothing aspiring to be regarded as a religion is so ambitious in its scope, and so elaborate in its presentation, or propounded with a brow so grave and weighty, and yet withal is so unimportant, as the so-called Religion of Humanity. Both its inventor, Auguste Comte, and its apologist, Frederic Harrison, have been voluminous writers. Comte was the author of numerous volumes, of which he devoted to the setting forth of his scheme of doctrine more than a dozen: his Positive Philosophy (6 volumes), his Positive Polity (4 volumes), his Subjective Synthesis, his General View, and his Catechism. Mr. Harrison is also author of a dozen or more volumes, some of which are directly given to the exposition and advocacy of his particular version of Comte's system, and all of which take their perspective from the positivist point of view and color their atmosphere with the Religion of Humanity. His two most recent books are The Creed of a Layman and The Philosophy of Common Sense. Comte's scheme, interpreted by Harrison, purports to be a vast synthesis of knowledge equaled in inclusiveness among ancients only by Aristotle's and among moderns only by Herbert Spencer's. Yet this ambitious and laborious scheme, offered as a substitute for Christianity, is of far less importance to the Christian world than, for example, Parseeism is: indeed, its practical significance is almost microscopic.

It is certainly numerically unimportant. A census to ascertain

the number of positivists in London found seventeen. Andrew Lang, commenting upon Harrison's book, The Creed of a Layman, remarks: "It is not the creed of many laymen—only about thirty-five and a half, as the irreverent say." Mr. Harrison expresses a doubt whether since the death of Auberon Spencer, Herbert Spencer has any follower. We are of opinion that Mr. Harrison has even fewer followers than Mr. Spencer. Mr. Harrison does not think it reasonable to expect that positivism should draw disciples by thousands as, he says, the gospel did in the days of the apostles. He is quite right in so thinking; and it seems proper to add just here, for the information of those who, like Mr. Harrison, appear not to know the fact, that the gospel which was so powerful in apostolic days proves itself just as mighty now, and in many lands is drawing vast multitudes to the feet of Him who was lifted up that He might draw all men unto Him. It is hardly too much to say that positivism draws nobody. Its inventor was an impractical theorist but little acquainted with human nature, its qualities or its needs. He lived and died an obscure teacher of mathematics in Paris. The intellectual atmosphere in which he worked out his theories and constructed a new religion for mankind was about as rarefied as are the regions of the differential calculus and as remote from actual human life as is the summit of Mount Kunchin-Ginga or the planet Jupiter. And it is about as attractive to the average human being as is the working out of an algebraic problem.

The attempt to get people to worship the human race meets insurmountable difficulties. To the normal man the proposition to worship humanity is simply preposterous. One trouble with positivism's worship is the obvious and extremely marked undivineness of its offered divinity. Human nature as found is not preëminently godlike. Mr. Huxley said he would as soon worship a wilderness of apes as Comte's rationalized conception of humanity. Moreover, what positivism presents for our worship is a mere abstraction. "The Great Being, Humanity"? There is, there can be, no such being; there are only men and women. No one will adore an abstraction. The worship of human beings is not unknown. Men do worship Humanity, but in sections, in very definite and individual sections. The old servitor in The Flight of the Duchess, speaking of the fair young serving maid, says: "Since Jacynth was like a June rose, why a humble adorer of Jacynth of course was your servant." Those who incline to the worship of humanity prefer to have it in a form as real, as visibly and tangibly concrete as Jacynth. No metaphysical abstraction for them.

Wholly theoretical and utterly impracticable is the Comte-Harrison positivist religion of humanity. Not of its inventor or of its interpreter will it ever be said as it is now said of Lord Kelvin, lofty scientist and lowly Christian, over his newly buried remains in Westminster Abbey under the shadow of Sir Isaac Newton's tomb, that he "united in extraordinary degree the speculative and the practical faculties of the human intellect." "The greatest reasoner at work in physics in his time, and at the moment of his death without dispute the greatest scientific genius in the world." A reasoner, a thinker, a mathematician, beside whom the obscure little teacher of mathematics, named Comte, was an insignificant pigmy. The scientific world proudly claims for Lord Kelvin reverence for his matchless genius and gratitude for the immeasurable value of his practical services to the whole human race. He never undertook to construct or invent a new religion to take the place of Christianity; and, curiously enough, in contrast with the voluminousness of positivism's apostles, he wrote only one book, a volume on a part of analytical mechanics, and that in collaboration with Professor Tait.

The only living apostle of positivism tells us that it takes years to master the full meaning of its scheme of thought as a whole. In the nature of the case only the leisure class could find time to study it; and the leisure class do not study. There are perhaps several persons who think they know just what positivism is, but they cannot tell to any great extent. They are like the pupil who, when standing examination in geography, said he knew what country Vienna was the capital of, but "lacked the flow of language to express it." The only one who has the flow of language to express what positivism is, luminously and voluminously, seems to be Mr. Frederic Harrison, an amiable, fluent, and engaging expounder, the one exponent in our day of the system of doctrine called positivism, which Mr. Huxley described as "Catholicism minus Christianity." One irreverent person spoke of it as consisting of three persons and no God, the three persons being Mr. Harrison and two obscure coadjutors. Auguste Comte, the originator of positivism, hoped for a kind of political papacy which would regenerate society by the exercise of authority. Stuart Mill called positivism the completest system of spiritual and temporal despotism which ever emanated from a human brain, excepting possibly that of Ignatius Loyola. It is claimed that Mr. Harrison has propounded a more definite and systematized substitute for the police power than any other that has been devised. But what Mill said of

the despotic character of the scheme is so true that its establishment in an age of freedom would be utterly impossible. Goldwin Smith points out the want of originality in positivism's scheme, its best being borrowed from Christianity. He says that "Comte's great Being, Humanity, is Christ's brotherhood of man under another name." So the scheme has the unimportance of superfluousness. More than once in The Creed of a Layman Mr. Harrison acknowledges the efficiency of Christianity. On page 192 he says that the religion of Moses and of Christ has proved itself able to "guide lives, curb passions, give light to despair, and impart unconquerable force to societies, nations, races." Until something appears that can do all this miraculous work better, it is "good business" to let the religion of Moses and of Christ go on attending to it, and thank heaven for giving us something which, by the confession even of its enemies, can do it. The Gospel is in no danger of being superseded. Christianity is content to abide by the pragmatic test, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Positivism, with all its august, imposing, and pretentious intellectualism, would be numbered by Carlyle among what he denominated "rosewater imbecilities." Its vast mental effort has only succeeded in adding to what Andrew Lang calls "the vast dreariness of ineffectual things." Positivism is no match for the viciousness of human depravity and the virulent malignancy of wickedness. On the non-Christian side it is of far less consequence than the Salvation Army is on the Christian side. Positivism might be proud of itself if it had one thousandth part of the Army's efficiency and power for good. The Army adds one more to the list of things effectual. The convicts at Sing Sing would jeer positivism off the premises: "Adore the great Being, Humanity? Human nature as we know it is far from being adorable." What would Frederic Harrison offer to Maud Ballington Booth as a substitute for the Parable of the Prodigal Son? Positivism cannot lift even the intellectual level of the masses of mankind because it does not reach them. Lecky, the historian, a freethinker pledged to no church, says that Methodism "raised the standard of intellect in England to a degree no man can compute." No historian is likely ever to make such a record concerning positivism. Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, once wrote: "When I was at Lake Victoria, eighteen years ago, there was not a missionary there. Now there are forty thousand Christians and two hundred churches. The natives are enthusiastic converts, and would spend their last penny to acquire a Bible." How long would it take the missionaries of positivism to accomplish such

a result? But we forget; positivism has no missionaries, as also it has no Bible. The China Times, a paper published in Tientsin, not under missionary influence, recently bore the following testimony to the power of Christianity: "The fact is that without persistent missionary work and without strong missionary influence here, life in Tientsin would soon be intolerable for foreign residence. The active influences for good in this town are almost all the results of or intimately connected with the missions. The influence of the missions is far greater in Chinese centers than at the treaty ports. The daily life in many of the inland towns and villages would be vastly different were it not for the mission influence. . . . . It is a singular thing that of the hospitals, schools, churches, benevolent societies, soldiers' and sailors' homes, temperance societies, the anti-opium work, the work in alleviation of the effect of vice as well as for its prevention, almost all is the product, in whole or part, of mission influence, or promoted or maintained by persons intimately associated with the missions. In short, the philanthropic work in China, as at home, is mainly religious. One looks in vain for hospitals or schools supported by disciples of Herbert Spencer, or for an anti-opium fund maintained by followers of Haeckel. [This is equally true of the disciples of Comte.] If the philosophic searchers for truth of these non-Christian creeds had ever roused a people from apathy to activity in an unselfish cause, or had ever produced anything but selfishness and self-consideration, they might have some value. At this moment, when the long, steady and patient work of many years is beginning to show its fruit, when the greatest reform movements that China has ever known are beginning to take shape, when vice is beginning to climb down and the opium dealers to close their shops, when, in short, the silent work is developing into that which everyone can see—this is not the time when missions can feel disheartened." Not in any spot on earth has the alertest newspaper discovered any such results produced by or under any of the non-Christian creeds. "By their fruits ye shall know them"? The non-Christian creeds have hardly any fruits, and are almost entitled to a place among nonentities. The Christian gospel stands supreme and sole as the one potent and effectual force for the salvation, elevation, and amelioration of the world; and all the laboriously elaborated schemes of non-Christian philosophies attain only to a tediously voluminous unimportance. Nearly thirty years ago Frederic Harrison spoke of "The final issue of the mighty Assize of religions, which this generation and the next are destined to try out."

We must be nearly half way through that "mighty Assize." Does any Christian feel dismayed? Is there anywhere on earth the faintest sign which indicates that the gospel of Jesus Christ is to be superseded by positivism, the most marked characteristic of which is its voluminous unimportance?

THE PLACE OF PETER IN THE GOSPELS

THE prominence of Peter in the Gospels is such as to astonish one who has examined the subject. So far as the personages are concerned the Gospels may be said to be divided in their chief interest between Jesus and Peter. Especially do we see how large a place Peter occupies in the gospel literature when we take account of the number of times he is mentioned, and the number of verses devoted to him, and then compare these with the attention paid to others of the twelve. For example, Matthew mentions Peter twenty-two times and John, the next in prominence, but four times, while of these three are in connection with Peter. Mark mentions Peter and John respectively twenty-three and ten times; Luke, twenty-six and seven; John, thirty-three and fourteen, though John is never mentioned in John by name.

But while all give Peter great relative prominence, the first Gospel is, on the whole, distinguished above the others in this respect. For example, the relative prominence of John to Peter is in Mark as ten to twenty-three, in Luke as seven to twenty-six, in John as fourteen to thirty-three, while in Matthew it is but as four to twenty-two. This indication of Matthew's preference for Peter is in accord with several other facts. (1) Matthew makes Jesus address Peter seven times; Mark, on the other hand, but three times, Luke but four times, and John but on four occasions, though in all nine times. (2) While all the synoptists give Peter a kind of ready access to Jesus, Matthew makes Peter address Jesus on his own account eight times and in response to a remark from Jesus to Peter directly, once; in all nine times. On the other hand, according to Mark, Peter addressed Jesus seven times; according to Luke, seven times, and according to John, who reports so much concerning Peter, six times, or, if occasions only are reckoned, three times. (3) It is noticeable that while, in giving the list of the twelve all agree in placing the name of Peter first, Matthew calls him the first: "The names of the twelve apostles are these: the first, Simon, who is called Peter." (4) Matthew is alone

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in giving the story of the temple tax (17. 24-27), and he is particular to state that those who received the half-shekel came to Peter with the inquiry: "Doth not your teacher pay the half-shekel?" (5) In the report of the scene in Gethsemane Luke states that Jesus came and found them sleeping and said to them: "Why sleep ye?" Mark reports that he said: "Simon, sleepest thou? couldst thou not watch one hour?" Matthew says he addressed Peter, saying: "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" Here it is evident that Mark wishes to bring out the personal rebuke of Peter, who had just before boasted of his devotion and his willingness to endure hardship with Christ. On the other hand, Matthew so arranges his material as to give Peter prominence while distributing the rebuke equally among the twelve.

If Mark is the earliest Gospel, we see here a tendency to give Peter prominence as the years increase. And if Mark was written on lines suggested by the preaching of Peter, as Papias informs us it was, we find Peter giving himself no such place as Matthew gives him. For while Mark mentions Peter twenty-three times, that is, once oftener than Matthew does, he also mentions John ten times, or two and a half times oftener than Matthew does, showing, at least as far as frequency of mention can show it, that Peter gives himself no such relative prominence as Matthew gives him. Again, Matthew is much more insistent on the name "Peter" than the other evangelists are. Of the twenty-three times when Mark mentions Peter he calls him by that name nineteen times and by the name "Simon" four times. These four occur prior to and in 3. 16, where he says that Jesus gave Simon the surname "Peter." Thereafter he uniformly calls him Peter. The contrast between the uniform use of "Simon" prior to 3. 16, and of "Peter" subsequent to 3. 16, indicates that he calls him Peter out of regard to the fact that Jesus so named him. It does not appear to be the result of a preference for the name. Of the twenty-six times when Luke mentions Peter he calls him by that name seventeen times, by the name "Simon Peter" once, once he says Simon, whom Jesus named Peter, and seven times he calls him Simon. These last seven times are scattered throughout the gospel. All this shows that Mark and Luke are not averse to calling him Simon, and that Luke did not hesitate to call him by that name notwithstanding Jesus had named him Peter. In John we find the same situation, that Gospel mentioning him most frequently as Simon Peter. When we come to Matthew we find that he calls him Peter nineteen times: Simon called Peter, twice; Simon Peter once, but Simon not at all.

In other words, there is the least possible reference to Simon and the greatest possible to Peter. Furthermore, while Mark, Luke, and John say Jesus named or surnamed him Peter, Matthew says "Simon who is called Peter," both in 4. 18, where he refers to Peter's call, and in 10. 2, where he gives the list of the twelve. It seems as though Matthew is under the impression that Peter had been frequently so called even before his enrollment among the twelve, if, indeed, he had not borne that name from infancy. This is corroborated by what is given in 16. 18, where Jesus is represented as saying not "thou shalt be called Peter" but "thou art Peter."

It is very difficult to escape the feeling—feeling rather than conviction—that Matthew is working the "rock" idea strongly in his Gospel. And we are not so very much surprised, therefore, to find Matthew reporting the material of 16. 17-19, which but crowns the whole estimate in which Matthew would have Peter held. This is so far an argument in favor of the genuineness of this celebrated Matthew passage. It is not, however, conclusive proof either that Matthew wrote or that Jesus spoke the words.

The ordinary reasons for doubting whether Jesus spoke the words may be briefly given, and they are very strong. Mark and Luke do not report them, though they report what goes before and what follows as Matthew reports it. The words break the natural connection. They make Jesus ascribe to Peter a divine revelation on the subject of the Messiahship while in the very same conversation (verse 23) Jesus called Peter satan and told him that he minded not the things of God but of men. To see the full force of this it must be remembered that verses 17 and 23 are both supposed to have been spoken with reference to Peter's faith concerning the Messiahship, and that Mark omits verse 17 but reproduces the contents of verse 23 (see Mark 8. 31—9. 1). Besides, what Jesus is here reported as committing to Peter he is reported in Matthew 18. 18-20 as giving to the twelve, or, at least, as giving to any two, not to any special one, of the twelve. But besides these there are some other facts ordinarily overlooked.

(1) The Gospels do not portray Peter as rocklike. In this respect Matthew differs little, if any, from the other Gospels. Matthew alone gives us the story of the attempted walk on the water (14. 28-32). Nothing could better exhibit impetuosity, rashness, inconstancy, weakness of faith (see verse 31), self-esteem, and forgetfulness of the difference between his Lord and himself, than this story. Matthew, like Mark, gives (16. 22, 23) the story of Peter's rebuke of Jesus,

and Jesus's rebuke of Peter, exhibiting at least some of the qualities before referred to, namely, impetuosity, self-esteem, forgetfulness of the difference between himself and Christ. In view of these things it seems impossible to believe that the original writer of these Matthew passages thought of Peter as rocklike in character. Then Matthew gives the long story of Peter's boastful self-confidence and of his subsequent denial (26. 33-75). Plainly, if the writer of Matthew thought of Peter as rocklike, he had a strange way of showing it, as far as incidents he relates of Peter are concerned. It looks as though he held the theory in spite of the facts. All of the evangelists give the story of Peter's boastfulness and weakness. It is peculiar that it is interwoven with the story of Christ's betrayal, arrest, and trial. It is so told as to make each phase of the narrative heighten the effect of the other—Peter boastful but weak; Jesus quiet but strong. Matthew and Mark leave the sad story unrelieved; Luke alone says that when Peter remembered the prediction of Jesus, now fulfilled, he went out and wept bitterly. It may be worth noting that of the twenty-two times Peter is mentioned in Matthew, eight are in this story; of the twenty-three in Mark, eight, and of the twenty-six in Luke, seven. It is evident that the writers of the Gospels were willing that Peter should appear as an unstable disciple. The incident of the footwashing as given by John is, in this respect, of the same kind as those given by the synoptists. Peter, the impetuous, thoughtless disciple, ready to contradict his Lord's wish, changes his purpose upon the threat that he may lose his part with Christ.

(2) The evangelists really show Peter scant respect. They not only relate his evidences of weakness, but they fail to emphasize his really good qualities. Both Matthew and Mark record the somewhat dishonoring incident of his inquiry as to what reward the disciples should have for leaving all. Matthew records the complaint of Jesus when Peter asked him to declare unto them the parable relative to ceremonial and real defilement (15. 15, 16), and both Matthew and John indicate how thoroughly Peter misunderstood the spirit of Christ when he drew his sword upon the arrest of Jesus (Matt. 26. 52, 53; John 18. 10, 11).

(3) The evangelists make it appear that the prominence of Peter was due, not to any place assigned him either by the twelve or by Christ, but to his lack of reserve. According to the synoptists Peter and Jesus had eleven conversations, longer and shorter, only two of which were begun by Jesus, the other nine by Peter. Also,

according to the synoptists, Peter spoke to Jesus on fourteen different occasions, thirteen of them being without the slightest reason in the situation why Peter, rather than any other one of the twelve, should have spoken. The fourteenth instance came about in this way: Jesus had said: "All ye shall be offended in me this night." Peter said: "If all shall be offended in thee, I will never be offended." Then Jesus said: "This night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." This called out Peter's response: "Even if I must die with thee, yet will I not deny thee," making the fourteenth time Peter addressed Jesus. Here, again, Peter's prominence arises from his lack of reserve plus his self-confidence.

(4) The evangelists make it appear that Jesus did not prize Peter above others of the twelve. Jesus is reported in the synoptics to have spoken but once, apart from Matt. 16. 17-19, which is in question, in a commendatory or sympathetic manner to Peter. The incident is recorded in Luke 5. 10, where, after the wonderful draught of fishes Jesus says to him, "Simon, fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men." This one solitary instance in which he betrays genuine respect for Peter was in response to Peter's "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord"—the only instance in which Peter is reported to have exhibited real humility. In all other cases where Jesus speaks to Peter there was in what he said either an express or implied rebuke. In Matt. 14. 31, he says to Peter: "O thou of little faith"; in 16. 23, "Get thee behind me, satan: thou art a stumbling-block unto me: for thou mindest not the things of God, but the things of men"; in 17. 25, there is an implied rebuke of Peter for saying that his Master paid the half-shekel. It appears that Peter here spoke without authority. In 18. 22 there is an implied rebuke for suggesting that seven was a large number of times to forgive. In Mark 14. 37, there is a direct and almost bitter rebuke in the words, "Simon, sleepest thou? couldst thou not watch one hour?" Luke 22. 31, 32 is in the same spirit: "Simon, Simon, behold, satan asked to have you, that he might sift you as wheat: I made supplication for thee, that thy faith fail not." So far from being a scripture warrant for the infallibility of the Pope, there is in these words a strong implication that Peter needed help. Περὶ σοῦ, though not in the place of emphasis, is emphatic because of the change from the plural to the singular. The same is true of Luke 22. 34, where Jesus warns Peter that the cock shall not crow until Peter had denied him thrice.

In John the case is not different. The one utterance of Jesus to Peter which indicates confidence is that which tells him to feed his lambs—his sheep. According to John Jesus addressed Peter on his own account but once, namely, when he inquired into Peter's love as compared with others of the twelve. But on several other occasions Jesus is reported as rebuking Peter. In 13. 7, 8, "What I do thou knowest not now; . . . If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me," there is an implied rebuke even to the extent of threatening to cast him off entirely for his intractability. In 21. 22, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" there is a sharp rebuke.

(5) The evangelists show that Jesus did not take the name "Peter" seriously. If we may judge from the few recorded instances in which Jesus is reported to have called Peter by any name we must think that he thought of him mostly as Simon. There are four instances in the synoptics in which Jesus called him Simon. One of these is in Mark 14. 37, where the evangelist says he "saith unto Peter, Simon, sleepest thou?" This shows that down to the end, and even where the evangelist calls him Peter Jesus called him Simon. There are two instances in which he is reported as calling him Peter. One of them is in the passage whose genuineness as a word of Jesus is in question: "I say unto thee, thou art Peter." If we eliminate this, there is only one left, Luke 22. 34: "I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day until thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me." John makes Jesus call him Simon once; Simon, son of John, three times, all on one occasion; but Peter never, and, indeed, not even Simon Peter, which is John's favorite designation. John, indeed, makes Jesus give him the name "Cephas," which is interpreted as "Peter," but he makes no point of it. It is apparently only a different version of the meaning given by Mark and Luke. It is impossible to believe in view of all these facts that Jesus thought of Peter as rocklike.

How, then, shall we account for the bestowal of the name "Peter" by Christ?

The question comes inevitably to mind, Was Matthew right in holding, as he apparently did, that Simon bore the name "Peter" prior to his call to follow Christ? And did the story that Jesus had given him the name "Peter" arise in part from a misunderstanding and in part from the growing prominence of Peter in the Jerusalem Church? While recognizing the distinction between *πέτρα* and *πέτρος* it is difficult to believe that the words, "Thou art *πέτρος*, and upon this *πέτρα* I will build my church" can mean, "I will build my

church on thy confession of my Messiahship"; for then there would have been no motive for saying, "Thou art πέτρος," which words must have been spoken, if spoken by our Lord, to allow the subsequent play on the word. So the passage must be interpreted as a reference to the supposed rocklike character of Peter. It is very difficult to believe that Jesus, in view of all the facts presented, could have meant seriously to call Simon a rock, or to give or use a name which would suggest that he was rocklike. Still another consideration leads to the same conclusion. It is sometimes said that Peter's deep spiritual insight as revealed in his confession at Cæsarea Philippi fitted him for the commission involved in Matt. 16. 17-19. But the question is, What did Peter mean by his confession? If he meant merely that Jesus was the Messiah expected by the Jews, then there is nothing in his words to indicate that God revealed the thought to him. In order to make the words, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven," true we would have to suppose that Peter at this time grasped the idea of the Messiahship which Jesus held. But that he had not grasped it is evident from the fact that he would not believe that Jesus was to suffer and die (Matt. 16. 21-23). Still later (chapter 18, comp. Mark 9. 33-37) came the question as to who should be greatest in the kingdom, which could hardly have been asked if Peter had received this commission and which presupposes that the whole body of the twelve still thought of an earthly kingdom. It is remarkable also that the demons are reported in the Gospels as having the same knowledge that Peter possessed, and to have had it earlier than Peter (Luke 4. 41). It cannot, of course, be supposed that this was revealed to them also by the Father. Jesus forbade their publishing their knowledge. And while Jesus also forbade the disciples from proclaiming it, the knowledge was useful to them even if unproclaimed, while to the demons it was of no use except to be proclaimed. It has been said also that Jesus gave the name "Peter" in anticipation of what he was to become. But as far as we know he never became rocklike in any sense in which the same was not true of other apostles, while we know that at Antioch even after Pentecost, he displayed the old vacillation in one of its most hateful forms (Gal. 2. 11-14).

But the question whether Jesus really gave Simon the name "Peter" remains unanswered. In view of all the facts of Peter's character and Jesus's lack of respect for him, it must be said that if Jesus did give Simon the name "Peter," it must have been in sad

and gentle irony. This suggestion has in its favor not alone the fact that only so can we reconcile the bestowal of the name with the evident attitude of Jesus toward Peter, but also the fact that he gave a name indicative of a spirit of good-natured raillery to two other disciples—for so only can the bestowal of the name "Boanerges" be taken. It is certainly not a name of dignity. With the name "Boanerges" before us it is not difficult to believe that when Peter displayed some particularly flagrant evidence of vacillation Jesus may have said: "Simon, we will call you πέτρος." This would serve both as a gentle rebuke and as a correction, if anything could correct Peter's chief frailty.

The other instance in which Jesus is reported to have called Simon by the name "Peter" is in Luke 22. 34: "I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day, until thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me." The solemnity of the occasion may seem to forbid that Jesus here employed irony. But it is possible that the very solemnity of the occasion, which Peter himself seemed to feel, was, in the mind of Jesus, the best time to point out again to the warm-hearted but wavering Simon the probable consequences of his inveterate failing. This would make Peter's bitter weeping result, not alone from regret at his denial, but also from the recognition of the deep-seated defect of which Jesus had just warned him. If this be a permissible theory it will help to solve a perplexing problem in the Gospel records.

There remains, of course, the question, how the evangelists could have come to take the name "Peter" seriously if Jesus bestowed it in irony. But it is by no means uncommon for a name originally designed as a reproach to become a name of honor, or at least to be accepted and used as though it never had any odium connected with it. The question also demands answer how Peter came to be so prominent in the church at so early a date if Jesus did not give him the primacy. But we must distinguish. The prominence of Peter in the Gospels does not prove that he was very prominent in the church at large. In giving the list of the twelve the synoptists agree in feeling it necessary to explain who Peter was. Had he been known as the primate, it would have been unnecessary to say, "Simon, whom he surnamed Peter." "Peter" would have been sufficient. Of course there is the possibility that the language was used to distinguish him from other Simons. But if he was regarded as the rock and as the primate, why did they not say, "Peter the chief of the apostles," or "Peter to whom Jesus gave the key," or simply "Peter"? But even

John in the last years of the first century does not think of him exclusively as Peter, but more often as Simon Peter. John mentions him once as Simon, fifteen times as Peter, and seventeen times as Simon Peter. And even in the Acts he still appears several times as Simon who is called, or, surnamed, Peter—this notwithstanding the fact that Paul in his letters uniformly calls him Cephas, or Peter. Besides, his prominence in the Gospels seems to have been due to his own assumption of leadership, not to any word of Christ or formal action of the twelve. He was a man of force, energy, and forwardness, and naturally came to the front. He was the head of the firm of Simon, Andrew, James, and John, Fishermen. As such he had been their leader. When he said, "I go a-fishing" they naturally said, "We also come with thee." In the new calling it was natural, therefore, for him to assume and for them to permit him to assume the leadership. It was based upon his natural qualities and upon an accustomed relationship, not upon a bestowal by Christ. There is sufficient reason for holding that Peter was the leader in Jerusalem for some time after the death of Jesus. It is clear also that he traveled somewhat widely through the regions where the gospel was known. But there is no reason to think that he was recognized as the leader or primate in the church outside of Jerusalem. Paul's letters certainly give no hint of such authority. On the contrary, Gal. 2. 7-10, indicates that Peter himself had no thought of such primacy, but was content to allow Paul to become the head of the Gentile church as Peter was head of the Jewish church. And Gal. 2. 10, ff., implies that so far from having authority even in Jerusalem he felt it necessary to conform to the ideas of the Jewish Christians. Acts 11. 1-18 implies essentially the same. Nor is there anything in the Petrine literature of the New Testament to suggest that he had power to influence the church at large as Paul could influence it; and this judgment is corroborated by the fact that Paul did actually have a larger place in the general church than Peter, especially in its doctrinal system. In fact, Peter seems to have disappeared from view more and more after James took the leadership in Jerusalem. There is no evidence that Peter had a commanding place even in Jerusalem after this change which is itself difficult to account for without the recognition of a previous loss of influence on the part of Peter. There is certainly nothing to show that he was the primate of the church at large.

There remains a question as to whether John attempts to minify

the importance of Peter in the interest of "the beloved disciple." Werner, in his *Die Quellen des Lebens Jesu* (page 128), says that from John 13. 23, on the beloved disciple, the special confidant of Jesus, stands in the foreground of the narrative—is a figure who is meant to displace Peter as the principal personage. As examples he gives the following: When Peter wishes to know who the betrayer is he has to learn it through the beloved disciple (13. 23, ff.). Peter follows Jesus into the court of the high priest, but through the mediation of the beloved disciple, who was known to the high priest (18. 15). When Mary Magdalene came to Peter and the beloved disciple with her message that Jesus had been removed from the tomb both ran to the tomb, but it was the beloved disciple who first reached the spot (20. 2-10). Peter swam from the ship to greet the risen Lord, but it was the beloved disciple who first recognized the Lord (21. 7, 8). To Peter was given the commission to feed the sheep, but the beloved disciple received the last word of Christ (21. 15-23). While Peter denied his Lord the beloved disciple remained steadfast and received the commission to care for Mary, and by being present was the witness to the death of Jesus.

Did the writer of the fourth Gospel wish to combat the claims of Peter to special dignity? Paul certainly had no very great respect for Peter. The fourth Gospel has much in common with Paul. Was there a school, so to speak, which strove to check the growth of Peter in the regard of the church? For such a supposition some other grounds might be adduced. There was a question among the twelve as to who should be greatest. Matthew (20. 20, 21) and Mark (10. 35-37) represent John and James as aspirants for first place. It must be said, however, that whatever evidence there is for such a theory is all found in the facts just mentioned. All the other facts speak against it. John gives Peter more prominence than any of the other Gospels. It reports fewer and less grievous things against him. It gives him, on the whole, a higher regard in the eyes of Jesus than the others do. And it seems to give him, at least in chapter 21, a special commission—"Feed my lambs." (Of course this last point may be discounted. John 21. 15-19, seems to be but a little more fully developed version of Luke's "When once thou hast turned again, establish thy brethren." But for the celebrated Matthew passage neither the Lucan nor the Johannine passage would be thought important. Besides, while the verses in John commission Peter to feed the flock of Christ it is represented as done in such a way as to

suggest even to Peter himself that Jesus doubted whether Peter was worthy of it.) In this connection also it should be noted that the writer of John names Peter first even where, as in 20. 2, it would seem to be indicated that Jesus had a love for John but not for Peter. Besides, it is the story of Peter that is being told, not the story of the beloved disciple.

There seems, therefore, to be no sufficient ground for suspecting that the writer of the fourth Gospel had any conscious or unconscious purpose to check proper reverence for Peter. Speaking for myself, I must say that as I was studying the fourth Gospel to ascertain what it had to say concerning Peter I came away with the feeling that the author was trying to tell his story of the personages whom he introduces in the fairest way possible. This feeling is largely due to the fact that he does give us more details about a variety of the twelve than any other Gospel. But for John we might almost think that the other apostles were, at least in their individual capacity, figureheads. But if there is no reason to think that the fourth Gospel is in part an attempt to belittle Peter, then we are all the more impelled to believe that Peter had no such importance in the apostolic age as certain writers of the church later assigned him.

The total result may be summed up as follows: Peter was the natural leader of the twelve by reason of his qualities of forwardness and energy and his former relation to Andrew, James, and John. An attempt was made to claim for his leadership the authority of Christ. This attempt was in the same spirit and prompted by the same motive as the early doctrine of apostolic succession and the Ignatian claim of authority for the head of the local church. The claim was resisted, and as a result we have the reports of the unseemly strife for place. In the same connection Jesus denies that he has any right to do what some claimed he had done for Peter (Matt. 20. 23, Mark 10. 40). If we may judge from Acts 12. 1-3, James, the brother of John, must early have been the most important man in the Jerusalem church. After his death the leadership went to Peter for a time, and then to James the brother of our Lord. Peter never gained any such ascendency in the church at large as he for a while enjoyed in the Jerusalem church. But the attempt to show that he was appointed by Jesus as the primate started a tradition which finally crystallized in the claims of the Roman Church, a church much given to issuing groundless claims and unsupported dogmas.

THE ARENA

A CHRISTIAN EXAMINATION OF THE MORAL ORDER.

In the article, "A Christian Examination of the Moral Order," which appeared in the September Review, the writer, Rev. H. F. Legg, undoubtedly writes in harmony with what is called "modern theological thought," but certainly his treatment of the subject is very unsatisfactory to one who not only believes in the New Testament interpretation of human sinfulness but also in the remedy there provided for the disease. We contend that a Christian examination of the moral order must be based upon the fullest divine revelation given on the subject. Had Dr. Legg studied Paul more closely and quoted him more freely, his article would be more biblical, Christian, and Methodistic, and less philosophical and naturalistic. He probably owes something to Paul in the concluding thought: "Probably the first man did freely choose to do wrong rather than right, the consequence of which act (in a natural disposition to sin) every man inherits." This has a Pauline flavor. But with Paul it was more than a philosophical guess. He declares, "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "In Adam all die." A pretty good diagnosis of the disease is given by Brother Legg, but he fails to bring in the gospel message of a remedy equal to the need. He pictures humanity fallen and struggling, but gives no hope for present and complete deliverance from sin. "All men commit sin." "Every man lives more or less in willful disregard or violation of their [the dictates of reason or conscience] persistent promptings." According to this, then, the strongest Christians are not much better than the heathen poet who wrote:

> My reason this, my passion that persuades;
> I see the right, and I approve it too,
> Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

Pagan literature is full of the reasonings of those who were struggling with the sin problem not only in the social order but also in their own hearts and lives. But we might expect a Christian examination to lead us on further in hope and triumph than do pagan poets and philosophers.

Paul's letter to the Romans is the greatest treatise on the sin question yet published. He makes a great argument which proves all men are born under the law of sin and death. Dr. Legg blames human nature for sinning, Paul declares it due to carnal nature. We must carefully discriminate between the two. It is according to human nature to possess certain legitimate appetites and passions. These are not what Paul condemns. He does vividly portray human nature under the power of depravity which often leads to the perversion of the innocent and legitimate. The seventh of Romans is the picture of a man with splendid ideals but morally helpless. Here is a strong case of conviction for sin. If this were Paul's experience, then he was no better off than the heathen

poet quoted above. But can we read the sixth and eighth chapters and still believe that sin is an unconquered enemy? "What then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" "Knowing this, that our old man [carnal nature, not human nature] is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." "Now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." Hear his personal testimony: "I am crucified with Christ," etc. "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblamably we behaved ourselves among you that believe." Have we here a man who was every day violating his moral sense and being lashed by a guilty conscience? No! he says our rejoicing is this, and the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, and not in fleshly wisdom have we had our conversation amongst you.

But one says, "Paul called himself the chief of sinners." Dr. Steele says he there merely uses the historical present to more vividly describe a past condition. Any other interpretation would be hard to reconcile with the triumphant testimony of that mighty man of God. What Paul realized in deliverance from sin all may enjoy. God raised up the Methodist Church to herald the glad tidings that grace is mightier than sin; that Jesus can save to the uttermost, and that this experience is not a luxury for a few but a necessity for all. Alas that so many Methodists today accept the Calvinistic view that sin is a constituent element of human nature, and so we hear a great deal of talk about being saved from sin and still we must keep on sinning; of being cleansed from sin and still some sin remaining. The Methodist view is, "The blood cleanseth from *all sin*." It was the experience of conscious victory over and, in the experience of many, the conscious deliverance from, the "seed of sin's disease" that made Methodist preaching once so strong and triumphant. The clear, definite, and joyous testimony of our people showed they had graduated from the seventh of Romans. And, thank God, a multitude today, with the deepest feeling of humility and profoundest gratitude to God, can sing as their personal experience:

> I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
> Above the world and sin,
> With heart made pure and garments white
> And Christ enthroned within.

Only as the moral order is viewed from the New Testament standpoint, and the great truths of Calvary and Pentecost proclaimed, can sin be portrayed in its exceeding sinfulness, and not be regarded as merely a defect that clings to a man in his undeveloped state. The body does not need disease in order to develop, no more does the soul need sin. And this is the truth that alone can save our church from the blight of an emasculated gospel, which is satisfied to paint high ideals but fails to furnish the power to realize them.

W. E. Smith.

Cincinnatus, New York.

THE LECTURE CHILD AND THE POPULAR LECTURER

THE lecture child is worse than the magazine child, worse than the book child. One can skip the magazine child; the infant in a book may be ignored. One can, at least, close the book. But there is no escape from the lecture child. He has the floor, all too literally. And, unless one is deaf, there is nothing to do but listen. Worst of all, instead of the pictures, usually pleasing, even if monotonous, which adorn the pages of the magazines, the wearied auditor has, also, to see the persistent child as a cheerfully inane "knight of the platform" impersonates him. A tall, robust, moustached man ambles back and forth, showing us how "little Tommy" walked (as if it were a phenomenon for a child to use its legs!). He changes his erstwhile orotund tones to a childish treble as he tells us how Mamie said her prayers after "nursie" had tucked her up in bed, or he quotes from the worn-out "Raggedy-Man," shrugging his shoulders and puckering his lips affectingly. And men and women supposed to be intelligent accept this mental pabulum, as a horse munches whatever hay is given him, and think they are being fed. Now, if this were done honestly, I would not object. I have no quarrel with children. I was one of them once, not so long ago that I cannot remember the joys and the sorrows of child life, its mysteries and its delights. I believe, with Wordsworth, that

> In trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God who is our home.
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing boy,
> But he beholds the light and whence it flows—
> He sees it in his joy.

But I don't want to hear about the growing boy all of the time. Sometimes I want the joy of the grown man, and his power of thought. Mayonnaise dressing is good. Roast beef is more satisfying. Even strawberries and cream may become cloying. If their parents have common sense enough to bring them up right, children fill their place (a most lovely one) in real life naturally and charmingly. Why should they be made unnatural and unlovely by being continually foisted upon a suffering public by lecturers of attenuated minds and would-be dramatic powers? The man who doesn't love children is "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." The woman who doesn't love them ought to go to a sanitarium. And the lecturer who throws his silly interpretation of them in our faces when we have paid our "shekels" to hear a lecture announced as "refining, edifying and stimulating," ought to be made night watchman in an orphan asylum. When a man who is a specialist in child study, as a phase of sociology or of religion, talks openly and intelligently on that subject, I go to hear him with real pleasure. When mention is made, in books and in speeches, incidentally and naturally, of "little men and women," when the mind is not, in the nature of things, bent on other subjects, it is as welcome as violets in March. But when, as in a poorly governed family, the child appears inopportunely, and will not keep still, he is that object

in the vegetable world known as a burr. The trouble in such cases is that the lecture child, the magazine child, and the book child are like misbehaved boys and girls in real life. They do not know their place and they have not learned to respect their "elders and betters." They are alarmingly American. Yet the fault is not theirs; they are innocent victims. The writer and the lecturer, like fond, foolish parents, have spoiled them. The real culprit is the popular orator. The ministry and the law no longer take the useless professional timber. Lyceum bureaus engage it for Young Men's Christian Association courses and social clubs. They advertise the "talent" for such themes as "Flashes," "Electric Sparks," "Sun and Shine," "Memory's Pictures," "Here and There," "From the Pine to the Palm," and so forth, *ad nauseam*. Then, a patient public, beguiled into thinking of this as an intellectual feast, draws near and sits down to be instructed and developed by rambling tales and childish impersonations with, at the last, some dramatic allusions to religion, inserted for a sensational climax. Alas for the rarity of reverence! A professedly comic lecture, like a humorous book, has a legitimate place in any sane scheme of life. A lecture, by a competent authority, on art, literature, science, or philosophy, is worth much to the man who thinks. A lecture on religion, by one who feels the sacredness of his subject, is a "means of grace." A child is one of God's gifts, but may heaven deliver us from the popular lecturer and the lecture child!

Alliance, Ohio. GRACE L. ROBINSON.

THE CATEGORICAL ANSWER

A WRITER on the ethics of legal procedure, in a recent number of the REVIEW, speaks of the "requirement, on the part of the lawyers, of the categorical answer," and adds that since in many cases "yes" or "no" cannot be a full answer, and does not convey the truth as it is in the mind of the witness, the ends of justice are not reached. The writer of the article failed to mention a fact most pertinent—namely, that rules of procedure allow a witness to explain his answer if need be. This would seem to remove most of the objection to the categorical method. Oftentimes the ends of justice would be practically defeated if it were not for the insistence on the "yes" or "no" answer. An unfriendly witness might go all around a question and lose himself, court and jury in a labyrinth of verbiage if it were not for this rule. And no admonition from the judge could bring the witness to time—nothing but insisting on a categorical reply. So far as defeating the ends of justice by so curtailing the reply of the witness that he does not tell the truth as it appears to him, it ought to be enough to recall that the witness is sworn to tell the truth and the *whole truth*, and no rule of procedure can interfere with a witness telling the whole truth if he but will. The witness in sympathy with the criminal would like to be able to answer other than categorically. The rule of procedure complained of tends to expedite justice, however much other parts of our legal machinery may be open to the charge of delaying or frustrating it.

Ness City, Kansas. OLIVER M. KEVE.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

CHRIST'S INSTRUCTION TO HIS DISCIPLES (CONTINUED)

"BLESSED are the pure in heart." The Greek word here rendered "pure" is rendered in our ordinary version "clear," "clean," "pure." In the description of the holy city (Rev. 21. 18) it is said: "The city was pure gold, like unto pure glass." When Joseph had begged the body of Jesus from Pilate it is said "He wrapped it in a clean linen cloth" (Matt. 27. 59). In our Lord's explanation of the vine and branches he says: "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." It is further applied to religion (Jas. 1. 27): "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this." The same word is applied to the raiment of angels (Rev. 15. 6): "And the seven angels came out of the temple . . . clothed in pure and white linen." In these passages the word "pure" is applied to that which is free from admixture—something as being what it is represented to be, free from defect or impurity. It is not merely that which is consecrated to holy uses. It is intrinsically pure. The purity of which this passage speaks is a purity free from all duplicity. It is open, frank, sincere. We may not be able to define it but the soul instinctively understands it. The pure are those who have an eye single for that which is best in view of God and man. They are the holy ones who are grasping after all that is possible of attainment in Christian life and character. The passage also says: "Blessed are the *pure in heart*." The place where the purity is to be found is not in externals but in the seat of the affections and desires. It does not consist in ceremonial observances, but in that which is the result of the Holy Spirit. The purity here mentioned is often supposed to refer to sensual sins, but it goes deeper than that. It includes everything that can defile the soul and the life. This conception of purity is a constant factor in the Scriptures. The psalmist utters sentiments very similar to the one in this passage. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart." "Thou desireth truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom." "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." The First Epistle of John (1. 7) expresses it in the New Testament: "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"Blessed are the peacemakers." Peacemakers are such as have the spirit of peace. Peace is the influence going out from one to another. The spirit of peace comes from union with Jesus Christ who is the supreme Peacemaker. At the birth of our Lord the multitude of heavenly hosts praised God saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men"; or, as in the Revised Version, "and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."

Peacemakers are peaceful people. They are not ever waiting to recognize an insult or to punish it. The sweet influence of peace emanates from them. Wherever they are they produce quiet and serenity. Sharp antagonism and animosity disappear in their presence as if by magic. But they are also peacemakers. They insist on peace. They would prevent strife by all proper means. The Hague Conference is an attempt to make peace in the world. It might be called a "Conference of Peacemakers." It is to be regretted that they have not been more successful. They have made an honest effort. The true method of making peace is not by congresses but by extending the spirit of Christ among men. He is the original and supreme Peacemaker of the world, who broke down the middle wall of partition between the Jews and Gentiles, who were so far apart; and his spirit will break down all enmities in all races, and finally bring peace to our humanity. When this time shall come men will have reached the consummation of the reign of Christ.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake." This is an astonishing announcement. His people are spoken of as to be congratulated when they are persecuted for righteousness' sake. This does not mean that persecution is a good nor that it is a proof of the righteousness of those who suffer it, but that one who endures it because of his devotion to truth is to be congratulated. In all ages those who have championed the cause of truth have been misunderstood, and in thus suffering persecution they are followers of the Master himself. This beatitude is an appeal to the highest motives. The maintenance of righteousness whether in the individual or in the national life is worthy of every suffering and every sacrifice. It is an appeal to the manliness of men as well as to their integrity. Christ did not place before his people lower motives. He did not offer them worldly inducements to become his followers. If they will be his disciples, they must deny themselves, take up their cross, and follow him; and when they are persecuted because of their devotion to that which is noblest and best, which is represented in this passage by the term "righteousness," he characterizes them as happy.

These beatitudes must have been a surprise to the disciples then, as they are to many now. The Master has given such a strange view as to who are the blessed. They are in his view the poor, the mourner, the meek, those who are suffering disabilities which in a view well-nigh universal are regarded as misfortunes, not blessings. Now the Master goes so far as to say that the persecuted are blessed. The word "persecute" refers to those who are pursued by others with hostile intent. He does not, however, claim that all people who are thus pursued are blessed, but such as are persecuted for the sake of righteousness. Righteousness runs through this whole sermon as a thing to be sought and maintained. Righteousness has many means of expressing itself. It has to do with the various relations in which men find themselves, right living, right thinking, right acting. Here, however, it particularly means righteousness before God. The righteous are people who have his approval. We need scarcely refer to the Old Testament, where the word is in constant use, especially in the Psalms, as the expression of man's proper relation to God. The

blessing pronounced upon the persecuted here is the same as that pronounced upon the poor in the first beatitude. "Theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The kingdom of heaven in the teaching of the New Testament is not an earthly dominion with an external government, but the kingdom of God as taught by Jesus Christ "is within you." Paul defines it as righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

We may well note at this point the various blessings that come to these people who are thus pronounced blessed. "The kingdom of heaven," "comfort," "inheritance of the earth," being "filled" with "righteousness," "mercy," "vision of God," "children of God," and then again the blessedness of the kingdom of heaven. What wonderful blessings these are! Their very simplicity obscures their greatness. At first we would say that they are the simplest things in the world, but further reflection teaches that they are not only the simplest, but they are the most precious things in the world. They are the things which humanity most needs, and in their better moments they most desire. By a sudden transition he turns and directly addresses his disciples. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." There are three grades of antagonism which they must expect. They will be reviled, that is, reproached to their faces with opprobrious epithets, or wrong constructions will be placed upon their words or actions. They will be persecuted, martyrdom may be their lot. they may be imprisoned, they may be accused before the courts. It is, however, not necessarily physical violence which is understood, although that was the common lot of the Christians of that age, but they will be treated in ways which have the same effect, the stabbing of character, the injuring of reputation, or inducing others to do so. This is generally done in absence when it cannot be answered or rectified by denial. "They shall say all manner of evil." This is a general depreciation behind their backs, probably, which is most distressing. All these are to be looked upon as blessed.

SILENCE, AN ELEMENT IN CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP

A TRACT entitled Lessons of the Welsh Revival, by the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D., has come into the possession of the writer. One passage concerning Evan Roberts, the great leader in the revival in Wales, arrested attention, as having significance in reference to similar meetings. The passage is this: "Evan Roberts was present. He came into the meeting when it had been on for an hour and a half. I went with him, and with the utmost difficulty we reached the platform. I took absolutely no part, and he took very little part. He spoke, but his address, if it could be called an address, was punctuated periodically by prayer and song and testimony. And Evan Roberts works on that plan—never hindering anyone. As a result of that afternoon I venture to say that if that address Evan Roberts gave in broken fragments had been reported, the whole of it could have been read in six or seven minutes."

This calls up a memory of the great meeting in Keswick in 1906,

when Evan Roberts was present. He attended the meetings regularly, morning, afternoon, and night, sat on the platform with the others, and although looked upon as the most successful evangelist of the time, seemed never to speak, and not even to engage formally in prayer. This went on until near the close of the meeting, when he made confession of his regret that he had not testified for Christ. The point we are endeavoring to impress is this: the two sides of the genuine revival; first, the quiet, in which the leader listens and allows others to speak. It is a mark of a leader to be silent while others do the work, and only to speak when speech is necessary. The monopoly of any religious meeting by the leader is no gain to its spirituality in most cases, but he who quietly looks on and guides the thought of the meeting, and sees to it that an opportunity is given for those who have the experience and the power to speak their word of wisdom, is indeed a true leader. The silent part in the leadership in a revival meeting must never be forgotten. On the other hand, there is a part which must be taken by all workers for Christ, that is, testimony. It is this fact that Evan Roberts regretted, namely, that he had not taken part in the meeting as he should have done, by giving his own testimony for Christ. The influence of meetings is largely the part of testimony; witness-bearing is the great thing. First, a profound religious experience, a grasp of the great fundamentals of the faith, and a readiness to testify for the Master are essential to those who would win sinners to Christ. When to speak and when to be silent is the great problem of the leader in a religious movement. Silence is better than speech oftentimes, and speech is better than silence, when as occasion serves the speaker bears testimony to the profound experiences of the gospel through which he has passed or which he then enjoys.

The leaders in the world of political and military activity have often been noted for their silence. They spoke little but always with effect, and their very silence seemed to contribute to their power. In a certain way it commanded confidence. This does not always follow, of course, because others equally successful as leaders have had the opposite tendency. But in Christian leadership we may well regard silence as an important element. The profoundest worship tends to silence. When we are in devout frames, when our whole being is filled with a sense of God, there is a quietness which steals over the soul, which is broken only by the expression of praise to him from whom all blessings come. Expression then takes the form of rapturous doxology, yet even then our deepest moods are not tempestuous, but quietly exultant. We rejoice in hope of the glory of God. It is in our times of silence that we come to a deep knowledge of God. "Be still and know that I am God." He reveals himself to the quiet soul. When we meditate like one of old in the night watches, it is then that God appears. It thus comes to pass that we are prepared to be the leaders of others. When we have learned of God in the quiet of devotion and meditation we are in the mood to lead his people. We are then ready to speak or be silent, as best promotes God's glory. We then welcome the voices of others with similar experiences, and thus our silence and our utterances become alike promotive of his cause.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

YHWH

THE above four letters, often called the tetragrammaton, represent the name of Israel's God. The exact meaning, derivation, and pronunciation, ever shrouded in mystery, remain to this day among the mysteries. It is an open question whether at any time in the history of the Hebrew people, these four letters were ever pronounced, at least, by the people in general, and if they were at any time uttered by profane lips, the question arises, What were the vowels employed in connection with these consonants, so as to afford a possible pronunciation? Other nations too had ineffable names for their deities, names too sacred for ordinary mortals to utter. The large number of theophorous names found throughout the Old Testament, with tetragrammaton, usually contracted, either in the first or last component part, must be reckoned with. Were these pronounced as written, or is it possible that some such word as *El* might have been substituted for Ya-hu Yah or Yo, whether at the beginning or at the close of a proper name? Be that as it may, such double forms as Elnathan and Jonathan, Eliakim and Joiakim, Nethaniah and Nethaneel are found side by side, and in some cases applied to the same person.

The Jerusalem Talmud says that all through Hebrew history the priest pronounced the tetragrammaton in the holy place on the day of atonement, but always in an undertone. The Babylonian Talmud (about B. C. 270), on the other hand, declares that the priest himself was prohibited from pronouncing the ineffable name, even in the benediction. How long this superstitious dread concerning the sacred name may be traced back is impossible to say, but there is no doubt that it prevailed long before our era, and has never been fully overcome, either among Jews or Christians. In proof of this statement we need refer only to the various versions into which the Hebrew Scriptures have been translated.

In the earliest translation, the Septuagint, the proper name represented by the Hebrew letters יהוה (yhwh) are never reproduced, but ὁ κύριος is substituted. It is studiously avoided in the Apocrypha and never occurs in the New Testament. Even the Samaritans must have been influenced by a similar superstition, for they too substituted another word, namely, *Shema*, that is, the name, for the divine appellation. And, if we are to believe Josephus, their sanctuary on Mount Gerizim was anonymous, or a temple without a name. The same reverence for the tetragrammaton meets us in later rabbinical literature, where we find the substitution of some such phrase as "the name," "the terrible name," or "the name of the four letters."

Even beginners in Hebrew know that in the Massoretic text, that is, the text in common use, though the letters *yhwh* are written, they are never pronounced; indeed, they are pointed with the vowels of either

Addonai or Elohim, and read as if one of these two words were actually written in the text. The more common substitution for *yhwh* is Addonai (Lord); but if the word Addonai immediately precedes yhwh, then Elohim (God) is read so as to avoid repetition. The Jews justify this substitution by appealing to Lev. 24. 16, which they read: "And he that uttereth distinctly or pronounces accurately the name of yhwh shall be surely put to death." It is needless to add that almost all Christian exegetes reject the above translation, and that all versions read, "blasphemes" instead of "utters distinctly" or "pronounces accurately." And yet though our exegetes reject the orthodox Jewish translation, this has made a profound impression upon Bible translators in all lands and ages. For, to our own day, the European versions in general use have been careful to substitute some such word as Lord for the proper name of the God of Israel. We are all familiar with LORD, written in capital letters in the Authorized Version. The Revised Version, though taking an advance step, halted on the way. It remained for the American revisers to make a consistent use of the term Jehovah in the thousands (according to one writer, six thousand eight hundred and twenty-three) of passages where it occurs. We can do no better than to reproduce the statement of the American Revision Committee in the preface to the "Standard Edition" of the Holy Bible, which reads: "The change first proposed in the Appendix—that which substitutes 'Jehovah' for 'LORD' and 'GOD' (printed in small capitals)—is one which will be unwelcome to many, because of the frequency and familiarity of the terms displaced. But the American revisers, after a careful consideration, were brought to the unanimous conviction that a Jewish superstition which regarded the Divine Name as too sacred to be uttered, ought no longer to dominate in the English or any other version of the Old Testament, as it fortunately does not in the numerous versions made by modern missionaries. This Memorial Name, explained in Exod. 3. 14, 15, and emphasized as such over and over in the original text of the Old Testament, designates God as the personal God, as the covenant God, the God of revelation, the Deliverer, the Friend of his people; not merely the abstract "Eternal One" of many French translations, but the ever-living Helper of those who are in trouble. This personal name, with its wealth of sacred associations, is now restored to the place in the sacred text to which it has an unquestionable claim."

The American revisers might have gone a step further, for they knew perfectly well that "Jehovah" is not the proper pronunciation of the divine name. True, it is the correct pronunciation, if we follow the pointing of the Massoretic text, but, as mentioned above, the Massoretes never said "Jehovah," but invariably substituted for it either "Addonai" or "Elohim." The word "Jehovah" is of comparatively recent origin. It was certainly not much used before the time of Galatinus, who in A. D. 1520, was among the first to introduce it into theological discussion. It will be a long time, however, before the form "Jehovah" will disappear from sacred literature in the English language, notwithstanding the fact that most all Hebrew scholars have discarded the word, and now substitute *Yahweh*, *Jahve*, or some similar form, all

of which, according to the best authorities, are derived from one and the same Hebrew verb, namely, *hayah* or, rather, a later form of this verb *hawah*, which corresponds to our English verb *to be*. This derivation of *Yahweh* is based upon Exod. 3. 14, where God in answer to Moses, when requested to reveal his name, replied: "Ehyeh asher Ehyeh," that is, "I am that I am." *Ehyeh* is the first person singular of the above verb. Now, if Moses in reporting this communication to the children of Israel, substituted the third for the first person, we have the form *Yahweh*, that is, "He will be"; or, more in conformity with the hiphil or causative form, "He will cause to be." This latter translation has been disputed, and justly so, for it is not at all clear that the causative form of the verb *hawah* was ever used in any of the Semitic languages, with the possible exception of the Syriac.

Some scholars, always on the lookout for a foreign origin for everything Hebrew, maintain that Israel borrowed this word from Arabia, and refer us to the Arabic verb *hawah*, "to blow." They see a reference in the term to the storm-god, who by his furious blowing, fells everything in his way. Others, again, declare that the verb from which it is derived signifies "to fall" or with a causative meaning "to fell"; thus Cornill asserts that *Yahweh* is equivalent to our English word "feller," that is, the god of the storms, who by his thunderbolts fells and lays low his enemies. The vast majority of Hebrew scholars, however, are agreed that *Yahweh* is derived from the verb *hawah*. Driver in discussing the subject sums up the matter as follows: "יהוה denotes, He that is—is, namely, implying not one who barely exists, but one who asserts his being, and (unlike the false gods) enters into personal relation with his worshipers. He who in the mouths of men, however, can only be spoken of as He is becomes who he is speaking in his own person, *I am;* and the purport of the phrase in Exod. 3. 14 is, firstly, to show that the divine nature is indefinable; it can be defined adequately only by itself; and, secondly, to show that God, being not determined by anything external to himself, is consistent with himself, true to his promises, and unchangeable in his purposes."

It may here be asked, What is the origin of the name *Yahweh?*—this is now the more common way of writing it. Here, again, opinions differ. The old theologians, regardless of creed, basing their deduction upon Exod. 6. 2, 3, concluded that the God of the Hebrews was not known by the most sacred name till the time of his revelation to Moses. In this passage we read: "I am Yahweh: and I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac and unto Jacob as El-Shaddai, but by my name Yahweh I was not known to them." If these words are to be taken literally, discussion regarding the origin of the names *Yahweh* is at an end. But do these words necessarily imply that the patriarchs were absolutely ignorant of the name? We think not, but rather that God had manifested himself to them in the character of the Almighty or Omnipotent God able to protect them and fulfill all his promises to them. As under our own dispensation, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ revealed no new God, or even a new name, but rather a clearer unfolding of the attributes and real nature of Jehovah

of the Old Testament. As the revelation in Christ surpasses that given to Moses, so that given to Moses excelled that given to the patriarchs. It is progressiveness rather than originality. Unless we take it for granted that at least the name *Yahweh* was known previous to the time of the vision to Moses at Horeb numerous passages in Genesis will be difficult to explain. Indeed, the very name of Moses' mother, Jochebed, is supposed to mean, "*Yahweh* is glory."

Stade, Tiele, and others would have us believe that Moses became acquainted with the ineffable name in Midian, that he learned it from the Kenites, among whom he spent one third of his life in meditation and preparation for his great work. Sayce, at one time, was tempted to seek a Hittite origin for the divine name. Schrader and more recently Friederich Delitzsch appealing to the cuneiform inscriptions and with great array of learning argue for an Accadian or Babylonian origin, maintaining that the Hebrews in common with other Semitic peoples are indebted to the valley of the Euphrates, the cradle of all Semites, for the name of their God, *Yahweh*. Hermann Schulz, discussing the subject, says: "The opinion that the word may once have been current in a wider circle of peoples than Israel alone cannot be said to be exactly refuted." But what if the name was known and common to all Semitic peoples?

Schrader many years ago called attention to an inscription of Sargon in which is mentioned a certain king of Hamath, named Ya-u-bid, who in another place is called Ilu-bid. Now, the first component part of Ilu-bid is without doubt the Assyrian word for God, corresponding to the Hebrew *El*. Is it possible that *yau* of the first inscription is the Assyrian equivalent of the Hebrew *Yahweh?* There are in the Hebrew language a large number of theophorous words whose first component is *Yaho, Y'ho,* or *Yo*. Take, for example, Joahaz, sometimes contracted into Ahaz. This is written Yeho'achaz and Yo'achaz in Hebrew and Yau-chazi in the cuneiform inscription. We notice the same correspondence when the divine name forms the last component part of proper nouns; for example, Hezekiah of our English version is written Hizkiyahu in Hebrew and Hazikiayau in Assyrian. It seems, too, that the Assyrians, like the Hebrews, employed *Ilu* or *El* respectively and *Yahu* or *Yau* in the formation of the same name, Eliakim, the king of Judah was also called Joakim, or Jehoiakim. Attention has already been called to Ilubid, the king of Hamath, known also in the cuneiform inscription as Yaubid. Another illustration of the same practice, though not quite parallel, is afforded us in the case of Joram (2 Sam. 8. 10), who is called Hadoram in 1 Chron. 18. 10. As *Jo* the first element of Joram is abbreviated form of *Yahweh*, so *Had*. the first component part of Hadoram, is a shortened form of Hadad or Hadu, the supreme god of the Syrians.

There are three tablets in the British Museum which without doubt belong to the age of Hammurabi, upon which are cuneiform characters which Sayce and others transliterate Ya-ah-we-ilu and Ya-u-um-ilu. Delitzsch in his famous lecture, "Babel und Bibel," came back to these tablets with renewed effort, and in his endeavor to credit Babylonia with the best in Hebrew civilization, he translated both these names, "*Yahweh*

is God." He had in his *Wo lag das Paradies* as early as 1881 sided with Schrader in his discussion of the word *Yaubid*. Now, if Delitzsch and other celebrated Assyriologists be correct in their deciphering and translation, it must be admitted without further discussion that *Yahweh* or as usually pronounced by English-speaking people, Jehovah, was a deity known to the ancient Babylonians a thousand years before the time of Moses. Whether or not the deduction be correct, it is generally admitted that both early and late Babylonian literature furnish specimens of theophorous names, by compounding the name of a god with some other element; for example, Bel-ilu, *Bel* is god; Marduk-ilu, *Marduk* is god, or Shamash-ilu, *Shamash* (the sun) is god. We also meet such names as Yau-bani and Ilu-bani.

Professor Albert Clay in his Light on the Old Testament from Babel gives a long list of such names, several from the early monuments of Babylonia and many more from the Neo-Babylonian period, or the time of Ezra and Nehemiah. There are on page 244 of this book no less than twenty-five names, which, with the exception of two, find almost their exact equivalent in the Old Testament. These names are taken from the account-books of the celebrated banking and broker firm, Murashu, and are probably those of Jews who transacted business with this house. They are, of course, written in cuneiform script. This accounts for the slight difference in pronunciation, just as our Smith becomes Schmidt in German, and our Mary is changed to Marie in French. The last element in these Neo-Babylonian names is Ja-a-ma or Ya-a-ma contracted at times to Yama; for example, Ga-da-al-ya-a-ma, Ya-she-ya-a-a-ma and Ni-r-ya-a-ma, correspond to the Hebrew Gedaliah, Isaiah, and Neriah. As the Hebrew *Ya-ha-wa* was contracted to *Ya-wa*, so also the Babylonian *Ja-a-ma* into *Jama*. It is needless to add that j and y represent the same sound, and as the sound of the English or French j is not known in the Semitic languages, it is always better to write *Yahweh*, rather than *Jahweh*. The Babylonian m no doubt corresponded to the Hebrew w. Dr. Clay in discussing this point says: "Jama, therefore, unquestionably represents the Hebrew form of the divine name Yahweh at the end of personal names in the cuneiform inscriptions." No doubt that the contracted form of *Yahweh* in the name Abijah, 2 Chron. 14. 1, corresponding to *Abijam* in 1 Kings 15. 1, must be explained by this same law of consonantal mutation. Here too must be mentioned the tablet discovered at Ta'anach a few years ago on which were some cuneiform writing which has been rendered both *Achi-ya-mi* and *Achi-ya-wi*. Indeed, it is probable that the substitution of the Babylonian *m* for the Hebrew *w* presents no difficulty whatever to those familiar with the two languages in question. We should not close this article without saying that the word translated by Delitzsch "Yahweh is God," is also written *Ya-w(p)i-ilu*. It is difficult to explain the *p* in this word, consequently, those who maintain that the word *Yahweh* was not known to the Babylonians previous to the time of Moses render the divine name, "God protects," thus making the first component part of the word, a verb and not a noun.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

August Klostermann. The conflict over the Pentateuch goes bravely on. Occasionally one hears that the Graf-Wellhausen theory is being abandoned; but one may welcome it, or one may deplore it, the fact is that it is constantly gaining adherents in Germany, England, and America, while it is rare for one who adopts it to abandon it. There always have been, and there probably always will be, able men who reject it. Occasionally such a man appears, and occasionally one who appeared long ago rises up with new arguments against it. Such an one is Klostermann. As early as 1893 he published his book on the Pentateuch. In that book he undertook to show that the outlines of the Pentateuch were composed prior to the time of Hezekiah, and had for their purpose the combination of the historical and legal traditions in a framework of genealogy and chronology. As early as the time of Hezekiah this document was enlarged by the interpolation of Moabitish paralipomena (Num. 28—36; Deut. 31. 14-23; 32. 1-44; 48—52). In the time of Josiah there was added the rediscovered Deuteronomy (Deut. 4. 44—28. 69), whose differences with Num. 10. 11-36; Deut. 31. 14ff., the editor tried to harmonize by the interpolation of Deut. 1. 1—4. 23. He has recently published a work in which he maintains essentially the same views, *Der Pentateuch Beiträge zu seinem Verständniss und zu seiner Entstehungsgeschichte* (The Pentateuch: Contributions to Its Understanding and to the History of Its Origin). Leipzig. A. Deichert, Nachf. In none of his writings does Klostermann undertake to defend the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch. By an interesting study of the chronology of the Old Testament he aims to show that the outlines which were afterward made into our present Pentateuch could not have been written before the time of Solomon. Klostermann makes free use of the theory of sources, only he has a different idea of what those sources were from that held by most critics. For example, for Exod. 25—31 he thinks there were two largely parallel sources: one which described the tabernacle as its construction was revealed to Moses, and one in which the different apartments and utensils and their relation to the priests were regulated. This second source was used from chapter 27. 20, on. The first source presupposes a report of a vision which must have stood originally before chapter 25. 10. For chapters 35—40 there were also several sources; for example, a narrative source for 35. 1—36. 7, the present order not, however, being the original order; and a fragment which contained an inventory of sacred articles intrusted to the Levites. Klostermann knows nothing of the date of all these documents, but he thinks it impossible that they should have been written in the time of the exile. The exile, according to him, was interested practically in the present and future, not in the past. Hence, if they were fictions, they

would be incomprehensible, to say nothing of their being a reckless deception. The author of the Pentateuch must have had before him genuine traditions of the Mosaic period, and the conditions of his time must have been such as to elicit a special interest in the Mosaic ordinances. Hence Exod. 25—31 and 35—40 must have been written at the time of the building of Solomon's temple. There can be little doubt that the author of the Pentateuch had before him genuine traditions, and it is highly probable that these traditions were put into written form at a comparatively early date; but Klostermann is in error when he gives as a reason why the Pentateuch could not have been composed in the time of the exile that the exile was engaged with the practical concerns of the present and future, for many of the historical books of the Old Testament were written late enough to record the fact, and some of the events, and the return from the exile. Perhaps we ought not to blame him for not proving that Moses wrote the Pentateuch.

Paul Kolbing. Few New Testament problems engage so much attention at the present time as the relation between Jesus and Paul. Kölbing believes that Paul was very much influenced by Jesus, though probably through information at first received through the Pharisees. Many attempts to disconnect the teachings of Paul from those of Jesus have been made; and Kölbing is correct in thinking that Paul must have been informed, or perhaps it would be more near the truth to say misinformed, by Pharisees concerning Jesus. But if there is any truth in Paul's own statement that after his conversion he talked with Peter, James, and John, during two weeks, it is incredible that they did not give him much information concerning Jesus. Nor is there anything to forbid this in Paul's statement that he was not taught his gospel by men. So we must take exception to Kölbing's construction of things right at this point. The work in which he has set forth his views is *Die geistige Einwirkung der Person Jesus auf Paulus, Eine historische Untersuchung* (The Spiritual Influence of Jesus on Paul. An Historical Investigation), Göttingen. Vandenboeck & Ruprecht, 1906. Kölbing thinks that Jesus did not regard himself as the Messiah in the sense of the bringer of the future kingdom of God, but as the bearer to men of the seeking and saving love of God toward sinners. This brought him into conflict with the Pharisees, who sought to close the kingdom to sinners. This love triumphed on the cross. Since it is just this revelation of the love of God and Jesus for sinners on the cross that, in spite of the juristic formulation, constitutes the kernel of the gospel as conceived by Paul, there must have been a spiritual influence of Jesus on Paul, however mediated. This seeking and saving love of God, not any Messianic claims, was the new and abiding in the teaching and claim of Jesus. One cannot question this; and they are certainly in error who so strongly emphasize the Messianic element in the person of Jesus. Still, it cannot be doubted, on the other hand, that Jesus did allow the impression to be made upon his disciples that he was the Messiah. Nor is there any contradiction here if we understand rightly

what Jesus meant by being the Messiah. By this he meant the whole spiritual content of his mission, a very large element of which was this very love for sinners. To insist that he was and claimed to be the Messiah in this sense is to insist on the truth. And this was the kingdom of God. Wherever this spiritual influence is felt there is the kingdom. It is present and it is future. It is inward and it is outward, expressing itself in the form of an organized church; but it is always spiritual, never secular. Kölbing, in denying the Messiahship of Jesus, also remands the eschatological element in the teaching of Jesus to a place of relative insignificance—the introduction of the true service of God is not a means to the introduction of the future kingdom of God, but is itself the end. Here Kölbing is right, as he is also in holding that the kingdom is where the spirit of Jesus is, now and always. But when he says that according to the synoptists Jesus could not have held himself to be a divine, heavenly being we must demur. Here seems to be his chief defect. An attempt has been made to show that the concept sinner as held by Jesus was very different from the same concept as held by Paul, and that therefore Paul could not have gotten his gospel from Jesus. But this will not bear examination. It has also been said that not the love of Jesus for sinners but his opposition to the hypocrisy of the Pharisees brought him to his death. This is true; but still it was his love for sinners that triumphed on the cross in spite of the apparent triumph of the Pharisees over him. Kölbing seems to us to have pointed out a most important similarity between the teaching of Jesus and that of Paul, and rightly to have traced the connection. But the same argument would compel him to admit that Jesus did allow himself to be taken for a divine being. We cannot accept the one and reject the other.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Die Dauer der offentlichen Wirk (sanskrit) Jesu (The Length of the Public Ministry of Jesus). By Johann B. Zellinger, Münster i. W., Aschendorff, 1907. This is one of two recent books bearing the same title, both being written in response to an invitation to scholars to write on that subject. The other work, by Fendt, failed, while this won the prize. There are some striking similarities and some equally striking differences between the two books. While Zellinger, following the Johannine tradition, concludes that the public activity of Jesus extended through several years, Fendt, following the synoptic tradition, and in accord with the views of many Protestant and some Roman Catholic scholars, reaches the conclusion that Jesus was before the public only about one year. Both books begin with a history of the opinions of the early fathers on the subject; and both decide that there is no good historical tradition on this point, as the opinions of the fathers are in all cases the result of exegetical combinations. But Fendt is a little more ready to admit the existence of an early opinion contrary to his own than Zellinger, who seems to strive to make even his opponents appear to agree with him.

When they come to the direct attempt to fix the number of years they vary much in their method of reasoning. Zellinger undertakes to show that the theory of several years is the only exegetically correct theory. This he undertakes to uphold first on the basis of the synoptics, and then on the basis of John. He undertakes to maintain that the Passover of John 6. 4 must be maintained against the opinions of many; the feast of 5. 1 he leaves undetermined, only concluding that it was not a Passover. This leaves him three Passovers within about two years, and this two years was the length of the public activity of Jesus. He claims that according to Luke 3. 1 and John 2. 20, when rightly interpreted, the ministry of Jesus began before Easter of A. D. 28, while sound reasoning leads to the conclusion that the death of Jesus took place April 7, A. D. 30. Fendt, on the other hand, undertakes to show that neither the chronology nor exegesis can afford us certain results. He thinks that the arguments in favor of the theory of several years are untenable. Turning about, he points out what he regards as the weaknesses of the chronology of the fourth Gospel. Thus he reaches the conclusion that the one-year theory has most probability in its favor—but with two Passovers. We do not wonder that, in view of the reasoning of the two men, the prize was given to Zellinger. He at least did not give up the problem in despair and then state a probable conclusion, as did Fendt. The question is not one of great importance, and yet there are few who would not be glad if some one could finally settle it for us. It is an illustration of the curiosity of men to peer into the unrevealed secrets of the life of Jesus. Much has been written and said about the silences of Jesus and about the unilluminated points in the history of Jesus. Many have thought that these things are left in the dark by Divine Providence that we may keep our thoughts fixed on the more important facts. It does not seem as though the facts are as they are by Divine Providence, at least not for the purpose supposed. If we had, in the New Testament, light on many of these points, our interest in them would be at once satisfied and we would drop them. As it is we spend much time on them. Rather does it seem as though the facts are as they are because the writers of the New Testament were interested so deeply in the important matters that it did not occur to them to state these minor points. This whole effort to illuminate the dark points in the life of Jesus, in fact, the whole effort to write a life of Jesus, is the result of intellectual curiosity, not of religious earnestness. It is time to follow the example of the first disciples.

Religion und Religionen (Religion and Religions). By Otto Pfleiderer. München, J. F. Lehmanns Verlag, 1906. The book consists of a series of fifteen lectures delivered to a general audience of students and others at the Berlin University in the winter semester of 1905-1906. They are not intended to set forth the results of new investigations, but to state plainly, for all interested, conclusions long held by the author. Still, this does not mean that Pfleiderer has not changed his mind on some

points since he last expressed himself on the same general subject. Pfleiderer defines religion, metaphysically and psychologically considered, as a bondage to God in fear, gratitude, and trust. The faith which religion includes in itself cannot be logically defined in the strictest sense of the word, but in so far as it is a part of the function of the practical reason, or will, as distinguished from the theoretical reason, or being, it can be defended. Christianity really rises to a higher unity than either the will or being, thus differing from religions which represent only one of these ideas. Since religion is not only concerned with ideas, but also with feelings and the will, it is in all instances more or less intimately related to morality. The opinion that religion and morality were originally completely separate is fundamentally false and an incomprehensible error. Just here we must demur. It is perfectly certain that even among professors of Christianity certain feelings are sought and cultivated for the enjoyment they bring, not for their value to the ethical life. And there is every reason to believe that many religious ceremonies have been practiced solely for their effect on temporal welfare. Abstractly considered, therefore, religion may theoretically be always related to morality; but in practice, and in the common understanding of religion, the two are often separate. Of course no one would deny that in thought the two elements can be made distinct. Pfleiderer thinks that since the fancy has to do with the construction of systems of religious doctrine conflicts with science will always be unavoidable. These conflicts should not be denied but fought out, though religion may in some degree seem to be the loser; for in the end science, out of its very doctrines of the reign of law, and of development, must have as its necessary presupposition the doctrine of God. Concerning the beginnings of religion he admits that we possess no secure knowledge. He rejects the theory of Herbert Spencer, giving a statement of the psychological roots of animism as the theoretical foundation of the first form of faith, and inclines to the theory that the oldest religion was a kind of combination of nature and ancestor cult—a naïve, patriarchal homotheism. A higher stage was polytheism, and this developed into either pantheism or monotheism. Following this he gives us an account of the most important historical religions, including Christianity. One cannot but feel that if he gives us no truer insight into non-Christian religions than his account of Christianity would give a non-Christian reader, his book is almost worthless. He finds the distinctive mark of Christianity in the alleged fact that it sets forth the three fundamental forms of the doctrine of redemption—the future, the past, and the present. If he had made Christianity the religion of redemption, it would not have been so far astray. The height of his folly is reached when he undertakes to show that there is a genetic connection between the customs of the Adonis cult as practiced in Antioch and the Pauline doctrine of the value of the death and resurrection of Christ. Strange it is that any man should profess to teach theology in a Christian university whose critical principles are such as to destroy the deepest truths of the religion of Christ. To such a man Christianity must be chiefly interesting as a cadaver is interesting to a medical student.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE Saturday edition of the New York Evening Post is a sort of magazine in size and in the character of its contents. Recently it contained a long and critical study of Bunyan, written not from the Puritan standpoint, from which we quote, not only for what it says about the inspired tinker of Bedford Jail, but also for its brief reference to the poor Welsh physician, Henry Vaughan, about whom "Pastor Felix" writes delightfully in this number of our REVIEW: "There is no province of our literature more irrevocably lost to the present than that which sprang from the Puritan theology of the seventeenth century. Who today goes for the consolation of hope to The Saint's Everlasting Rest? or who reads the voluminous sermons which were the comfort of the saints upon earth? There was a little poetry produced that still echoes plaintively to the ears of living men—how little in comparison with the songs of the enemy! Marvell, indeed, we range among the Puritans, yet his most magnificent lines—

> But at my back I always hear
> Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
> And yonder all before us lie
> Deserts of vast eternity—

occur in a poem of frankly pagan sensuousness. And Milton, who might seem an exception to the rule, is really the strongest proof of its validity; for his genius sinks just in proportion as he assumes the Puritan, and only the splendor of his native powers saved him in the end from dreary prosing. If his Paradise Lost were altogether, as he meant it to be, an argument to justify the ways of God to man, instead of the glowing pastoral it is at heart, what place would it have in our affections? Bunyan, too, is a great name. But of all the sixty books he is said to have written, who knows so much as the names of more than four or five, and who reads more than one? That one book has gone the circuit of the world, and has enjoyed a vogue second only to the Bible itself, speaking to the conscience of the vulgar and satisfying the taste of the fastidious. . . . We shall miss the significance of Bunyan if we forget that he belongs to the age of Bacon, Locke, and Newton, and that his exasperation of the moral sense is the working of their conception of legalism in the religious sphere as contrasted with Hooker's earlier and Blake's later vision of law through the imagination. Here we touch his limitation, and here, too, lies his strength which will make him always a fascinating study for the dilettante and the literary historian after he has dropped out of living memory. The four works now published by the Cambridge University Press contain all of his writing that the most curious are likely to find interesting; they vary in form, but their theme is substantially the same: the representation of the whole of life under the allegory of the virtues and vices. The first of these, and the most interesting, with the exception of The Pilgrim's Progress, is the Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners, as the title

indicates, the story of his own conversion, a story of intense earnestness. 'God did not play in tempting of me,' he says in the Preface; 'neither did I play, when I sunk as into a bottomless Pit, when the Pangs of Hell caught hold upon me; wherefore I may not play in relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was.' Dates and ordinary events form no part of this remarkable autobiography, but enough is told to give a vivid picture of the man himself who wrestled with God for salvation. The burden of his autobiography is the inherent and absolute evil of human nature—not the sense of man's feebleness and perversity such as has always been the theme of pagan and Christian moralists, but an immediate realization of sin as bearing with it the threat of eternal and unalterable punishment. His people walked in the continual fear of hell with a troubled uneasiness, not unlike the suffering we should endure if the crust of the earth were no more beneath our feet than a thin shell, trembling upon the central fires that threatened at every moment to break through and devour us. How early this consciousness came to him we know from his own confession: 'Also I should, at these years, be greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of Hell-fire; still fearing that it would be my lot to be found, at last, among those Devils, and hellish Fiends, who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness, unto the judgment of the great Day. These things, I say, when I was but a child, about nine or ten years old, did so distress my Soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports, and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith; yet could I not let go my sins.' In his Grace Abounding Bunyan relates that, as he lay in bed one morning, he was 'most fiercely assaulted with this temptation, *to sell, and part with Christ.*' In his mind the wicked suggestion still kept running, 'Sell him, sell him, sell him,' as fast as a man could speak, until, overwearied at length and out of breath with contending, he felt this word pass through his mind, 'Let him go, if he will,' and he thought also that he felt his heart freely consent thereto. Readers of his confession know how the terror of that evil moment weighed upon his memory: 'What, thought I, is there but *one* sin that is unpardonable? But *one* sin that layeth the Soul without the reach of God's Mercy? And must I be guilty of *that?* Must it needs be that? is there but *one* sin, amongst *so many* millions of sins, for which there is no forgiveness; and must I commit *this?*' As for the actual misdeeds of Bunyan they seem to have been not the worst. He was always honest and chaste; his worst vice was a blasphemous tongue—and what fountains of blasphemy he must have commanded! He thus confesses: 'One day, as I was standing at a neighbor's shop window, and there cursing and swearing, and playing the madman, after my wonted manner, there sate within the woman of the house, and heard me; who, though she also was a very loose and ungodly wretch, yet protested that I swore and cursed at that most fearful rate, that she was made to tremble to hear me; and told me, further, that I was the ungodliest fellow, for swearing, that ever she heard in all her life; and that I, by thus doing, was able to spoil all the Youth in the whole Town, if they came but in my

company.' Apart from this his repentance was concerned chiefly with such indiscretions as going to the steeple-house to ring the bells, from which he was diverted by the fear lest one of the bells should fall and crush him, and joining in a 'game of cat' on Sunday, from which he was driven by a voice darting from heaven into his soul. All these things are related with the simplicity and vividness of a profoundly unconscious art, as are the incidents and strange oracles and chance meetings by which he was made sure that the grace of God was upon him. One of these incidents brings up a picture of the old times so serenely beautiful and comfortable in itself that the retelling of it must always be a present joy: 'Upon a day, the good Providence of God did cast me to Bedford, to work on my Calling; and in one of the streets of that Town, I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door, in the Sun, talking about the things of God; and being now willing to hear them discourse, I drew near to hear what they said, for I was now a brisk Talker also my self in the matters of Religion. But I may say I heard, but I understood not; for they were far above, out of my reach. Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God on their hearts, also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature; they talked how God had visited their Souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted, and supported against the temptations of the Devil. . . . And methought they spake, as if joy did make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of Grace in all they said, that they were to me, as if they had found a new world, as if they were people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned amongst their Neighbors.'

"Two things are particularly remarkable in this account of Bunyan's religious awakening: the absence of any single all-determining event and his familiarity with the Bible. I would not cast any doubt upon those violent conversions which come upon the soul like a flood of sudden blinding light, dividing the life of a man into two incommunicable periods. This has been the common experience of the great saints from the days of Saint Paul to the present; it was well enough known in the days of Bunyan, as the story of George Fox confirms. But it is true, nevertheless, that religious zeal and the dramatic imagination tend naturally to exaggerate these sundering illuminations, and that many a convert whose faith has been to him but a flickering candlelight has spoken as if the lightning of heaven had descended upon his darkness. Now, Bunyan's faith was no feeble flame, but neither does he make any pretensions to sudden conversion. His way to peace was through weary backslidings, and even when he counted himself among the saved the path for him was still through trials and valleys of gloom. His pilgrimage was like that of his Christian after the pack had rolled off. That we count one of the marks of utter sincerity in his narrative.

"And not less noteworthy was his complete immersion in the Bible. Other men of that age knew the Scripture as he did and quoted it on all occasions, but there is something peculiarly direct and intimate in Bunyan's relation to the holy words. They became the sap of his daily speech,

and the perennial fascination of his written style is due to the perfect interfusion of biblical language and the quaint idiom of the Bedfordshire roads. The sacred book was not to him a printed page or a conscious memory; it was nothing less than the living audible voice of God, appealing to his soul through the ears, and calling to him at uncertain intervals, as if he wandered stumbling in a country of hidden oracles. Sometimes the sound came to him within doors. 'Once, as I was walking to and fro in a good man's shop,' he says, 'bemoaning of myself in my sad and doleful state, . . . and being now ready to sink with fear, suddenly there was as if there had rushed in at the window, the noise of wind upon me, but very pleasant, and as if I had heard a voice speaking, "Didst ever refuse to be justified by the Blood of Christ?" . . . Then fell with power that Word of God upon me, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh" (Heb. 12. 25). This made a strange seisure upon my spirit, it brought light with it, and commanded a silence in my heart of all those tumultuous thoughts that before did use, like masterless hell-hounds, to roar and bellow, and make an hideous noise within me.' More often the oracle spoke to him in the fields as he went about his business: 'Now, about a week or fortnight after this I was much followed by this Scripture: "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you" (Luke 22. 31), and sometimes it would sound so loud within me, yea, and, as it were, call so strongly after me, that once, above all the rest, I turned my head over my shoulder, thinking verily that some man had, behind me, called me; being at a great distance, methought, he called so *loud*.' What strange gusts of terror and rapture must have shaken the soul of this tinker of pots and pans, as he walked about listening always for the very voice of God to strike his ears from the invisible haunts of space! Which of us today dare affirm that he really comprehends that sublimity? The very nakedness of Bunyan's inspiration is a check to his fame. I turn from him to that poor Welsh physician who, during these same years of national upheaval, was following the 'pleasant paths of poetry and philology' in his native valley of the Usk. Vaughan, like the Bedford Baptist, was steeped in the language of Scripture, and to most of his poems he has affixed a text, as if they were designed to be sermons of quietness to his troubled people—'I'll leave behind me such a large kind light.' But how different was the speech of the divine oracle to him as he, too, traveled up and down in his healing profession:

> My God, when I walk in those groves
> And leaves, thy Spirit still doth fan,
> I see in each shade that there grows
> An angel talking with a man.
>
> Under a juniper some house,
> Or the cool myrtle's canopy;
> Others beneath an oak's green boughs,
> Or at some bubbling fountain's eye.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Nay, thou thyself, my God, in fire,
> Whirlwinds, and clouds, and the soft voice,
> Speak'st there so much, that I admire
> We have no conference in these days.

"Here is the touch of imagination from which the Puritan conscience revolted, and, so revolting, shut itself off from the future communion of the wise. One thing was wanting to those strong men before the Lord. one thing which Wordsworth was to rediscover when the wave of rationalism for a while subsided:

> To look on Nature with a humble heart,
> Self-questioned where it did not understand,
> And with a superstitious eye of love.

They knew too surely, and they closed the *superstitious eye of love.* . . . Now, the lack of imagination among the Puritans showed itself in contempt of the arts and in many other manifest ways, but in none more clearly than in their violent break with the continuity of tradition. They had no patient eye for the lengthened chain of that Law, of which 'there can be no less acknowledged,' as Hooker wrote, having this weakness of theirs in his mind, 'than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.' This law they attempted to embrace immediately with the practical reason instead of leaving its dim perspective to the climbing vision of faith; and, doing so, they at once lost the true sense of the infinite as something that escapes the understanding and can be only shadowed in types and symbols. 'Dangerous it were,' to quote Hooker once more, 'for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High; whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of his name; yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know him not as, indeed, he is, neither can know him; and our safest eloquence concerning him is our silence, when we confess without confession that his glory is inexplicable, his greatness above our capacity and reach.' 'The world of imagination is infinite and eternal. . . . There exist in that eternal world the realities of everything which we see reflected in this vegetable glass of nature,' said Blake, and in that sphere man, who 'exists but by brotherhood,' was to 'put off in Self-annihilation all that is not God alone,' and be everlastingly made one in the 'divine humanity.' Some such higher use of the visionary faculty we must hold in mind if we would understand in what way the self-righteousness of the Puritans, which raised itself up to take heaven by storm, tended to cancel its efficacy in clashing egotisms here upon earth. The extreme individualism of this creed must not be dissociated from their incapacity for that mystical self-annihilation in the divine, and the multiplied sects of seventeenth century England were a direct consequence of the deadening of spirituality in legalism." Reprinting the above extract, we record our dissent from anything implying disparagement of the Puritans. For, to put it short, the Puritans saved the world in their day, as their descendants and allies have in most of the days since then. And if this generation and this century despise the lessons the Puritans taught and dethrone the things they exalted. in domestic, social, and civil life, putrescence will set in, rottenness will sink deep and deeper in the people's loins, and society will go to the devil.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Morning in the College Chapel. By Francis G. Peabody. 16mo, pp. 233. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, $1.25.

For years it has been the custom at Harvard University for the Professor of Christian Morals or the visiting preacher to add to morning prayers in the chapel a few plain words on the problems of life and faith with which young men find themselves confronted. In 1896 a volume of these short addresses was published by Professor Peabody; and a second series of seventy-three brief talks is in the book before us. They are practical, not speculative or doctrinal, and are pointed here and there with incisive and adhesive illustrations. Here is one: "Nettleship was a tutor in Oxford University, a modest teacher, much loved by his pupils, but comparatively unknown to the world and indifferent to its applause. In 1892, while climbing Mont Blanc with two guides, he perished in a snowstorm. His last word to his guide was the word of a true, brave, resolute man. 'Forward,' he said, and fell dead. On his monument in Balliol College Chapel are these words which any teacher or preacher might well frame and hang above his desk: 'He loved great things and thought little of himself. Desiring neither fame nor wealth, he won the devotion of men and was a power in their lives; and seeking no personal disciple, he taught to many the greatness of the world and of man's mind.'" This is another: "Once upon a time, in an ancient church, there was a great organ, on which the people had not yet learned to play. One after another tried the instrument, drew out its stops and wakened some of its harmonies; but none of them dreamed of the wonderful music which really lay hidden in that organ. At last, one day came a Master-Player, sat like other men before the instrument, and began to touch the keys; and the people below hushed themselves and whispered, 'Can it be that this is the organ we have had so long, and have not known its power—this wondrous instrument which first sighs and weeps, and then thrills with passion and shouts with joy?' And from that day their effort was to reproduce the marvelous music which the Master had brought out. When the best of them did his best, they would say: 'This makes us think of the Master's playing.' Just such an instrument is human life, with its complex mechanism, its possible discords, its hidden harmonies; and many a wise teacher has drawn from it something of the music that is in it. Then one day comes Jesus the Master. He knows, as the gospel says, what is in man, and bending over human life, he reveals the music of it; shows what noble harmonies human nature can be made to give forth; and from the day of His coming, the effort of the world has been to reproduce those harmonies. And when the best men do their best, we say, 'This makes us think of the Master's playing.'" On the Religion of The Will we have this: "However important it may be to have a creed

that is sound or an emotion that is warm, the Christian life, according to the Gospels, is primarily determined by the direction of the will, the fixing of the desire, the purpose and habit of obedience. When a modern psychologist says that 'The willing-department of life dominates both the thinking-department and the feeling-department,' he is in fact only repeating the Master's great words, 'If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching.' Here is the aspect of the religious life which gives courage and hope to many a consciously imperfect experience. You are not sure about your creed? That is a pity. You do not respond to the emotion of the revivalist or the sentiment of the hymn? That also is a loss. But, after all, the fundamental question relates to the attitude of your will. Are your choice and purpose right? Have you the will to do His will? If so, then with but half a creed and less than half a pious ecstasy, you are at least in the line of the purpose of Jesus Christ; you need only keep your will steady, and go on, and as you will to do the will, you will test and prove the doctrine and understand the teaching. 'Obedience,' said Frederick Robertson, 'is the organ of spiritual knowledge.' Our thoughts may grow breathless as they climb; our emotions may ebb as they flow; but our wills can march steadily up the heights of life, or flow steadily through the experiences of life as a river seeks the sea.

> Our wills are ours, we know not how;
> Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."

"Who is the *good man?* It is not he who has learned all the maxims and rules of goodness, but rather he who has acquired a love for righteousness. One may commit to memory the best text-books on ethics and not be a good man. The courage of a soldier is not reached by argument; it is the trained instinct of loyalty and the habit of obedience which make it more natural to advance than to retreat; or, as one soldier said, make one 'afraid to run away.' The refinement of a good woman is not acquired by a study of social rules. She repels the coarse and the vulgar as instinctively as she shrinks from flame. It is the same with any life which is morally safe. It has a distaste for the base and the vicious. Who is the *Christian?* Not he who is simply well instructed in the doctrines. One may have an indisputably correct creed and be no Christian; or one may have a humble sense of the insufficiency of his faith, and yet be a Christian. 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief,' was the prayer of a true disciple. Christian faith is an attitude of spiritual responsiveness, a heart-loyalty. John Wesley's definition of the faith of a Methodist is an equally noble definition of the faith of a Christian. 'The distinguishing marks of a Methodist,' he said, 'are not his opinions of any sort. His assenting to this or that scheme of religion, his embracing any particular set of notions, his espousing the judgment of one man or another, are all quite wide of the point. . . . Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? I ask no further question. Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.' That is to say, if a man has not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his; and

If he has that spirit, then Jesus assures him that he has in his hand the key which will open each door of the great house of religious experience and will guide him to all the truth he needs." Speaking of defeats, Dr. Peabody says: "Lost battles are often prophecies of victory; defeats may have in them the seed of power. Every life has such experiences as this: You come to a point where you must frankly say, 'This time I am beaten. This is a crushing defeat.' That is a mortifying experience; yet, as a rule, the lesson of defeat leads to self-respect, self-confidence, and hope. Out of what seems disaster issues the capacity to win. It is one of King Arthur's most valiant and victorious knights who says:

> Ye do not well to call him shamed who is but overthrown.
> Thrown have I been, not once but many a time.
> Victor from vanquished issues at the last
> And overthrower from being overthrown.

Discomfiture teaches the conditions of success. Many a man has learned the insignificance of its apparent triumphs, and has cherished as most precious the lessons of its defeats. The humble, it is written, possess the kingdom of Heaven; but humility, as Henry Drummond once said, is as a rule to be obtained only through humiliation. Let us never forget that the cross of Christ which was the instrument of humiliation and defeat has become the sign of victory." In an illustrative talk on the Trolley, we find this: "If you examine a concordance of the New Testament you will be struck by the frequent repetition of the word power. The New Testament is a text-book of dynamics. It describes how men get power, and how power may be applied. The Christian Church is a power-house for the distribution of force to move the lives of men. But what is it that gives any machine its power? The power is not inherent in the machine. The machine is the transmitter of power. It accomplishes its work because it is geared in with an unfailing dynamic which furnishes power. Precisely this is the method of spiritual power. A man does not become powerful or efficient by trying to exert this force. He does not get an influence by wanting to have it. He does not lead people by running ahead of them, any more than a little boy is a leader because he marches in front of the band. A man gets power as he keeps in contact with some source of power. Life is like the trolley-car which moves when it keeps its trolley on the wire, and stops when it loses contact with the power which is generated miles away. This is the reason why we come to the place of worship and prayer. What we want is power, force, efficiency; and to have this efficiency we must keep connection with the Great Source of power. The business and distractions of life throw us out of gear, the trolley is off the wire, and we come to a dead stop, because we have lost touch with the Power of life. In the place of worship we return to a conscious relationship with the Father of our spirits and with Christ, the Lord; the current is reëstablished, and the machinery of life starts up again, and we can go on. The subtle mystery of the life of God flows through the mechanism of the life of man, as the subtle electric

fluid flows through the city's streets and we go on our way again, knowing, as Paul says, 'What is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward, according to the working of his mighty power.'"

The Creed of Jesus. By HENRY SLOANE COFFIN. 12mo, pp. 280. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1, net.

Twelve sermons, the first of which gives title to the volume, and was preached as the baccalaureate to the graduating class of Yale Divinity School last June. This discourse takes for text the Lord's Prayer, which the preacher says contains in essence at once the creed, the program, the prayer, and the experience of Jesus. The most original and unique of these sermons is on "The Fundamental Message of Easter." The words prefixed as a text are "The earth beareth fruit of herself," but the real text of most of the discourse is the following brief letter, recently exhumed. It was written by a woman in the second century of the Christian era, was dug up a year or two ago at Oxyrhynchus in Egypt, and is now in Yale University library: "Eirene to Taonnophris and Philon, good cheer! I was as much grieved and shed as many tears over Eumoiros as I shed for Didymas, and I did everything that was fitting, and so did my whole family—Epaphrodeitos and Thermouthion, and Philion, and Apollonios, and Plautas. But still there is nothing one can do in the face of such trouble. So I leave you to comfort yourselves. Good-by." Without the Christian revelation that was all that could be said to parents in bereavement and grief over the loss of their second boy, Eumoiros, their son Didymas having died previously. But if Eirene had known of Jesus, and the resurrection, instead of writing to her sorrowing friends, Philon and Taonnophris, "I leave you to comfort yourselves," she would have used such words as these: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble"; "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our affliction, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." If only Eirene had known that Easter morning had lifted on earth's dark horizon the sunrise of eternal day, she would have written to that father and mother, broken-hearted over their two dead boys, something like this: "Eirene to Taonnophris and Philon, infinite good cheer, even the grace of God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! The tears brought to my eyes by the death of your dear Eumoiros are wiped away by One who has conquered death. He can comfort you. His name is Jesus of Nazareth. He is now with God in the everlasting glory, yet abides with his disciples on earth. I send you some of his sayings, and an account of his dying and rising again as it was told to me. This Jesus is everything to me, and I know his words can comfort you. May you come to the living God through him and be at peace. Good-by." And if these sorrowing parents should seek to come to God through Christ,

> Who comes to God an inch through doubtings dim,
> In blazing light God will advance a mile to him.

From the names in Eirene's little note of sympathy, it would seem that she herself has five boys—Epaphrodeitos, Thermouthion, Philion, Apollonios, and Plautas. If she is not bereaved of them, she has the task of bringing them up, and that is no easy matter in pagan surroundings. How much she and her sons would be helped if she knew of, and knew, Jesus Christ; if they had his ideals of life and character; and his presence and guidance and grace! After such fashion this Easter sermon goes on. In the sermon on "Our Limitations," from the text, "Remember my bonds," it is pointed out how Paul's imprisonment enlarged the influence of his life. "No sermons Paul could have preached, no tours, however widely extended, that he could have made in countries unevangelized, no attention he could have given to the churches he longed to visit, would ever have had the far-reaching results of any one of the four letters that came from this imprisonment—the Epistles to the Philippians, the Colossians, the Ephesians, and to Philemon. Through those prison-letters the gospel has been carried into lands that did not exist on Paul's map, and the spirit of that gospel is embodied in an authoritative expression for all succeeding centuries. Charles Darwin, near the close of his laborious career, said: 'If I had not been so great an invalid, I should not have done nearly so much work.' What he was shut off from confined him to what he was shut up to, and contributed to his concentration and efficiency. Arthur Hallam's death set a sad limit to one of Tennyson's most precious friendships, but in reducing that friendship to a memory gave the world the inestimable stanzas of 'In Memoriam.'" Louis Stevenson's description of what might be called his conversion is quoted: "I remember a time when I was very idle. . . . I have no idea why I ceased to be so. . . . Of that great change of campaign which turned me from one who made a business of shirking into one whose business was to strive and persevere, it seems to me as though all that had been done by Someone else. . . . I was never conscious of a struggle, nor registered a vow, nor seemingly had anything personally to do with the matter. I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God." The story is told of a small black bear, which having been kept quite a while in a box eight feet long, was placed in a large den. When he found himself in this large place, he selected a strip of ground just the length of his old box, and day after day paced up and down that scanty space, as if he were still confined. It took weeks for the poor little beast to realize the largeness of his liberty. And this bear is used as a type of Christians who do not realize the extent of their spiritual privilege, and do not visibly live any larger, freer, happier life than when they were in bondage to sin. The story is told of a Scotch school-teacher, whose frightened scholars gathered about her during a terrific thunderstorm in the Highlands, and were surprised to see her face radiant with a sweet peace. "I love to think it is my God who thunders," she told the scared children. When Amanda Smith, the gifted colored woman, heard Bishop Foster preach on the vastness and splendor of the astronomical universe, she said: "It makes me dizzy, but I'm glad I've got such a mighty Father." Far wiser she was than such men

as Professor Clifford and Goldwin Smith, spite of all their learning. Frederick Tennyson was painfully shy and awkward in society; and when he and his brother Alfred went out together to a company, Alfred, in order to help him out of his timidity, would whisper to Frederick as they entered the room: "Think of Herschel's great star-clusters." The way to keep from being afraid of small things or earthly things, is to fix one's mind on great things—heavenly things. These sermons have an individual quality.

The Church and the Changing Order. By SHAILER MATHEWS. 12mo, pp. 396. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

This volume by Professor Mathews, of the Divinity School of Chicago University, is a book of exceptional merit. The author analyzes the social situation in an unusually clear and comprehensive manner and points out the way for the church to meet the social crisis. He urges that the church come into closer union with the various forces and ideals which tend to effect an economic and moral change and to produce a new social order. He deals in the various chapters with the relations of the church to "Scholarship," to the "Gospel of the Risen Christ," to the "Gospel of Brotherhood," to "Social Discontent," "The Social Movement," and "Materialism," and closes with a chapter on "The Sword of the Christ," in which he shows the necessity of a consecrated leadership and heroic efforts on the part of the rank and file of the church to meet social responsibility. He says: "The Church of today is face to face with the formative influences which are making tomorrow. By the division of labor born of social history it has become only one of many directive forces in society. Scholarship, business, socialism, popularized philosophy, amusements, national aggrandizement are only a few of the agencies which are coöperating to make tomorrow very different from today. To an extent that escapes the superficial observer the church is itself being affected by these forces; but far more important than this fact is the other that today, as at so many times in the past, the church must face the vital decision as to what part it shall have in producing the new world." This transition involves morals as well as politics and economics. The breaking down of tradition and of inherited thought and standards characterizes our entire social life. The result is men are confused as to what really constitutes right, and just what course of conduct newer ideals demand. The church should define its attitude toward the formative forces now at work. It should so coöperate with them, correct them, inspire them with its own ideals, that their results shall insure a better tomorrow. The relation of the church to the present educational tendencies cannot be overlooked. If the church is to keep in touch with the present age, it must aim to make religion intelligible and to correlate the facts of religion with other things that men know. Much of historic orthodoxy has been controlled by the philosophical concepts of the Græco-Roman age. Many of the preconceptions and the scientific conjectures of the past have been superseded by modern scholarship. The church cannot stand aloof and ignore the new intellectual

environment. If it is to hold its grip on the educated classes, the church must reconstruct its statements of theology in harmony with the facts of religion as known in the life of Jesus and in human experience as well as with the controlling hypothesis of modern science. The peculiar mission of the church is not to teach a speculative or even a polemic theism but to devote itself whole-heartedly to socializing the gospel. The world needs the gospel of good news as to the possibility of salvation from sin and death through regenerating union with God. Moreover, the Christian Church should aim to rationalize the appeal of immortal life and make it something more than a naive exploiting of physical fear and hope; to extend it to all social relations. Practical morality is influenced by the conviction as to the consummation of the tendencies of personality in the immortal life. He says: "The age is suffering from a moral self-complacency. It is the business of the church at all costs to startle it into self-examination and repentance. The changing order must be given a conscience. . . . The nations of the earth need not an officialized orthodoxy, but well grounded, intelligently directed constructive enthusiasm for the gospel of the risen Christ and human brotherhood." The author enforces the lesson that religion is social as well as individualistic. The church is to assist not only in producing Christians but in co-ordinating and socializing their influence. The Christian should be trained to express the ideals by the gospel in Christian living. He emphasizes the fact that "the great dynamic of a society as it advances toward a real, a world-wide fraternity will be public opinion surcharged with the ideals of the gospel." The pressing duty of the church is to prevent the economic and social life of men becoming divorced from the idealism of thought and faith and loyalty to the essential elements of Christianity. It should aim to moralize social influences and to dignify discontent by ennobling the ideals of discontented men. The idealism which inspires the socialists and the labor unionists affords the church a good opportunity to "make a regenerating connection between the gospel and the actual conditions of society." Moral issues and ideals should be made to control in the world of industry, business, and politics. The closing chapter enforces the lesson that if the church is to meet the crisis, it must enlist and encourage men "who combine large vision with the evangelic impulse" and capable of directing "a transitional era toward a more dynamic faith in Jesus and a deeper brotherliness among men." The author has a clear, discriminating mind and is thoroughly evangelical in spirit. The book is thoughtful, suggestive, and inspiring. It is one of the rare books of today and should have a wide circulation among ministers and laymen.

The Hereafter and Heaven. By LEVI GILBERT. 16mo, pp. 189. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, ornamental, 75 cents, net.

Here, in nine chapters, the well-known author of Incense, Visions of the Christ, Sidelights on Immortality, etc., unfolds in a fresh, engaging way, and with richness of illustration and literary quotation, the Christian view of the hereafter and its relation to the children of God. "The Faith

of the Ages," "With You Alway," "Not Born to Die," "The Unforgotten Faces," "Heaven: Here and Beyond" are titles which indicate the subjects of chapters. Dr. Gilbert's wide familiarity with literature appears in this book, as in his other volumes, on almost every page, as also his aptness and good taste in selecting. One of the weightiest and most telling quotations is from Professor William N. Rice's widely circulated book on Christian Faith in an Age of Science. The force and value of the words are immensely emphasized by the fact that they contain the reasoned conclusion of an eminent scientist who brings his scientific habit of mind to test the reasonableness of faith in the Resurrection. Following is the conclusion of Professor Rice's great argument: "When we consider that but for the faith in the resurrection Christianity would have been buried forever in the rock-hewn tomb in which the Master lay, and when we try to measure what Christianity, with its revelation of Divine Fatherhood, and human brotherhood, and redemption from sin, and life immortal, has been to mankind in these centuries of Christendom and Christian civilization, and what it promises to be in the glory of a millennial future, we cannot deem it 'a thing incredible' that, in that transcendent crisis of man's moral history, 'God should raise the dead.' . . . It is unnecessary to comment on the air of perfect simplicity and guilelessness pervading the Gospels. A candid reader is continually impressed with the conviction that the writers of these books fully believed what they wrote. . . . There is an air of photographic fidelity rather than of artistic selection of details. . . . When I think of the alternatives to belief in the resurrection they all seem so much more improbable that I find it easier to accept the one mystery that explains all mysteries. To believe that the faith in the resurrection was a delusion, so contradicting all psychological laws, or a myth which was fully developed in a single day, or a falsehood perpetrated by the disciples to bring upon themselves imprisonment and death—to believe that the system of religious faith which has created a new and nobler civilization had its origin in fraud or self-deception—taxes credulity more than to believe that Jesus rose from the dead." The author also quotes that significant little conversation between two great scientists, Sir William Thomson (the late Lord Kelvin) and Liebig, the celebrated chemist. Lord Kelvin says: "Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers which we saw around us grew by mere chemical force. He answered: 'No! no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces.' Every action of a human free will is a miracle to physical and chemical and mathematical science." As might be expected from Dr. Gilbert, this good, bright book is equally satisfying to the intelligence and comforting to the heart upon a theme over which the human mind forever broods with solemn solicitude and appealing inquiry.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Creed of a Layman. By FREDERIC HARRISON. Crown 8vo, pp. 395. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.75.

Reared in the Anglican communion, this intellectual vagrant has journeyed through Ritualism, Broad Church, Latitudinarianism, Unitarianism, Theism, to the Religion of Humanity, which is next to nothing, where he now rests. He calls his journey "an easy, uneventful tramp." He tells who helped him to make it; they are such as Strauss, Bentham, the Mills, Buckle, Spencer, Lewes, Marian Evans Cross, and Comte. He became the unshrinking follower of a brand new religion, of which, he says, he has been forced to be the mouthpiece. When he was a boy leaving home for school, his mother gave Frederic Harrison a large and costly Bible. He kept it in his room and read it continually. At the age of seventy he says: "It contains my mother's autograph, and the names of my wife and children with the dates of their birth. I have always had it at my side now for fifty-eight years, and I have no book which I value more or which I open with greater zest. I owe to it what knowledge I have of pure English." He also says: "At no time in my life have I lost faith in a supreme Providence, in an immortality, and in spiritual life." And he adds that as his life closes round him in old age he has "joyful anticipations of a life to come." All this sounds very orthodox, and you might think him to be a Christian believer. But, in fact, he is an atheist, though he objects to the name. He has no God. The only life to come he believes in is that of posthumous influence. The only Providence he recognizes is man's care over himself and his fellows. And his use of the Bible is like that commended by the Ethical Culturists—as a strain of music to induce moods. He uses the Prayer Book in the same way, and he thinks the evening service in a cathedral to be the most moving form of art ever devised by man. And he says: "If I were a beneficent millionaire, I would endow no universities or libraries until I had built the grandest temple on this earth wherein the most exquisite choral service should be chanted at least three times each day; and there, not troubling myself about the words, I would sit in the outer porch for hours and let the music of it flow over my soul." This sentiment reappears in "A Socratic Dialogue," which occupies thirty-five pages of The Creed of a Layman: in which Phædrus, the barrister, says to Sophistes, the college don, as they are taking a turn around the cloisters at Oxford: "See, the evening service is beginning. Shall we not go in and sit in the ante-chapel and listen to the choir? We shall hear the roll of the ages of faith when the organ peals, and we shall dream of angel voices soaring to a purer region in the anthem. The business of sacred music and poetry is to purify and soften the soul with pity. To hear the sublime old psalms and glorias will calm our spirits, and we will come forth from evensong in Magdalen Chapel robed in peace and joy as with a wedding garment." Thus people who have given up Christianity desire to make a sentimental and æsthetic use of its literature and its music. It will not profit them. In it there can be no real benefit to the unbelieving. There is no regenerating power in mere

music. Frederic Harrison expresses "reverence and affection for those Christian traditions which form the noblest part of the inheritance of the ages, which sustain and inspire the lives of multitudes of good men and good women, filling their souls with the deep emotions of a true and genuine devotion"; and he hopes he may not "grow cold to the charms of worshiping hearts in Christian congregations, or to the solemn words of Scripture, full of memories of past days, hallowed by long use and heartfelt veneration." And all this from a man who imagines that Christianity is obsolete, and that he is called upon to replace it with something better. It is interesting to note how the "advanced" theology of Anglican divines strikes Mr. Harrison. He says liberty has been gained at the expense of honesty and veracity, and in their disingenuous dealing with Christian doctrines he finds "a world of evasion, *double entendre*, and verbose Theosophy." Against the authors of the Essays and Reviews he declared them to be disloyal to the teachings of the Gospels and Epistles, for, he said, "The Gospels assert a miraculous incarnation, resurrection, and ascension and the Epistles teach original sin and vicarious sacrifice; such is the impression the Gospels and Epistles have created on all ages of Christians; and the notions of final judgment and eternal punishment, of individual salvation and of spiritual experience pervade the whole Gospel." Also he tells these diluters and diminishers of the miraculous that "Scripture as such has either a supernatural basis or none at all; and any theory of inspiration which ceases to be miraculous annihilates inspiration altogether." Of R. J. Campbell's New Theology Mr. Harrison says: "It is a more or less conscious attempt to water down the popular conception and creed of Christianity into a very fluid form of æstheticism, and even Christian pantheism." Thus he is sometimes a thorn in the side of men who seek to reduce the religion of Christ to mere rationalism. Frederic Harrison thinks "it was bold but not irreverent for Comte to say that the heavens declare only the glory of Galileo, and Kepler, and Newton, for the ceaseless spectacle of their mysterious movements recalls to us the minds which first saw unity and law therein." Dr. Cowell, the famous Cambridge Sanskrit professor, the greatest scholar in England in his day, thought the pride of the human intellect never reached a more audacious climax than when Comte said it was no longer true that the heavens declare the glory of God, but only the glory of such men as Newton and La Place. Mr. Harrison sees that mankind cannot do without some sort of religion, something to inspire reverence and worship. Of all mere Secularists he says: "They start back from worship, from any formal appeal to the feelings, from the very idea of devotion of spirit to a great Power—in a word, they turn with disgust or mockery from religion. Not, indeed, that they have ever proved this to be the sum of philosophy, or the true teaching of history. Far from it, they assume it; they affect to know it by the light of nature as an intuitive truth. Mention to them *worship*, *devotion*, *religion*, the discipline of heart and practice in the continuous service of the object of devotion—in a word, utter the word 'religion'—and they smile in a superior and satisfied way. All the teaching of history, the entire logic

of philosophy, the perennial yearnings of the human heart, the intensest hopes of the best men and the best women—all these are against them. Philosophy means just putting one's thoughts into relation with each other, and with the facts and circumstances of human nature. Wherever in the story of mankind a grand epoch or movement is seen, there we have passionate devotion working with an overpowering belief at the bottom of it. Charlemagne and Alfred, Cromwell and Washington, Saint Louis and Hildebrand, Saint Paul, Mohammed, Moses, were men whose whole natures were fused through and through, brain, heart, and will, all together by that which was at once to them thought, resolve, love. They moved men and created epochs, not because they had got hold of some particular truth, or not merely by that, but because their mighty natures had been kindled with a high passion, because their lives were seen to be transfigured in its light. Wherever around us to'day we see a beautiful character and a noble life there we see something more than a set of opinions and implicit reliance on the principle of free inquiry. What is it that we do see? We always find a passionate resolve to make life answer in fact to some end that is deeply believed to be right. We have the three things—*belief, enthusiasm, practice.* Why, if we really wish something to act on the lives of men, why are we to surrender any one of these agents—belief, enthusiasm, practice? We want them all. All are not enough. To neglect any one is to leave human life one-sided, maimed, and incomplete. We can all see how empty is enthusiasm without knowledge and intelligence, how dry and formal is practice without enthusiasm. How is it that we fail to see how poor a thing is knowledge without enthusiasm and without practice?" Religion being thus seen to be a necessity to mankind, Mr. Harrison offers for our adoration the Great Being, Humanity! Frederic Harrison and Moncure D. Conway appear together in our day as a couple of inveterate theological vagabonds who passed all bounds and had the egotism to presume that the story of their vagrancies was of sufficient importance to justify writing it out and printing it in a book. They make not the slightest impression on the world of thought. They are of no more weight or importance than vagabonds generally are.

The Spell of the Yukon, and Other Verses. By ROBERT W. SERVICE. 12mo, pp. 99. Philadelphia: Edward Stern & Co. Price, cloth, $1.

Having lost Dr. Drummond, the laureate of the Habitant, Canada has a new poet, Robert W. Service, aged twenty-three, who sings the wild, rough, hard, fierce, bad life of the seekers for gold in the Yukon, in a style frankly Kiplingesque. He calls the Yukon "The land God forgot." This collection of thirty-four poems, published first by the Methodist Book and Publishing House in Toronto, under title Songs of a Sourdough, and now by the Philadelphia firm under the present title, has sold five or six editions. Its verses are not dainty; the daring and deviltry of mining camps is reflected in them. Some of them are about human beings who "know by heart, from finish to start, the Book of Iniquity"; and some could scarcely be read aloud. The book sings of "the race of men that don't fit

in," the race that can't stay still, that break the hearts of kith and kin, and roam the world at will. If they only went straight, they might go high; they are strong, and hardy, and brave: but they generally go wrong and go to the dogs. It sings of "The Younger Son" who leaves his English home because the law gives nearly everything to the eldest son, and goes to seek his fortune in the British colonies. "He is building Britain's greatness o'er the foam." "He sees his white sheep dapple the green New Zealand plain"; or "Leaning lightly on his spade he hears the bell-bird chime the Australian noon"; or "Where Vancouver's shaggy ramparts frown he is fighting, might and main, to clinch the rivets of an Empire down." And in years unborn England will have cause to bless with pride The Younger Son. One bitterly sad poem is entitled "The Parson's Son." He ran away to Alaska and the Yukon for gold and the love of a wild lawless life. He is now a broken wreck with a craze for drink and not a cent to his name. He has soaked his soul in sin and burned his life up in vice. Half of one foot is frozen off, and a gruesome scar on his left cheek shows where the frost-fiend bit to the bone. All the gold that he found he squandered on cards and drink and worse. Of the town of Dawson he says: "No spot on the map in so short a space has hustled more souls to hell." He is weak and old from exposure and debauchery. Delirious and dying, the parson's son lies in his bunk alone, and the fire goes out and the cold creeps in; his blue lips moan, and curse, and mutter gambling talk, and call for "booze," and then his delirium brings from his distant innocent childhood "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." And then nothing but silence and zero, and the hunger-maddened wolves, scenting a dead man, soon tear the flesh from his bones. Grim, stark, and tragic indeed are some of these poems, but not more so than parts of the life they reflect. One is about "The Low-Down White," a college man so deep in black disgrace that the squalidest squaws of the mining regions despise him. Yet we hear him saying:

"Oh, I have guarded my secret well! And who would dream, as I speak
In a tribal tongue like a rogue unhung, 'mid the ranch-house filth and reek,
I could roll to bed with a Latin phrase and rise with a verse of Greek?

"Yet I was a senior prize man once, and the pride of a college eight;
Called to the bar—my friends were true!—but they could not keep me straight;
Then came the divorce, and I went abroad and 'died' on the River Plate."

One poem sings of the Angel and the Syren:

An angel was tired of heaven, as he lounged in the golden street;
His halo was tilted sideways and his harp lay mute at his feet.
So the Master stooped in his pity, and gave him a pass to go,
For the space of a month, to the earth-world, to mix with the men below.

On earth a Syren beguiled him and mocked at his heavenly scruples, and this was the strain of *her* song:

"We have outlived the old standards; we have burst like an over-tight thong.
The ancient, outworn, Puritanic traditions of Right and Wrong."

And then

The Master feared for his angel, and called him back quick to his side;
For oh, the Syren was skillful, and oh, the Angel was tried;
And deep in his hell sang the Devil, and this was the strain of *his* song:
"The ancient, outworn, Puritanic traditions of Right and Wrong."

In the rough life of the gold-hunters, argonauts of the north, in "the land God forgot" there is not much show of piety. Like the teller of the story of "Little Breeches," the men up there "don't go much on religion"; and almost the only poem in this Yukon volume that sounds a religious note is this one, entitled "Comfort" (we quote it because it is not in preacher-style):

Say! You've struck a heap of trouble—
Bust in business, lost your wife;
No one cares a cent about you;
You don't care a cent for life.
Hard luck has of hope bereft you,
Health is failing, wish you'd die—
Why, you've still the sunshine left you
And the big, blue sky.

Sky so blue it makes you wonder
If it's heaven shining through;
Earth so smiling 'way out yonder,
Sun so bright it dazzles you;
Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging
All their fragrance on the breeze;
Dancing shadows, green, still meadows—
Don't you mope, you've still got these.

These, and none can take them from you;
These, and none can weigh their worth,
What! You're tired, and broke, and beaten?—
Why, you're rich—you've got the earth!
Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,
While the blue sky bends above
You've got nearly all that matters—
You've got God, and God is love.

On the last page of his book the author says he has sung these songs to beguile the men who have lived a savage and suffering life in "the land God forgot," the land of the biting cold and the long, long arctic night; and he offers them his verses thus:

Husbandmen of the Wild,
Reaping a barren gain;
Scourged by desire, reconciled
Unto disaster and pain;
These, my songs, are for you,
You who are seared with the brand.
God knows I have tried to be true;
Please God, *you* will understand.

The Fire Divine. By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. 16mo, pp. 130. New York: The Century Company. Price, cloth, $1.25.

What actuary can appraise the value, to this age of de-moralization and impurity in art and literature, of a literary master and singer in whom the moral sense is dominant, declarative, militant—whose work has the dignity and the power which purity, sincerity, moral earnestness, and spiritual vision give to manhood and its products and its influence? Such dignity and power Richard Watson Gilder lends to literature in our day. There is among us no scarcity of skillful and artistic verse; our best magazines ring with well-played music enough; but something is lacking in the younger singers of England and America. There is want of weight and meaning and majesty. Theirs is the music of "one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument," but no prophetic note, no voice of the soul is heard, no summons from above. They are idle singers of an empty day. Some of them are moral cretins with a deft knack at neat artistry. A fair and temperate critic said the other day: "It has been our sad duty to make ourselves familiar with hundreds of the recent volumes of verse, and one thing has been forced on our attention. They are often melodious, they catch the more evanescent beauties of nature with fine sensibility, they are sometimes richly emotional, even passionate, but for *the moral values of life they have no voice.* At rare intervals this note may be heard. Mr. Moody struck it in his 'Ode in Time of Hesitation,' and immediately the word went about that we had a new poet. But Mr. Moody seems since then to have hesitated himself. The consideration of life as the expression of moral values and as deriving its significance from this source, is almost totally absent from the modern muse. The moral question which almost alone concerned the Greek is in the English drama forgotten, and in its place there is a confused working of blind physical forces. Among the younger singers the sense of moral values is confused and obscured, and the strict canons of personal morality are waived aside and lightly esteemed. To such singers, greatness and majesty, dignity and nobleness, pathos and power are alien and inaccessible. Even the bald didacticism of the eighteenth century was preferable to the dilettant music of today, empty of morals and of meaning." In literature and art morals are in decline. The moral sense in many writers has gone blind. When morals decay the guardian angel of human welfare is dying. Evil does not shock this generation as it did our fathers and mothers. Fiction and the drama make even the very young familiar with immorality—all too lightly reproved, if censured at all. From greatly differing sources many voices join to minimize the wickedness and abominableness of sin. Just there lies the direst danger of our time. An American, dead now some years, who called himself "one of the roughs," but was called by some "the good gray poet," said he felt "a religious sentiment toward every human propensity and almost every vice." A passionate young singer in New York says: "I respect sin, for it is a part of the quest of the human soul for the ultimate good." Professor Walker, of Saint David's, teaches that it may be a good thing for a man to plunge into vice and wickedness for

the sake of certain experiences which may thus be made possible; in a way, sin pays, he thinks. All this is vicious, pernicious, false, diabolical. It is devil's doctrine, and tickles the bottomless pit with horrible glee. And this generation puts cotton in its ears to keep from hearing the thunder which still rolls from Sinai: "The wages of sin is death." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The worst skepticism is that which doubts the deadliness of sin, the virulence of evil. The nature of things is not changed by playing with them. The man who does not distinguish between a coal of fire and the blaze of a ruby will get his fingers burned: that is the nature of fire. Whoever fails to discriminate between a harmless green lizard and an asp when fondling reptiles will die of the venom. Whoso makes a pet of sin as if it were an amusement will find that it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. The crying shame of literature is its belittlement of sin. The cardinal test of the decency of any book is its way of treating sin. Even women writers, as for example, Miss May Sinclair, write books that are pernicious and corrupting, because they slur moral consequences, and lack the proper abhorrence of sin. Such books are dangerous reading; they make virtuous people seem almost hateful and immoral people seem almost lovable. In Richard Hovey's five-volumed poetic drama, *Lancelot and Guenevere*, Lancelot is made to say concerning his and the Queen's great sin against King Arthur and against each other:

> It doth not now repent me of my sins;
> They oft were my salvation. But for them
> I might have lain forever in my dream
> In the child-hearted valleys. They, like wolves,
> Roused me from my as yet unearned repose
> And drove me toiling up this arduous hill
> Where from the summit now mine eyes look out
> At peace upon a peaceful universe.
> Nay, sweet, our sins are but God's thunder-clouds,
> That hide the glorious sun a little while;
> And afterwards the fields bring forth their fruit.

Many pens are busy paganizing and unmoralizing literature. Their finest work is less Christian than are the friezes of the Parthenon: they show no more acquaintance with religion than a devil's darning needle knows of the Lord's Prayer; they have no more morals than a marble faun. Such are the best of them; as for the worst, they are vile, filthy, revolting, enough to make the heavens shudder and the earth vomit. Now in such a time, and amid such desecrations and defilements, how inestimable is the value of the high-minded, noble-natured leaders in literature, who lead to the uplands, to those "high tablelands to which the Lord our God is moon and sun." One such leader is Richard Watson Gilder, through all whose loyal life and literary work moves a sensitive conscience faithful

to its keen sense of moral responsibility, a spirit shamed and grieved and pained at the presence of evil, a knightly rage at the baseness of insolent wickedness, a manhood sealed with uncalculating and undeviating devotion to the best, the highest, and the finest. His latest book of song lies before us, The Divine Fire. The pictured emblem on the title-page is an altar with its flame ascending heavenward. To him the earth is an altar, life is aspiration, and the fire he keeps burning on that altar is divine. Of the more than sixty poems in this volume probably the loftiest and stateliest is the Requiem for Augustus Saint Gaudens, the great sculptor, entitled "Under the Stars."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Letters of Queen Victoria. A Selection from Her Majesty's Correspondence Between the Years 1837 and 1861. Published by authority of His Majesty the King. Edited by ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, M. A., and VISCOUNT ESHER, G. C. V. O., K. C. B. In three volumes. 8vo, pp. xviii, 641; xiv, 575; ix, 657. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, red cloth, $15.

In England, in the twenties of the nineteenth century, there lived a little auburn-haired girl who might one day become queen, though nobody told her that while she was little. She was willful and passionate, but affectionate and truthful. In childhood she did not like to study, and until she was five she resisted all attempts to teach her the alphabet. Her mother was a widow so poor that when her husband died she and her little girl would not have had money enough to get home from the funeral had not a relative assisted them. The king, George IV, was very rude to this poor widow. This little fatherless girl was brought up very simply; indeed, her training in childhood was austere, her life narrow and starved. She never had a room to call her own until she was fully grown; always slept in her mother's room until she was eighteen, and she studied in her governess's bedroom. Years afterward she spoke of her childhood's home as a place of tears, and said that she could not help pitying herself when she looked back on her years from fourteen to eighteen, though she acknowledged that those unpleasant years had given her much wholesome discipline. One June day, in 1837, her mother, who was known as the Duchess of Kent, woke the eighteen-year-old girl at six o'clock in the morning, and told her to get up, as the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain wished to see her. The little maiden rose, hastily put on her dressing gown, and went alone into the sitting room. In a moment those two august and momentous gentlemen came in, knelt down and kissed her hand, addressed her as "Your majesty," and told her that, by the death of her old uncle, King William IV, that morning, she was now queen of England. Then she went back to her mother's bedroom, took a good look in the mirror at the new queen of England, and dressed. Her letters tell us she was not excited. A few hours later the wise great officials of the realm came to her house to learn her wishes, receive her commands, and take her message of authority for the House of Commons. What a morning for a girl of eighteen! Now,

we have no desire to be rude to that innocent child, nor disrespectful to a great and noble nation, but a convinced republican, a citizen of Greater England, and of the twentieth century, cannot help feeling that this is a mediæval spectacle which scarce befits our modern age. To see a lot of strong, experienced statesmen bowing humbly to a child of eighteen and pretending that she is capable of exercising authority over them and of wisely ruling a kingdom, makes the Western observer ask: "Does not this look like the Land of Make-Believe and the age of fetishes?" Herbert Spencer said that a people should not be deprived of their king any more than a child should be deprived of its doll. The present reigning monarch of Annam is eight years old; the Annamese must have their doll. And there are great nations of people who still consider it a rational method for selecting their rulers, to renounce their own natural right of intelligent choice and to commit the appointment to the unintelligent, incalculable hazards of heredity in a single family; who regard it as fair and wise to grant to one family a perpetual monopoly of the right to be supported luxuriously in royal palaces and to enjoy all other privileges and perquisites of royalty from generation to generation, and who accept it as proper and judicious that one particular maiden, presumably no better or better qualified than hundreds of other eighteen-year-old English girls, shall appropriate the throne and wear the crown simply because she happened to be born into a family which long ago cornered the business of governing. In these centuries a certain group of princely families in Germany holds the monopoly of royalty. With eminent shrewdness they have managed to secure a wide acceptance for the antique doctrine that they are sovereigns by the grace of God. In that group the Coburgs have been and still are conspicuous and powerful. The widowed Duchess of Kent was a Coburg, and it was through her little girl Victoria that the Coburgs had a grip on the throne of Great Britain. And notwithstanding the English people did not like the extremely ambitious Coburg family, the laws of succession put Great Britain at the mercy of that German family, and little Miss Victoria, who jumped out of bed into her wrapper one fine June morning to be saluted as "Your majesty" by British statesmen on their knees, lived long enough to become the mother and grandmother of royalty over Europe and to extend the sovereignty of the Coburgs over the Continent. The royal succession passed over to the Coburg Princess Victoria through the fact that the only offspring of King William IV living at the time of his death were not legitimate. This did not contribute to British complacency or peace of mind. The ablest of the Coburg family was Leopold, first king of the Belgians, uncle of little Victoria, who assiduously coached his young niece from her early childhood for the royalty business. Never did any young person have a more sagacious, more astute, more adroit, more able adviser. Nothing is more evident in these three volumes of letters than his keen worldly wisdom, his superb and masterful political finesse. Without his faithful, constant coaching one feels sure that the young Victoria might not have climbed so coolly, so serenely, so sure-footedly her high and dizzy way. In order to keep the English people from dwelling on the fact that she came of a foreign

family, Uncle Leopold advised her to refer frequently and proudly to the fact that she was born in England and had never been out of it. To insure the support of the ecclesiastical power, he counseled her to speak highly of, and to identify herself closely with, the Church of England. That advice was more important in Leopold I's day than it would be now. Experienced Uncle Leopold, king of the Belgians, told her how to protect her dignity from the overfamiliarity of those around her, as follows: "Never permit yourself to be induced to tell the people about you any opinion or sentiment of yours which is beyond the sphere of common conversation and its ordinary topics." "Do not permit anybody, be it even your prime minister, to speak to you on matters that concern you personally, without your having expressed the wish of its being done. You have no idea of the importance of this for your peace, and comfort, and safety." In order to strengthen the grip of the German Coburgs on the throne of England skillful Uncle Leopold brought it to pass that the young Queen Victoria quickly married Prince Albert of Coburg. For his assiduous and successful activities for the advancement of the Coburg family Leopold was visited by the English papers with what he called "the most scurrilous abuse"; which he could afford to ignore, since he had beaten them in the game of manning their throne. The Germanizing of the British court was further extended and intensified by the fact that the queen kept in her household and always near her Louise Lehzen, who had been governess to the Princess Victoria from early childhood, and exercised over her a strong influence. Fraulein Lehzen was the daughter of a Hanoverian clergyman. Another powerfully influential German personality always near and on confidential terms with the young queen was Baron Stockmar, a very able man with immense political knowledge and no personal ambition, who was utterly and unselfishly devoted to two ideals—the unification of Germany under Prussia, and the establishment of German control in England through the Coburg queen to whom he was really private secretary and chief adviser. Uncle Leopold urged his niece Queen Victoria to follow the advice of Baron Stockmar, whose influence was also great over Albert, the queen's German husband. In the minds of the English people there was much dissatisfaction, often loudly expressed, because of the preponderance of German influence in the court of the new half-German queen. But in the light of subsequent history, all this was well for England, for it was the beginning of a long, wise, beneficent, and highly respectable reign. In justice to Leopold I of Belgium it should be said that he ever held up to his niece Victoria, both before and after her accession to the throne, the highest ideals of morals and of womanhood, urging her to be always straightforward, sincere, truthful, consistent, just, and every way blameless, and to devote herself unsparingly to the welfare of her people. All of this she faithfully obeyed, and the loving confidence between her and her uncle Leopold never wavered. That it was immensely useful to her cannot be questioned. Once he wrote to her: "You may pull your husband's ears if you will, but you must never be irritated toward your uncle." Again he wrote: "In the next fifty years of your glorious reign, you may get many things; but you cannot, by any power of earth

or of heaven, get a new uncle who has kept his word to you for twenty-five years." Victoria enforced her own strict notions of propriety upon her court. She insisted that no one, no matter of what rank or importance or claim, should be appointed in any capacity to the royal household on whom even the slightest breath of scandal rested. The domestic virtues shone in her and exercised for sixty years a powerful exemplary influence over English homes. She satisfied the middle classes of Great Britain because she was essentially one of them in education and nature, though she had no sympathy with political democracy, which she stoutly discouraged, resisting all its aggressions against royal prerogatives and titled privileges. She was a stickler for the dignity of the crown and for the rights of the nobility. She had little general culture, small knowledge of or interest in art or science or literature. Her mind was essentially commonplace. Lord Melbourne, Victoria's first prime minister, said: "The prince consort is bored with the sameness of his chess every evening. He would like to bring literary and scientific people about the court. The queen, however, has no fancy to encourage such people. This arises from a feeling on her part that her education has not fitted her to take part in such conversation; she would not like conversation to be going on in which she could not take her fair share, and she is far too open and candid in her nature to pretend to one atom more knowledge than she really possesses on such subjects." To be a good wife and mother and a good queen was her whole ambition, and no woman that ever sat on a throne ever succeeded better. Her very limitations confined all her attention to the business of governing, and she learned that practical art with great thoroughness. Her memory will long be justly and heartily honored even in the day when kings and queens are done away—a day which, we think, is sure to come, not soon but inevitably. Royalty is a relic. Its justification no longer exists in reality. It is a clumsy and bungling makeshift for twentieth century intelligence. There are hundreds of abler and nobler men in Great Britain than the man who, by the accident of birth, sits on the throne. It is doubtful if there is one really great man on any throne in Europe today. Consider the young man who now sits on the throne of Spain. The rulers of Europe during the century and a quarter of this republic's history do not compare in ability with the presidents of the United States. Kings are not chosen for ability; presidents are. The stork appoints emperors; the votes of intelligent millions choose presidents. No wonder Gilder calls them "crowned absurdities"—"that lot of little men pretending to be kings." But if anyone wants to see royalty at its best he can gain in these three big volumes of the Letters of Queen Victoria an inside view of its principles and methods, as well as a pretty full revelation of the heart of one of the best of women. These volumes come down only to 1861, and for selections from the queen's correspondence through subsequent years the public must wait till other volumes are ready. At the time of the writing of this book notice, the emperor and empress of Germany are at Windsor as guests of the king and queen of England, holding a family reunion. In the streets of London, crowded to welcome the Kaiser, the sentiment

is displayed, "Blood is thicker than water"; and Emperor Wilhelm is saying to throngs at Guildhall: "The main prop and base for the peace of the world is the maintenance of good relations between our two countries, and I shall strengthen them as far as lies in my power. The wishes of the German nation coincide with mine." All this the spirit of wise and successful old Uncle Leopold I of Belgium would delight in. It is still England and Germany bound by many cords, with the German blood dominant in both countries. In the light of Victoria's reign and of the present status of Great Britain and Germany among the powers of the world, we cannot help thinking that the blood-alliance and friendly feeling between those two great nations are good for both of them and for the peace of the world. England and Germany together are strong enough to dominate Europe. As to the present rulers of the two nations, neither of whom is a great man, England has the less impulsive, the more diplomatic, and sagacious, the less strenuous and strident; Germany has the more voluble, the more histrionic and spectacular, the more dashing and ambitious, and the more strictly moral. In a game of political and diplomatic chess between the two we fancy the cool-headed, suave, unloquacious Albert Edward might win. In these Letters of Queen Victoria the history of Europe during her reign is largely reflected.

The History of Babylonia and Assyria. By HUGO WINCKLER, Ph.D., Professor in the University of Berlin. Translated and edited by James Alexander Craig, Ph.D., Professor of Semitic Languages and Literatures in the University of Michigan. Revised by the Author. 8vo, pp. xii and 352. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $3.00.

The publication of this book is one of those curious surprises that the book trade occasionally offers to the reading public, if, indeed, there be any reading public outside a small circle in the learned professions. The surprise will duly appear in the remarks which are to follow. This book first appeared in 1899 as a part of Helmolt's *Weltgeschichte*, in the German language. When that big and useful work was translated into English and published in London by Heinemann this portion naturally appeared with the rest. And now Professor Craig has translated it all over again, and, by the way, has done it much better than it was done before. It is now published as an independent work, and the surprise is that it appears under the imprint of a firm which in the year 1902 published a quite independent book on the same subject by the late lamented Professor Goodspeed (A History of the Babylonians and Assyrians, by George Stephen Goodspeed). The surprise is deepened by the fact that Goodspeed's book is much the better book of the two, and needs only a careful revision to bring it quite up to date. Professor Craig has introduced the book with the statement: "Dr. Winckler is *facile princeps* in the field of historical research covered by the following volume. He has not only the great advantages of being one of our foremost Semitic linguists, and a specialist in Assyriology, but is also naturally endowed, as few men are, for the constructive work of the historiographer." To make this true much modification and explanation would be necessary. Dr. Winckler is an extraordinarily gifted man, but his gifts are in the imagination

rather than in judgment. He is most decidedly not a great Semitic linguist. The weakest part of his equipment is philology, and his theories in respect of philological matters are subject to constant revision at the hands of the great philological school which clusters chiefly about the name of Friedrich Delitzsch, and is largely made up of his personal pupils. No philological work of the higher rank has ever proceeded from Hugo Winckler. His great service has been in the suggestion of keen hypotheses to explain tangled or fragmentary materials out of the history of early Babylonia and Assyria; some of these have endured the testing of soberer and more judicial minds, while many have not found any general acceptance among scholars. This is not said in disparagement, for he would be foolish indeed who did not recognize Winckler's claim to most vivifying and useful service. But his qualities, distinguished as they are, in large measure unfit him to be a wise guide for the general reader; in just that service Goodspeed is a far wiser and safer guide. And now, having expressed an opinion on this point, we may turn to the book itself. At the outset let it be said that it is exceedingly good reading, and as interesting as anybody is likely to make history of this early period. It is admirably translated, and the notes which Professor Craig has added are both judicious and useful, and might have been increased tenfold to the great improvement of the book. Many of them serve to bring the work more perfectly up to date, yet even with this effort it was behind the summit of knowledge when it went to press and is still more so now. This might be shown in a number of cases, but these will suffice. On page 53 in the section devoted to the kings of Isin, it is said: "Five kings of this dynasty are known at present, *Ishbigirra, Gamil-Ninib, Libit Anunit, Bur-Sin, Ishme-Dagan*." The period assigned to them covers about one hundred years, for the date of the entire dynasty is given as B. C. 2600-2500 (?). We now know that this dynasty consisted of sixteen kings, who reigned two hundred and twenty-five years and six months. Their names are not all known. The order and number of years of reign are known and may be here set down to be used in the correction of this book:

1. Ishbi-ura (ruled eighteen years).
2. Gimil-ilisher (10).
3. Idin-Dagan (21).
4. Ishme-Dagan (20).
5. Libit-Ishtar (11).
6. Ur-Ninib (28).
7. Bur-Sin (21).
8. Iter-Ka-sha (5).
9. ——— ——— (7).
10. Sin ——— (6 months).
11. Bel-bani (24).
12. Za-me ——— (?) (3).
13. ——— ——— (5).
14. Ea ——— (?) (4).
15. Sin-magir (11).
16. Damiq-ilishu (23).

A change quite as great, and in some respects more important, is demanded in Chapter VIII, which would require rewriting, since Dr. King has definitively shown that this dynasty never ruled in Babylon at all, but was contemporaneous with portions of the first and third dynasties—a change which will also necessitate a revision of the chronology of the seven chapters preceding. It is a stimulating book, nevertheless, and will be useful to those who know how to use it. We advise the general reader to check it carefully by the soberer book of Goodspeed, to which we have made reference above.

History of the Christian Church. By PHILIP SCHAFF. Christianus sum Christiani nihil a me alienum puto. Volume V, Part I. From Gregory VII, 1049, to Boniface VIII, 1294. By DAVID S. SCHAFF, D. D., Professor of Church History in the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny. 8vo, pp. xiv, 910. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1907. Price, cloth, $3.25, net.

Few men in American history served their generation more industriously and more efficiently than our greatest church historian, from the time that he—a Privat Docent of twenty-five from Berlin—came over in 1844 to take the chair of Church History and Biblical Literature at the old theological seminary at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania (opened in 1825 in Carlisle, removed to York in 1829, to Mercersburg in 1837, and to Lancaster in 1871), until he laid down his restless pen and went home to be with Neander and his other teachers, October 20, 1893. One of the richest biographies in all literature is The Life of Philip Schaff (Scribners, 1897) by this same son, who has now published the first part of the long and anxiously looked for volume necessary to fill the gap left vacant in the seven portly volumes of the fullest and best general church history issued since the gentle and pure spirit of Neander—to be held in loving and reverent memory by all historical students for extraordinary combination of learning, diligence, conscientiousness, catholicity of judgment and Christlikeness—left its frail tenement on July 14, 1850. Most happy and rare church historian Schaff to have a son able not only to follow in his footsteps but even to complete the literary task he left undone! Dr. Schaff had fine qualifications for his work: (1) Knowledge of the chief ancient and modern languages in which are the sources and literary monuments; (2) an excellent style and a mastery of the English tongue almost miraculous for one who had lived his first twenty-five years among his native Swiss and Germans, but paralleled by the marvelous linguistic powers of another German-American, the late Carl Schurz; (3) diligence, impartiality, catholicity of feeling, and breadth of view; (4) hearty sympathy with Christianity in all its aspects, and a power to see a Christian spirit under perverted and corrupt forms; (5) interest in literature, science, art, and secular currents. These and other characteristics make Schaff's the best history to the Reformation for a religious student among the larger works, to be supplemented for that part of the Reformation not covered by him and for the modern period by the second volume of A. H. Newman or of the Hurst history, and especially by the last three volumes of Sheldon's admirable History of the Christian Church (iii—v, Crowell &

Co., 1894). Now the question comes: Has the son worthily filled the gap left by the father? He has. This reviewer, who has read the book through carefully, can give just praise for the same conscientious and wide study of sources and of recent monographs, the same desire to be fair and to see all sides and to be open-minded to all efforts to realize—however mistakenly—the Christian ideal, and yet the same honesty and candor in telling the truth. The period whose story is here told is a most stirring and fascinating one, and yet almost every aspect of it (including even the Flagellants, the Dark Arts, Demonology, the Sermon, the Sacred Drama, etc.) finds careful and interesting treatment, nor is the revealing light of a good anecdote refused. If one misses anything, it is the father's swing, strength, and grace of style. There is a point or two on which a difference of opinion is possible. Full justice is hardly done to Becket (p. 149). We think Hagenmeyer has eliminated for all time Peter the Hermit from the chief incitements to the first crusade. He had a part, but it was not at all the picturesque role of the legend. Aquinas's amelioration of infant damnation (p. 759) ought to have been mentioned in connection with the dark record on pp. 670-1. We would insert the word "some" before the words, "essential matters of the Christian life" on p. 677. We do not think the author need be concerned for Holzapfel in regard to the origin of the rosary (p. 426), for ordinary historical statements in papal encyclicals are always subject to respectful revision. Augustine's recommendations in his famous letter to the nuns were incorporated with other things among the rules of the so-called Augustinian order, and ought to have been mentioned on p. 359. See Herzog-Hauck, 1897, ii, p. 254. On the Order of Grammont (p. 369) we miss the book of Mr. Walter T. Griffin, Grandmont: Stories of an Old Monastery (1895), published by our Book Concern, which, though unfortunately written in seminovel form, embodies the results of long and careful studies in Limoges and other places in France among original documents and of the best modern French books. On the whole, Professor Schaff is to be congratulated on filling after a long interval the vacant place left in his father's noble volumes, and in the spirit and power of that father, and in saying this further praise or even description is superfluous. May the second part of volume five soon follow!

Kurzgefasste Geschichte des Methodismus von seinem Anfängen bis zur Gegenwart. Von Dr. JOHN L. NUELSEN und THEOPHIL MANN. Bremen: Buchhandlung und Verlag des Traktathauses, G. m. b. H. 1907-8. (To be completed in 15 Lieferungen at 50 pfg. each, or in large 8vo vol. of 960 pp. at 10 marks, about $2.50.)

The Germans have not been without books in their own tongue on the history of Methodism. As far back as 1795 the German pastor of the Savoy congregation in London, and an admirer of the Wesleys, J. G. Burckhardt, published a history of Methodism in two volumes at Nürnberg. In 1853 Ludwig S. Jacoby, a name to be held in everlasting remembrance, published in Bremen his manual of the history, doctrines, etc., of Methodism, followed in 1870 by a regular history of the movement, its rise and expansion in different parts of the world. One of the very

best accounts ever written by a non-Methodist, the part devoted to Methodism by Lecky in his History of England in the Eighteenth Century, 1878ff., was translated into German by Löwe, Leipzig, 1880. In biography Hampson's Life of Wesley was translated, two volumes, Halle, 1793, as was also Southey's, by the celebrated preacher Krummacher, two parts, Hamburg, 1827-8, and Watson's, Frankf. A. M., 1839. That great-hearted and widely read scholar, Tholuck, put out a Life of Whitefield in 1834, and wrote a preface to the German edition of Benson's Life of Fletcher, 1833. Much information (from a standpoint not always favorable to Wesley) is given in the learned dissertation of Waner, *Die Anfänge der Brüderkirche in England*, Leipzig, 1900, which has been translated by John Elliott, of the Moravian House, Baildon, near Shipley, England, 1901. Nor should we forget the remarkable article by Professor Loofs, of Halle, in the third edition of the Herzog theological *Realencyklopadie* (1903), with its accuracy, comprehensiveness, and sympathy. But it will be seen from this sketch that there is still room for a one-volume history for German readers, written with adequate knowledge of recent investigations and discussions, with a regard to objections of Lutherans to Methodism, especially in Germany, in hearty love for Methodism and yet with sincere appreciation for other forms of Christianity, and with no desire to deny imperfections in our own development. A work broad, scholarly, popular, written with fullness of information and inner sympathy by trained scholars who are yet near the people, a work long enough to be adequate and yet not too long to discourage reading by busy men—that is still a desideratum in German, whatever may be the case in English. Three parts of such a volume are now before us. Its authors are Professor Nuelsen, of our Nast Theological Seminary at Berea, Ohio, one of the ablest and most brilliant workers in our world-wide field, who writes the early British and American portions, and Pastor Mann, who writes the post-Wesley British and the continental parts. The aim of the new history is to combine accuracy with popular presentation, as well as to defend Methodism and Methodist history from the misconceptions of German writers. Its style is clear and easy, its learning is ample, its spirit is at once religious and philosophical; it lays stress on the pivotal things, and it is a work in every way to be commended. It bids fair to be the best one-volume history of Methodism in any language. We have read it with delight, and, though not unfamiliar with our history, with gratitude for new information and fresh points of view. It deserves a wide reading not only by Germans but by English-speaking students who know anything of the language of Luther and Goethe.

The Methodist Year Book. STEPHEN V. R. FORD, Editor. Pp. 236. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, 25 cents, net; per dozen, $2.40, net.

Every up-to-date Methodist is anxious to procure a copy of the Methodist Year Book as soon as it is off the press. The reputation of Mr. Stephen V. R. Ford, for years its editor, leads all acquainted with it in the past to look for a table spread with good things. They do not expect a mere rehash of last year's bill of fare, but though our tables always

have some of the same things, the good and thoughtful housewife looks for something new and tasty that will tempt the appetite and make her table to be always inviting. So here the editor, while he must present some of the same general facts from year to year, always brings some things new as well as old and some of them quite striking. One of the first things we look at in the new book is its pictures. Here we find the portraits of Bishop Asbury, the hero of long years ago, and Bishops McCabe and Fitzgerald and Dr. James M. King, who have but recently left us. General Conference being near at hand and Baltimore the place, attention is called to it by a series of illustrations. On the cover is a cut of the Eutaw Street Church in its enlarged condition, and on page 214 a most interesting one as the church was when dedicated during the General Conference of 1808. We find also the "Light Street Parsonage," in the upper room of which the General Conference of 1808 convened. Lyric Hall, in which the Twenty-fifth Delegated Conference will meet on May 6, 1908, is presented. Here are the faces of the delegates to the European Congress of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with a sketch of their doings, which will be of interest to many readers. A facsimile of the title-page of the first Discipline will attract the attention of many. The book is an epitome of Methodist facts. They say figures are dry, but they tell the story and here is an array that will stimulate thought. "Studies in membership" covering the period of the twentieth century, the "Statistical Tables," "Ministerial Support," "Conference Claimants," "Sunday School Progress," "Official Benevolences," and the "Ready Reference Compend" are worth hours of study. Here are the names and addresses of all the Conference secretaries and the more than six hundred presiding elders in Methodism. The doings of the great benevolent organizations of the church are described, the plan of church insurance, the Historical Society, hospitals, the brotherhoods of the church, aggressive evangelism, the deaconess movement with a list of its institutions, the Woman's Foreign and Home Missionary Societies, and the temperance societies. The Department of Publication gives a list of the official publications and their editors, names of the Book Committee and the districts they represent, the publishing agents, and a table of the quadrennial sales of both the eastern and western houses from 1848 to 1904. All in all, it is today's Methodism in a nutshell, and should have a wider reading than it has ever had before.

MISCELLANEOUS

74. *Illustrative Lesson Notes for* 1908. A Guide to the Study of the International Sunday School Lessons. By PROFESSOR I. J. PERITZ, DR. F. M. BRISTOL, and DR. R. R. DOHERTY. 8vo, pp. 382. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.25.

In his prefatory note to this admirable volume Dr. John T. McFarland, the editor, speaking of the International Lesson System, says that notwithstanding its confessed limitations, it has accomplished noble results. "It has concentrated the studies of many millions upon the Bible;

it has given to the humblest and most remote teachers the benefit of the ablest Bible scholars; it has awakened an interest in the Bible, and particularly in the Old Testament, greater, deeper, and more widespread than the world had ever before seen; it has enlisted the learning of the greatest of scholars; it has promoted a vast circulation of Bibles, of helps for Bible study, and of works upon the Bible; it has brought to the general church an investigation of questions concerning the Bible which is destined to show the impregnability of the foundations of the faith and to cause the bulwarks and towers of Holy Writ to stand stronger before the world; it has created a growing demand for a more scientific method of study and teaching." The literature issued by the Sunday School Publications Department of the Methodist Episcopal Church, under Dr. McFarland's editorship, has been of a very high order. He has done his work with fine intelligence and conspicuous ability. The various lesson helps prepared by him or under his direction for 1908, including the meaty, informing, copiously illustrated, and every way attractive volume before us, are surpassed by none anywhere in the world. Every Sunday school in our Methodism ought, for its own sake, to use them.

God's Calendar. By WILLIAM A. QUAYLE. 8vo, pp. 76. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, ornamental, boxed, $1.50, net.

One more nature-book from the poet of "God's Out-of-Doors." In this beautifully bepictured volume he paints in multicolored words the picture of the months in their order. Our readers are familiar with this ecstatic reveler in the physical world, this passionate artist of earth and sky and waters. Whatever he touches he beautifies. Twelve photogravures copy typical scenes from the chaptered pageantry of all the months. A peculiarity of this book is that only the right-hand pages are printed, and the stories of the months are short.

METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1908

ART. I.—THE PRE-BIBLICAL BIBLE

WHAT did the people do for a Bible before ours was written? It is very late Saturday afternoon in the week of time before ours has been made accessible to half the denizens of earth. The people before our time could not justly be left without a knowledge of God and their relation to him. Neither were they. There are various ways of expression more significant and universal than that by words. What do men in the post-biblical times do for a post-biblical Bible? Revelation tells us. There was a book written within and on the back and sealed with seven seals. But when it was opened, seal after seal, nothing was read in words therefrom. Words were too insignificant, inefficient. But great symbolic, unwordable, spectacular panoramas of prophetic significance followed one after another with preluding thunder as a call for attention. Then came the white horse for leadership, the red horse of war, the black horse of scarcity, adversity and midnight, the pale horse of death. Then three seals of visions of spiritual realities, the multitude of martyrs awaiting vindication, earthquake, darkened sun and rolled away heavens, terror of wicked men, rich and mighty, and counter visions of celestially rewarded saints. The six seals are for revelation, the seventh for the seven trumpets to sound the advent of hail and fire, of the flaming meteor, cast into the sea, and so on through the unwordable revelations that it is not possible for a *man* to utter in the poor speech of earth. That this

unworded revelation was understood is seen in the responses made. What I wish to observe is that the post-biblical Bible and the pre-biblical Bible are alike—uttered and displayed by symbols rather than words, and more significant than any possible words of man could be.

God has made his pre-biblical Bible of nature. Added to this was the inspiration that was meant to be given to everyone in every cool of the day. To pure souls he could say all he wished in these two ways. He left himself not without a witness in that he did good and gave them from heaven rain and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness. Since man was created upright and in God's own image he was originally able to recognize God's thought by his works and all things became significant of him. One engine maker understands the thought of another engine maker better from his engine than from any possible words. One sculptor recognizes the thought and soul of Angelo in his Moses, the soul of the unknown maker of the Venus of Melos, by the cold marble that has felt the touch of their living fingers better than by any possible words. Words are an impertinence for explaining what is more evident without them and what is beyond them. So the sculptor of atoms, mountains, and worlds is better understood, by those who still keep his image and likeness, from his works than from any words of man's invention. Human words do not fit such divine grandeurs. Daniel Webster said to a congenial mate concerning the White Mountains: "These mountains fit us." But Alps, Andes, Himalayas, the sun and Sirius, a thousand times as big, and populated space unthinkably bigger, fit God. How little can man's words show him forth. No man has stated nature's teaching of God more clearly than Cicero, or Chrysippus the stoic, but even men of such ability very faintly echo the grandeur of nature's statements. It is not for a moment to be presumed that God's creative work reveals his innermost nature like his redemptive work; still it has its value, and any value of God is priceless. What is understood from nature? Paul may answer—"That which is known of God is manifest in them [the wicked and heathen]; for God manifested it unto them. For the invisible things of him since the creation of the world are

clearly seen, being perceived by the things that are made, even his everlasting power and divinity." It is so plain, that those who do not see those two essentials of the Godhead are without excuse. Any thinking, the least thinking consistent with being a man, recognizes the truth of the actuality and omnipotence of God. "No God" is the fool's conclusion. Some of the most brilliant intellects of our day have sought to penetrate the mysteries of the universe. They have tracked present results back through evolutionary processes to primordial conditions. They have said, in the beginning, protoplasm; in the beginning, force, potency in the star dust of a cloud; they have supposed life to be brought from other worlds by meteors, have tried to evolve man from primeval granite, but all have been obliged to come back to the first Bible word—"In the beginning *God.*" The things which do appear admit of no other conclusion. Natural theology is the basis of all theology. We can get no idea of the functions and attributes of a being, not even from a book, till we are clearly persuaded that such a being actually exists. And proof of this fact can not be higher in kind from a book, even the Bible, than it is from nature. Even the Bible appeals to nature, all the way from stars to grass and dew, to prove and illustrate the fact and nature of God.

In considering this matter we are dealing with certain evident facts as real as any in the universe. There are facts psychological as well as facts geological. Walking west from these Colorado plains, we first come to strata of white sandstone on edge, soon after to strata of red sandstone also on edge, then to the sublimities of the upheaved Rockies. These facts demand pre-Rocky Mountain ranges as real as the ranges before us. So there are great psychological facts in all ages of human belief that demand mountain ranges of thought higher and vaster than the everlasting hills. When Adam walked in the turning of the day and the mysterious night came on, the stars appeared, and lo! creation widened on man's view, he had such reverential awe, such inferential consciousness of the necessary existence of a Maker of all these worlds, as Napoleon said, that he inevitably felt that God came and walked with him. So all true seers since. The old Latins said: *"Astra sunt castra,"* but that meant too much per-

manence in fortifications for winter, or longer, abiding. The psalmist made a great advance. When I consider thy heavens, the moon and the stars, I swing into the greatest problem of the universe—What is man? Stars are points of attachment for trapezes. And no mind, making flying leaps on trapezes of thought that swing between stars, can fail to meet God as he goes. Rapturous as the soul becomes reading the words of the Son of God, also rapturous becomes the soul rightly seeing the works of him by whom are all things, for whom are all things and who constantly upholdeth all things by the word of his power. When I consider thy heavens, the moon and stars that thou hast ordained, the glorious galaxies of their splendor seem but the Maker's name writ large. The whole REVIEW could be filled with the recognition of God in his works made by poets, philosophers, seers, prophets and by men of low degree as well, agnostic Herbert Spencer among the others. And the pages would glow like a June morning in the valley, or a winter night on the mountaintop. The fact of God being clear, so clear that no tribe of degenerates has ever been found without this, Sir John Lubbock to the contrary notwithstanding, what about Him? Into this more than Cretan maze of so-called natural religion many a Theseus has gone with cues of his own, not Ariadne's make. These cues have nearly all proved too short, and have become so inextricably crossed and intermixed and tangled with other cues that there has been no possible following of them out. In a subject so large some men have found it difficult to distinguish between what they saw in nature and what nature reflected from themselves. In other words, some men think that which they read into nature from their own minds, instead of reading in nature the things it reveals. In truth, men do find in nature things to fitly represent their own thoughts. The Persians demand of Athens earth and water in token of total submission. The Indian sends a rattlesnake skin to signify a foe crawling unseen in ambush ready for a sudden striking of deadly hate. The lover sends a rose, red-hearted and atmosphered afar with perfume and delight, to signify his state of being toward the beloved. So it is claimed in all things men read their own minds into nature. Yes, but nature is fitly significant or it would not be chosen. No

man would think of sending a rattlesnake skin to signify love, or a rose to signify war, unless its meaning has been conventionalized by some Lancastrian or Yorkish appropriation. Passing by all theories, which are rather the metaphysical vaporings of human brains than the voice or legible handwriting of nature, we come again to the question, Besides the fact of God, what does nature teach about him? We would not like to answer in the terms of our modern Christian conception and expression lest we be reading back into nature the truths made evident by revelation and experience. So we take what every heathen tribe, even those outside of and before our present written revelation, has discerned. Nature gives a sense of awe, a consciousness of a sublime presence unseen. Its sublimities surround us, and bend over us with mastering power. Niagara subdues every petty feeling and being. Niagaras are few but sublimities are everywhere. The cathedrallike forest, silent or songful, the mountain, the storm, or the solemn pageantry of the night, all subdue the soul with a sense of awe. It is natural that men go to groves for temples and high places for sacrifices. The Chinese believe in a soul in everything and the Greeks peopled clouds, seas, and sylvan shades with deities. Was there thunder and lightning?—Jove was hurling his thunderbolts. Was there a mountaintop pavilioned with clouds and canopied with rainbows?—There was Olympus and the assembly of the gods. Were there fruitful fields?—A dead earth was not sufficient cause for such a result; Ceres and Pomona had passed that way. Were there flowers?—Flora had smiled and left that celestial radiance embodied and perfumed. Were there men starkly mad rushing into darkness but ever seeing the dagger they had thrust into the maternal breast?—It was the Furies that shrieked into their ears and ever held the murdered victim before their frenzied sight. There was more in the world than man could account for on a mere human basis. Every life is ennobled and glorified that catches from a thousand sources the wondrous strength of night and storm and darkness that has passed over the world its awesome power for every child of man since the first. Even

> A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn
>
> . . . . . .

has

Sight of Proteus rising from the sea,

hears

Old Triton blow his wreathed horn,

and is "less forlorn." Here is the great element of worship that makes up so large a part of the education in heaven. The awesome reverence of the elders, and of the spirits of just men made perfect, and of the living creatures that symbolize all life, falling before the throne is the unwordable culmination of a feeling that had its beginning in every rude child of nature that ever was in the presence of the earthquake, the fire, or the storm that is always meant to precede the still small voice. That loftiest of all poetry, perennially young and perennially sung, which had David's harp for accompaniment, and all the world's greatest souls for responsive audience, had this awesome influence of the sublimities of nature for its inspiration. "He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and thick darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he was seen upon the wings of the wind."

The natural result of all this power and prodigality of good is a sense of obligation being so vast that it has not been met. Hence, a sense of sin. Representing the religious thought of the millions of India, the *Dhammapada* begins: "If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage—the evildoer suffers in this world, and he suffers in the next; he suffers in both." So poignant is this sense of sin, so seemingly disproportioned to the designed wrongdoing of this life, that men have invented a theory of sin, actual or imputed, in some previous state of being, unremembered in this. These facts, real and huge as Himalayas, in the minds of India's millions, must be accounted for. They cannot be accounted for by supposing them to result from the teaching of men. They are too repugnant to human nature. They come from what we call natural religion. Hence men have blackened the heavens with the smoke of their sacrifices. They have brought the firstlings of the flock, and the fruit of their grounds, even the fruit of their bodies, for the sins of their souls. If one asks for an embodiment on a large scale of these two results of nature on

the soul, reference might be made to Greece and Rome. It takes a whole people centuries to fitly show the results in embodiment of a single idea. Phidippides comes into the cool grotto and sees there under the drooping vine majestical Pan. When he said, "Halt, Phidippides," halt he did, his brain in a whirl at so slight a vision of divinity as the goat god. That this pre-biblical Bible was somewhat effective for salvation we are distinctly told. Peter's second greatest discovery was that there was salvation outside the visible church; that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is acceptable to him. In the great multitude that no man can number, redeemed by the blood of Christ out of every tribe and tongue and nation, there must be many that never heard of the scriptures of a single nation. Some "gentiles that have not the law, do by Nature the things of the law." Revered Melchizedek, Arabian Job, Jethro, priest of Midian, girded Cyrus, accepted Cornelius, are only hints of what "every tribe" shall send to swell the heavenly pæan. But the purpose of this paper is not so much to cast light on the great subject of natural religion, to which so many brilliant minds have lent their illumination. It is not so much to inquire concerning the value of the pre-biblical Bible, or the post-biblical Bible, but it is to call attention to a greatly neglected current Bible, contemporaneous with our present written Bible. It has been maintained that before man lost the image of God, association with him at the turning of every day would have been sufficient. How is it with those who have recovered the image of God? Is not the spiritual influence of God's word as embodied in nature greatly overlooked? Is not his word by which all things consist, or stand together in order, a word of the same kind as the words that are spirit and alive? I approach the subject of God's embodied word under great disadvantages because it is unwordable in the speech of man. Its grandeurs can be felt but not expressed. For daily teaching and communion God would not attempt to rely on a written word not accessible to one in a million of his children. He must have some evidence of his love and care ever present. So he has made his world his kindergarten, his common school. He has lavished upon it every possible style of illustration and significance. Earth

is crammed with heaven and every common bush aflame with God. Occasionally a man of great faith like Abram is admitted into the high school, where the stars in the sky and the sands on the shore are the algebraic signs for multitude; or a John is permitted to look in on a session of a university class. He wept much because no man was found worthy to open the books of that grade, nor even to look thereon. At length the Lion of the tribe of Judah was found able to open the book, and its teaching was of such a grade that men have not been able to fathom its meaning up to now. In all great displays of God in nature the type of the race has been Saint Paul "hearing unspeakable words which it is not possible for a *man* to utter." The old adage says "the hog never looks up to him who threshes down the acorns." Some men are strangely porcine and some only look up to fear the club will fall on them in wrath, rather than on the stores of mercy. They are like Peter Bell:

> A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

All great souls love nature. It is their Father's handiwork for them. Had the Maker been like Scrooge or Gradgrind, he might have fed his hordes with grain and fruit without flowers, lighted them with light without gorgeous sunrises, sunsets, and individual stars. How do parents feel when their children are honored, authors when their writings are prized? "God is glad when one loves his world so much." He is glad when one can say,

> This world's no blot for us
> Nor blank: it means intensely, and means good.
> To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

One known to my readers recognizes two eras in his conversion: one alone in the dark chamber at midnight with Christ spiritually manifested, the other the next night on the hillside under the sparkling stars with Christ materially manifested; when

> To form a robe of light divine
> Ten thousand suns around him shine.

It was the same that David felt after he made Saul "see the Christ stand":

> And the stars of night beat with emotion and tingled and shot
> Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge; but I fainted not.

All heaven was full of sprinkled isles and the soul of them all upheld them with his word of power. It was the same kind of splendor in which he chose to appear to the beloved disciple exiled on Patmos. Let it never be forgotten that the material universe is God's primal manifestation to man, and the angels shouted for joy as they heard the stars on that morning sing together. How much the written revelation owes its expressiveness to the embodied! Christ made his Bible out of common things—sparrows, lilies, the sweeping woman and the toils of men. Heaven needs trees and rivers of life, rainbows and gold cheap enough for paving to-show forth its glory. The right-minded man sees the snow-capped mountain and goes up Sinai, Tabor, and Mount Zion, higher than all heavens. A vision from a snow-capped peak is a vision for a lifetime and eternity. Sinai is not merely a hump of primeval rock; it yet glows with the splendor of God's descent upon it; its thunder is not electric phenomena, but the echo of God's voice speaking the words of the Commandments, and it has a cleft so full of glory that no man in the flesh could see it and live.

How much our most thrilling thought is indebted to nature for expression! How could we express ourselves without "Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Blest River of Salvation," "Roll on, Thou Mighty Ocean," "The Morning Light is Breaking," and a thousand others? Pitiable is the state of soul that sings only the words and sees not the rivers and the morning glories. Nature is the armory of expression for genius. Blessed is the man who finds that

> The harp at nature's advent strung
> Has never ceased to play.
> The song the stars of morning sung
> Has never died away.

Henry W. Warren

Art. II.—JOHN WILSON

De Quincey, in his delightful recollections of life in the English Lake region, tells the following story: About three hours past midnight, a young man yet pretty nearly a stranger to the Lake Country—but I suppose it was the Opium Eater himself, mooning about after his custom—had strolled up to White Moss Common above Grasmere Lake, when he was startled by a bull that came puffing and laboring up the mountain road. A moment later there appeared in chase three horsemen, and the bull turned and plunged down to the marshy ground at the head of the lake. The leading horseman, a towering figure crowned by floods of yellow hair streaming in the wind, now shouted: "Turn that villain, turn that villain, or he will take to Cumberland!" De Quincey turned the bull—or says he did; I always have had my doubts about it—and the cavalcade rushed past in the dim morning light, leaving the young man wondering whether they were not creatures of vision and dream.

This, if I am right in thinking the young man of the story to be De Quincey himself, seems to have been his first meeting with John Wilson. It was a very characteristic one; for Wilson was usually on some high horse, and riding at a reckless pace. It was two years before, in 1807, that Wilson, in the first flush of manhood, twenty-two years of age, and just out of the university, had come to live at Elleray, on Lake Windermere. He had made a record for brilliant though erratic scholarship at Oxford, had inherited from his father a handsome fortune, had more health and high spirits than he knew what to do with, and so, with no very definite career or purpose in mind, he selected one of the loveliest spots in England and set himself down to enjoy the goods of life. Few men ever had keener relish for all the healthy pleasures of a rational animal. A goodly man to look upon—standing six feet, broad-chested, sinewy, shaking back from his massive forehead his disheveled mane of tawny hair, he seemed a big, good-natured Goth. At the university he was remembered

for his prowess and a certain genial impudence rather than for any more distinctly academic attainments. He had measured twenty-three feet in a running jump, he had walked back to college after dinner one night in London, covering the fifty-eight miles in nine hours, he had knocked out the toughest pugilist in Oxford. Here in his life at Elleray as a country gentleman he prided himself on keeping all his manly accomplishments well in practice. "A fine, gay, girt-hearted fellow," said one of his rustic neighbors, "as strang as a lion, an' as lish as a trout, an' he had sic antics as never man had." But he was a very soft-hearted giant, and his exuberant sentiment was always running over into sentimentality. During his early college years he formed an attachment for a certain Margaret, which seems to have been genuinely impassioned, and lasted some seven years. But his mother, for some unexplained reason, was unalterably opposed to their union; and Wilson, like Gibbon, sighed as a lover and obeyed as a son—which would seem to indicate either that the mother had an unusually strong will or the son had an unusually weak one; it probably indicates both. Wilson certainly sighed a good deal; memory of his early passion gives a sentimental tinge to his writing at various points. But very soon after taking up residence at Elleray he met a high-spirited girl, the belle of the Lake District, of a temperament exactly fitted to sympathize with his. John Wilson and Jane Penny were married early in 1811, and their domestic life for twenty-five years exhibits all that is best in Wilson's character. These early years at the Lakes, however, gave little promise of public work of any sort. Wilson had, indeed, cherished since his college days some literary aspirations, and chose his residence at Elleray partly on account of the neighborhood of Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. But his life was too satisfying to admit any very strenuous ambitions. It was only a lucky stroke of misfortune that threw him upon his own resources, and forced him to show what stuff there was in him. In 1815, through the mismanagement or treachery of a friend, he lost practically the whole of his fortune. In this emergency he decided to accept the invitation of his mother to take up his residence in Edinburgh with her, and to enter the profession of the law. He was admitted to the

bar in the same year; but the year and a half of "walking the Parliament House" that followed served chiefly to bring him into acquaintance with a little group of young Edinburgh men, especially with that brilliant, audacious genius who soon became his closest friend, and was to be associated with him in the decisive work of his life, John Gibson Lockhart. Among the places of resort in Edinburgh just then most attractive to bookish people was the handsome new shop in Prince's Street of the enterprising young bookseller, William Blackwood. Mr. Blackwood had just undertaken a most important venture. His older rival publisher had succeeded in capturing the two most famous publications of the century thus far, the Waverley Novels and the newly established Edinburgh Review. Blackwood then determined to have a periodical of his own, Tory in politics, to match the Whig Edinburgh. He wisely decided, however, not to compete with the Edinburgh in its own field, but to make his periodical a magazine, rather than a review, inviting the ablest and most brilliant contributors, but admitting a wider variety of composition and more vivacity of treatment than would be appropriate in the staider pages of a review. Unfortunately, he had accepted as editors two men quite incompetent to realize his ideal, who, much to his vexation, termed his new magazine "our humble miscellany," and filled up its early numbers with dull rubbish. Mr. Blackwood stood it for six months, when he dismissed the incapables, took the magazine into his own hands, and looked about for some better editors. The two young men, Wilson and Lockhart, had been in his shop almost daily for a year, and he had found frequent opportunity to observe their rampant Toryism, the brilliancy of their talk, and their wide acquaintance with books and men. He determined to secure their services for his enterprise and, while retaining general supervision of the magazine himself, to put all the details of editorial conduct into their hands.

In October, 1817, appeared the first number under the new management, the seventh of the series, but the first real Blackwood's Magazine. It came upon the decorum of Edinburgh like a thunderclap out of a clear sky. The public that for six months had found in Mr. Blackwood's innocent periodical little more

exciting than the reports of county fairs and the price of pigs and poultry, were surprised to see this harmless thing changed into the most audacious of journals, that scattered personalities right and left, and had no fear of dignities. Edinburgh good society was most scandalized by the last article in the number. Few people nowadays know or care anything about this once famous "Chaldee Manuscript"; but seldom has any fugitive magazine article created such a commotion. It was a satirical account of Blackwood's quarrel with his first editors, and of his rivalry with Constable and the Edinburgh; and it introduces under a thin disguise not only Blackwood and his editors, old and new, but Constable, Jeffrey, Walter Scott, and a number of other persons prominent in the little world of Edinburgh. The paper is divided into verses, and its diction and imagery are a tolerably close imitation of the Old Testament. It is a clever skit, but its humor—which is said to have convulsed Scott with laughter—will hardly prove irresistible to the modern reader. Its allusions are purely local, and could have been understood only by the literary circles of Edinburgh. The reader of today, moreover, will be puzzled to know why it should have ruffled the proprieties so much. Its satirical use of Scripture phrase probably displeased some good people, and it certainly treated the big-wigs of Edinburgh with considerable levity; but there is nothing really profane in it, and its personalities are not of a sort, one thinks, to give serious offense. But after it had secured its purpose by selling off the first edition of the magazine it was withdrawn in deference to public sentiment, and it is not now to be found in most sets of Blackwood. In fact, there were much worse things than the "Chaldee Manuscript" in this first number of the new magazine. The opening paper is a review of Coleridge's Biographia Literaria, and it is probably written by Wilson; it has the boisterous manner and reckless epithet always too characteristic of his critical writing. The reviewer misses altogether the wealth of critical principle contained in this certainly rather formless book, and his article is throughout a vulgar, derisive attack upon Coleridge himself. The author of the "Ancient Mariner," so the critic avers, has written nothing worthy of remembrance save a few wild and fanciful

ballads, yet he is "so puffed up with a miserable arrogance" that he seems to consider the mighty universe itself "nothing better than a mirror in which with a grinning and idiotic self-complacency he may contemplate the physiognomy of Samuel Taylor Coleridge." There are twenty pages of such stuff as this, written, as the reviewer declares with a pious smirk, not in the cause of literature merely, but in the cause of morality and religion, lest Mr. Coleridge should be held up as a model to the coming generation. Later on in the same number is the first of that notorious series of articles on the "Cockney School of Poets," the authorship of which has never been definitely determined, but which were probably written in part by Wilson, in part by Lockhart, and in part also by that swashbuckling Irishman, William Maginn. The worst of them, the infamous paper on Keats, was published in August of the next year; but they are all filled with violent personalities, and as literary criticism are practically worthless. The utmost that can be said in defense of much of the writing in the early volumes of Blackwood, is that it was prompted by a certain boyish hilarity and not by any real malignity. Determined above all things that their magazine should not be dull, the young editors laid about them right and left, with very little regard for precision or propriety. They were always ready for a fight or a frolic, and liked best some combination of the two. For some eight years the practical conduct of the magazine was in the hands of Wilson and Lockhart. In 1822, they began that famous series of papers in dialogue, the Noctes Ambrosianæ, which contain Wilson's best work. It is not certain which of the two men is to be credited with the original conception of the Noctes; but they seem to have contributed about equally to the earlier numbers, sometimes writing together and sometimes separately. Some little assistance—though probably not much—was given in the early numbers by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and William Maginn, who figures as the O'Doherty of the Noctes, and reappeared years afterward as the Captain Shandon of Thackeray's Pendennis. But, from first to last, the real author of the Noctes was Wilson. Lockhart was never a genial or jovial man; he was a born satirist—"the serpent that stings the faces of men," as he

was well characterized in the "Chaldee Manuscript," but Wilson's exuberant spirits, his effusive comradeship fitted him exactly to carry out the conception of the Noctes. After 1820 Lockhart's intimate relations with Scott—whose daughter he had married—drew him somewhat away from the magazine; and in 1825 he went to London to take editorial control of the Quarterly Review, and left the conduct of Blackwood's entirely to Wilson.

With all his work for the magazine, Wilson had given much of his time since 1820 to the duties of another position that, one thinks, should have called for more dignity than the young fellows in Mr. Blackwood's editorial rooms were accustomed to wear. In that year he offered himself as a candidate for the professorship of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University. The chair had been occupied by such eminent Scottish philosophers as Dugald Stewart and Thomas Browne. Wilson's rival in the candidacy was Sir William Hamilton, who had almost every qualification for the place, while Wilson, to say truth, had almost none. He was, moreover, known to be the leading spirit in the conduct of the periodical that for nearly three years had scandalized grave Edinburgh folk by its boisterousness and its audacious personalities. But the election was a partisan affair, and Wilson won—as a Tory, with "influence." He occupied the chair until 1852, two years before his death. He was an entertaining, sometimes an eloquent, lecturer, and the charm of his personality made him popular in the class room as everywhere else; but it cannot be said that he ever widened the bounds of knowledge in his department. He lectured for thirty years; but he never cared enough for his lectures to print anything from them save some few papers in Blackwood's, not of sufficient importance to be included in the collected edition of his works. The income from his professorship, together with the liberal payments from Mr. Blackwood, soon placed him beyond pecuniary anxiety. His estate at Elleray he had never sold, and after 1823 he was able to spend his summers there regularly with his family about him. He genuinely loved the country; only twice in the last thirty years of his life did he go up to London. It is at Elleray that one likes best to picture him, in his later as well as in his earlier years—under the great

sycamore that still spreads its venerable arms over the little cottage that had been his first and best-loved home there, watching his game cocks and rollicking with his dogs, rowing on the lake, or racing up the hill behind it, with a crowd of shouting children, to watch the long panorama of cloud and mountain from Orrest Head, or striding with giant pace over the road to Rydal, to look in upon Wordsworth or that best beloved of all the Lakers, little Hartley Coleridge at the Nab, joining with the lusty rustics in the annual Grasmere sports, and proving himself still in the wrestling "a vera hard 'un to lick," keeping the gamesome spirits of youth quite down to the verge of age. He liked all sorts and conditions of men, and used to say he thanked God he had never lost his "taste for bad company." The homely folk of the Lake Country who only knew Wordsworth as an odd party who made verses, knew John Wilson as a "gert, good feller." His memory is still green in all that Windermere region. The current of this joyous life flowed on unbroken until his wife died suddenly, in 1837. He was never the same man after that. His connection with the magazine had not been so close since the death of the elder Blackwood, in 1835, and his contributions, though they continued till the very last year of his life, now became much less frequent. Something of the pathos of age was coming over him. Elleray he found too lonely, and gave up his summer residence there. His children married, and, though living near him, went out of his Edinburgh house. He was still the big, leonine man, but his temper was mellowed very much. The widening of his circle of acquaintance to include many of his old adversaries, the certainty that many measures he had bitterly opposed were not working disaster to the state—these causes combined with the natural effects of age and sorrow to soften the asperity of his opinions, and make him more tolerant and gentle. His one immortal sentence is characteristic of him in those latest years: "The Animosities are mortal, but the Humanities live forever." His health, which he had perhaps drawn on rather heavily, hardly fulfilled the extravagant promise of his youth. In 1852 he was forced by growing weakness to resign his chair, and two years later he died, cheerful, if not buoyant, to the last. It was shortly

before his death that he met, after long absence, his old friend, Lockhart, now like himself pathetically broken by sorrows and bereavement, but, unlike Wilson, embittered and cynical. Four months later he followed his friend. Wordsworth had died four years before. Little withered Mr. De Quincey, the last of the Lakers, who for half a century had kept his system in a pickle of laudanum, though born in the same year as Wilson, outlived him five years, dying at the riper age of seventy-four.

If we would estimate the literary work of Wilson, we must credit him, first of all, with having found out how to edit a magazine. For the instant success of Blackwood's, as well as its continued prosperity for more than twenty years, was due more largely to Wilson than to Lockhart. There is, to be sure, more finish in Lockhart's work; his keen and caustic satire is cruelly effective, and he was, I think, an abler critic than Wilson. But Wilson had a more intimate sympathy with his readers, a quicker sense of what would interest or amuse them at the moment; and, above all, he had an exuberant vitality, an immense volume of good spirits that seemed to pervade the magazine. His writing was often very yeasty, but at all events it was never heavy. The unpardonable sin in the columns of a magazine is dullness; and Wilson was never dull. As to the permanent literary value of his work, that is another matter. For one thing, it was usually done in too much haste to be lasting. Acting on the convenient maxim, "Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow," he would postpone his writing till the last moment and then, locking himself in his room, turn off sheet after sheet, with amazing rapidity, sometimes writing a whole number of the Noctes at a sitting. His biographer says that he once wrote fifty-six double-column pages of print for Blackwood's in forty-eight hours. But it is art that tells in the long run; and extempore writing thrown off at such a dizzy rate could not have received much artistic care. Nor was it only the form that suffered from such a pace; Wilson's opinions are often ill-considered, his critical verdicts hasty and sometimes contradictory, his rough and ready censure of men and measures rash and indiscriminate. Moreover, though it is not true that writing to be weighty needs to be heavy, yet it probably

is true that the qualities which gave such buoyancy to Wilson's writing at the time are peculiarly liable to evaporate in the course of a century. The effervescent humor has lost its bubble now, and tastes a little flat on the palate. The truth is, a style so highly exhilarated doesn't keep well. Wilson put his own bounding spirits into all his work. He writes as the traditional Irishman played the violin, "by main strength." Hilarious or sentimental, he is always eager, voluble, expansive. But such a rush of manner, though it may carry you away for a time, is likely to weary after a little. We crave repose of style, temperance of feeling, delicacy of sentiment. And, what is worse, this exaggerated animation suggests something factitious; we suspect it to be got up to order, like the devotional moods some people induce by rubbing their hands together. The man, we say, makes too much fuss over expression, without saying much, and although always going at full speed doesn't seem to get on. We shall have to admit that in all respects Wilson was a good deal of a Philistine. I should like to have heard the late Mr. Matthew Arnold express his opinion of him—and I should like to have heard him express his opinion of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold. The amenity, the fine reserve, the urbane superiority, the distrust of enthusiasms, the aversion for the raw and the hasty—all those qualities that went to the making of our great critic would have been shocked by every page that Wilson ever wrote. But probably the most serious discount from the permanent value of Wilson's work is the lack of any central purpose. The great masters of prose, Burke, Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin, Arnold, even the novelists like Thackeray and George Eliot, have been very much in earnest over something. You can see in all their work certain dominating ethical ideas which they are bent on imparting or enforcing. Even a Philistine with a message is likely to make the world listen to him. But Wilson, so far as I can discover, had no message. For some thirty years he read lectures on ethics—I judge pretty much the same lectures—to classes in Edinburgh University; for the rest, he wrote for Blackwood's Magazine. He had to keep the printer's devil in copy and he took care that what he furnished should not be dull; but it is vivacity rather than earnestness that his writing shows.

As leading writer for a pronounced Tory magazine he was bound to observe a journalist's consistency, but, while we need not question the honesty of his opinions, the eagerness of his political writing seems to proceed rather from partisan feeling than from any profound conviction. In his miscellaneous, discursive papers, like the Noctes, he touches a wide variety of topics without evincing special personal interest in any, or seeming to feel a call to convince or persuade us of anything in particular. There is no real urgency in the man. Even in his critical verdicts it is difficult to trace any consistent principles. He records his impressions in lively, often in very emphatic, language; but they are capricious and sometimes conflicting. When in his moods he is liable to damn his most favorite idol. If there were two authors whom he intelligently and consistently admired, they were William Wordsworth and Walter Scott. Yet one day, writing for the Noctes[1] in a freakish mood, not content with calling a certain Mr. Martin "a jackass"—which perhaps he was—he went on to relieve his gall yet further by remarking that Wordsworth often wrote like an idiot, and never more so than in his great sonnet on Milton, that he was becoming less known every day, that he ludicrously overrated himself, that he had thrown no light on man's estate, that Crabbe stood immeasurably above him as a poet of the poor, and that the "Excursion" was the very worst poem of any character in the English language. And as if that were not enough for one fit, a little later in the same paper—and this was in 1825, when the great Sir Walter was the god of the world's idolatry—he declares that Scott's poetry is often very bad, and that except when his martial spirit is up, Scott is "only a tame and feeble writer." But the week after, when his paper got into print, he was in a blue, shivering terror over what he had done, and declared in a letter to Blackwood that he would rather die that night than own those passages to be his.[2] In truth, while Wilson had physical courage in abundance, of moral courage he seems to have had very little; and when a bit frightened he would roar you as gently as any sucking dove.

[1] Noctes, No. 21, September, 1825.

[2] See the Correspondence in Mrs. Oliphant's William Blackwood and His Sons, vol. i, chap. vi.

Wilson dabbled in so many varieties of composition that it is a little difficult to classify his work. The collected edition of his writings includes, besides the Noctes, a volume of verse, a volume of Tales and Sketches, two volumes of papers called Recreations, best described as Out of Door Sketches, and four volumes of critical and miscellaneous writing, in great part culled from his contributions to Blackwood's. The verse need not long detain us. His longest poem, "The Isle of Palms," which was planned and in part written as early as 1805, is interesting as being, at least in conception, an early specimen of the school of romantic poetry. It seems probable that it may have been suggested by some of Southey's big romances; its meter is certainly reminiscent of Southey. It is an odd mixture of wildly improbable incident and very sweet sentiment. On the deck of a great ship, bound we know not whither, are a lover and a lady; when suddenly the ship is a wreck, and all on board are lost save these two. A kindly fortune washes them together on some shore where it seems inconvenient to stay, and then provides a boat to waft them to the Isle of Palms. In this tropic paradise they live for years, wedded by fate, the only inhabitants of the isle. A child is born to them, and grows to young maidenhood, a sylvan sprite, with no knowledge of the wide world's wickedness. But at last a passing ship takes them off and brings them safely back to Liverpool and prose, when the husband and family, we are left to infer, settle down comfortably with his mother-in-law in Wales. To tell us this precious tale takes some four thousand lines; but the truth is Wilson never wrote a line of genuine poetry. He lacked the gift of compression and the gift of melody, and uniformly diluted his passion into a gush of lukewarm sentiment.

Nor are the Tales much better. They are stories of humble life, and most of them are meant to be very pathetic. Their subjects are not cheerful, as may be inferred from some of the titles—"The Lover's Last Visit," "The Headstone," "The Elder's Death Bed," "Consumption," and others of the same complexion. But this only faintly indicates the amount of mortality in this volume of Tales. Running through them again recently, I found that they average almost exactly two and one half deaths to each tale—

which is depressing. Besides this, there is a large assortment of childless widows, broken hearts, forsaken maidens, family Bibles, churchyards, and deserted cottages. When Wilson makes an attempt upon our sensibilities, he is not to be satisfied with any half-way effects. The obverse of any healthy pathos is usually humor; but Wilson always seemed afraid of mixing them, and there is hardly a gleam of humor in the tales. His style, too, is not realistic, or natural, but rhetorical and melodramatic. "A plague upon sighing and grief," says Falstaff, "it blows a man up like a bladder!" Wilson's sentimental style seems to have suffered in that way. It is not full; it is inflated, dropsical. There is none of the strength of reticence in it, none of the simplicity of nature. All his sentimental writing, indeed, is lush; the Scotch have a word that fits it still better—it is "wersh." Among the miscellaneous writings, the only things of much note are several critical papers; and these are hardly entitled to any high rank in the body of English criticism. Wilson's opinions, as we have seen, depended greatly upon his moods, and we never can be quite sure that the verdict of today is not to be contradicted by the verdict of tomorrow. From first to last his criticism is never systematic or reasoned. He records his own impulsive feeling about his author; he seldom attempts an impartial estimate based on any clear principles. When he heartily enjoys a book his comments are sure to be stimulating, and are sometimes really incisive. And even when he has a mind to scourge, so long as he is only recounting his own genuine dislike and not feeding some personal or political spite, he seldom goes far wrong. Young Alfred Tennyson not unnaturally took umbrage at the roughness with which Blackwood's handled his maiden volume; but it may be noticed that the ripening taste of the poet removed from the second edition of his volume nearly all those poems on which "crusty Christopher" had laid his big finger. In a word, Wilson is a pleasant commentator, but not a great critic. His spontaneous judgments are usually well enough; he only goes wrong when he attempts to justify them. Far better than his Tales or his criticism are the Out of Door Papers. In some of them are passages that show Wilson almost at his very best. To be sure, here as everywhere Christo-

pher seems in a state of overexhilaration. Moreover, his excessive animation makes his manner discursive to the last degree. In the course of a half hour's walk his remarks shall range from the nature of the Deity to the best breed of game cocks, and never leave you a moment to look about you. Yet there are some passages of good description in these papers. Mr. Saintsbury, indeed, goes so far as to say that Wilson's descriptions of scenery are better than anything of the kind in English prose; but I think he must have forgotten a good deal to say that. I should rather say that Wilson had not in any very high degree the gift of description proper. He does not set the landscape before you. What he can do is to make you feel his joy in it. Anyone who had never taken the walk from Ambleside to Grasmere by the west bank of Rydal would hardly be able to form any clear picture of it from Wilson's paper, "A Stroll to Grasmere"; but to one who knows and loves that loveliest of English walks, the paper will be a delight, recalling at every sentence some fair glimpse or treasured memory. In these papers there is, at all events, little factitious enthusiasm; the high spirits are not forced. There is space, breeziness in them. Christopher is in the open air. I, for one, am thankful for all such writing as makes one realize

> How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ
> All the heart, and the soul, and the senses forever in joy!

But Wilson's most characteristic writing is to be found in the Noctes—and I think his best. It can hardly be necessary to explain that these are a series of papers in dialogue, recounting the converse of a rather jovial company of Blackwood's men who are supposed to meet for an occasional night of good fellowship around the table of a famous Edinburgh tavern, Ambrose's—hence the name, Noctes Ambrosianæ. In the early numbers of the series, a considerable number of persons are introduced; but when, after 1825, Wilson took the control of the Noctes into his own hands, he reduced the speakers to three—Christopher North, who stands for Wilson himself; Tickler, who is said to have been suggested by an uncle of Wilson's, Robert Sym; and the Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg. But there is little real

dramatic quality in the papers; Christopher, Tickler, and the Shepherd are only three persons in one, John Wilson. The Shepherd comes nearer to being an independent character, doubtless because he was studied directly, though very freely, from the original; but the real Hogg seems to have been quite a different person from the Shepherd of the Noctes, and shows in some of his letters an odd mixture of vanity and vexation at seeing himself translated into so large a type. All the extravagant humor and sentiment, all the most luxuriant description, in the Noctes is given to him. The colloquy is a literary form that has manifest advantages. It enables you to prove anything, by making one of the disputants a man of straw. It is also an easy device for self-flattery. You have only to divide yourself into two persons, and then let each flatter the other. North is forever admiring the Shepherd's rhapsodies or dissolving in tears at his pathos; while the Shepherd is forever holding up his hands in awe at North's eloquence. "O, man, man! but ye're an orator—the orator o' the human race!" The form of the Noctes was especially adapted to Wilson's rambling and discursive manner. Impulsive, sentimental, he had little power of connected thinking, and could rarely keep himself to one theme for ten minutes together. But in the jovial evenings around the board at Ambrose's, connected thinking would be only another name for dullness. Politics, criticism, sentiment, fancy are mixed in this rattling talk, and enlivened by jest, and story, and song. Within a dozen pages, you may come upon a résumé of German philosophy, an account of a dog fight, an estimate of Wordsworth's poetry, a scathing denunciation of the "Cockney School," a bravura of sentimental rhetoric over a Scotch moonrise, and a comic song; and the whole fairly boiling and bubbling with animal spirits. Possibly the modern reader may suggest that something of the exhilaration of the Noctes is due to spirits of another brew. Wilson, like old Ben Jonson, was no man to sing

> My mind to me a kingdom is,
> While the lank, hungry belly cries for food,

and the amount swallowed, both of solids and liquids, at each of

the Noctes is certainly something enormous. I believe Mr. Saintsbury (who rather prides himself as an authority upon such matters) pronounces the Gargantuan exploits at Ambrose's table to be quite within the limits of possibility, only suggesting that there were too many oysters for the Glenlivet. On such questions I pretend to no opinion, but I well remember the shock of mild surprise my callow youth received at first reading the Noctes, on the recommendation of a worthy doctor of divinity much in love with them. And I still incline to doubt whether the less valorous appetites of today will quite assent to the confident assertion of the Shepherd: "There does not at this blessed moment breathe on the earth's surface ae human bein' that doesna prefer eating and drinking to all ither pleasures o' body or soul. . . . Eat and drink wi' all your powers—moral, intellectual, an' physical. This is the rule." The Shepherd follows his rule very closely. I judge on a fair computation, near a quarter of all the talk in the Noctes is devoted to meats and drinks and the effects thereof. Of course all this is a Barmecide feast. Ambrose's was, in fact, not at all the abode of Oriental splendor it appears in Wilson's pages, but a plain Edinburgh tavern; and if Wilson and Sym and Hogg ever forgathered there, I dare say their potations were very moderate. All this imagined conviviality is only a device to afford expression to Wilson's extravagant good spirits. The talk at the Noctes is by no means the talk of half-befuddled men, whose god is their belly and who mind earthly things. It is mostly very good talk indeed, playing over all sorts of subjects with quick intelligence, and glowing with fun and fancy. There are bits of excellent criticism in it too, not quite dissolved in a wide welter of words. In fact, Wilson's criticism is at its best in these incidental comments struck out in the heat of conversation. And there is a deal of sound sense—of a rather high Tory sort—on current politics and statesmen, on social questions, on education, on public morals—on all topics in which a well-fed Scot might be expected to take interest. But of course the suppers at Ambrose's were not intended primarily as Aids to Reflection. The great charm of these papers is the buoyant, ebullient life that pulses all through them. And if they are a little boisterous in tone, and the humor, now and then—as

the Shepherd owns—"a bit coorse," yet it is the clean mirth of robust and healthy men. In these days when so much hectic, morbid, neurotic literature is offered for our recreation, I think it pleasant to join sometimes the company of these red-blooded persons who don't enjoy poor health. The Shepherd, in particular, is delightful. He has store of quips and jests, he sings a very good song, and he can hit off a vivid portrait—as of Lockhart, "a pale face an' a black toozy head, but an ee like an eagle's, an' a sort o' lauch aboot the screwed-up mouth o' him that fules ca'd no canny, for they could na thole the meanin' o't." Some of his satiric hits are very good, as when he *hopes* there's many an incident in the Excursion he has forgotten, "for I canna say I reclet ony incident at all in the haill poem but the Pedlar's refusin' to tak a tumbler o' gin an' water wi' the solitary. *That* did mak a deep impression on my memory, for I thocht it a most rude an' heartless thing to decline drinkin' wi' a gentleman in his ain house; but I hope it wasna true, and that the whole is a maleegnant invention o' Mr. Wordsworth." But best of all are his full-length passages of flamboyant description. They are all written by Wilson; they are Wilson letting himself go. They are better than the similar rhetorical fantasias and elaborate pathetic passages in his other works because they seem more spontaneous. And then, although Wilson's fancy, and humor, and sentiment all run riot in them, the Scottish dialect gives them a naturalness, that tempers their extravagant rhetoric and keeps their sentiment from getting mawkish.

On the whole, it is Christopher North the world will remember, and not Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh. In the merciless winnowing of time, much of his writing will fall into oblivion, all the verse, all the tales, and most of the criticism. But I must believe that some of the wholesome, fresh-air sketches, and certainly the Noctes, will live another century as a part of the literature of invigorating recreation. In them, at least, Christopher North is too much alive soon to die out of the memory of men who love good fellowship and hearty cheer.

C. T. Winchester

Art. III.—OUR EDUCATIONAL CRISIS

We of the Methodist Church have long felt a justifiable pride in her educational enterprise. In the early days of settlement in the middle and far West backwoods colleges were organized and rapidly grew into centers of influence in the character-building of the young, and subsequently in the moral life of the various states. The honorable record of the army of alumni sent out from these institutions has been illustrious in the life of the nation. The church mastered the educational problem in these regions almost a generation before the state awoke to the duty of higher education. That conditions are changing, that they have changed, is plainly evident to anyone who will study the broad field of higher education. That the Methodist Church has but half awakened to the necessity of grappling with the problem is almost equally evident. Our church is at a crisis in its educational endeavors, and it will be well to meet the problem squarely and thoughtfully. One of the important factors in the problem is the rivalship of the big state universities. There is scarcely a state where our church has long maintained educational work which does not illustrate this. Our colleges, and not merely ours but the colleges of other denominations, have been distanced in the race of progress by the state universities. This has been not so much a matter of retrogression of our own, for many of our institutions are making marked advancement, but they have been outstridden by the gigantic leaps and bounds of state education in the past few years. For a generation or more these rivals were largely our inferiors, throttled by state parsimony and political meddling. Michigan alone showed a generous public interest in higher education, and for many years it led the education of the Middle West. But slowly state pride and state conscience began to awaken. Appropriations became more generous and required less lobbying. In a few years various states became rivals in generous provision for buildings and running expenses, and the precarious grants were changed into regular and abundant annual appropriations. Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana,

Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska have now provided their universities with millions of dollars, and their educational plants are admirable. Students have consequently flocked to them by the thousands. The press has taken up the cry for the state institution, and the public high schools have been closely articulated with the university to their mutual profit.

Now, Methodism would make a serious mistake were she to attempt to belittle this progress. Much less should we sympathize with the narrow bigotry which from mere jealousy has sought to block legislative appropriation. Every Methodist should lend his influence in support of these great schools. We are of the state. We should take pride in the fact that civic conscience and civic generosity in higher education is at last wide-awake. Our state institutions cannot become too good. Their presence is a strength to state and nation, even though they are trying rivals to our best endeavors educationally. Their magnificent buildings, rapidly increasing libraries, laboratory and workshop facilities, their multiplication of special schools and departments, all based on a rapidly increasing income, have practically outrun all rivals save a few very heavily endowed private or denominational institutions like Chicago and Leland Stanford. The question is sometimes put: "Why, then, should not the churches abandon their colleges and universities? We did good work in former years, but now that the state has assumed the burden, why should we not turn our energies and our means to other fields? Why attempt to duplicate facilities which the state is providing?" Such questions are often asked.

But the long experience of Methodism has well taught the distinctive value of education under markedly Christian auspices; the religious atmosphere around the young man or woman in the vital crisis of college days means much in character-building. This is worth all that Methodism is expending upon it. Our state universities, thanks to the Young Men's Christian Association, and certain devout presidents and professors, have undoubtedly improved in moral and religious tone; and our church should do everything to foster this. We should cultivate a public sentiment which would demand clean, high-minded men in the chairs of

our state universities. And we should use all endeavor tactfully to promote a good moral and religious tone at the seats of state learning. But the college which by reason of its very organizing principles lays stress upon the religious life of the student body will be needed as long as there is need of the church itself. Our church has an educational field which it were a crime to desert, even in the face of the overgrowth of our state universities.

The growth of showy, powerful rivals has in not a few instances produced an unhealthy condition in our institutions. It has occasioned a common craving for numbers. Numbers are an advertisement, and beget more numbers. They lend weight in statistical comparisons. So prevalent is the desire for numbers that even padded statistics are resorted to at times. Growth of enrollment is made the one desideratum. But numbers may be a symptom of dangerous disease and not a few of our educational institutions have outgrown themselves to a serious degree. No institution has a right to grow faster in numbers than in resources. The prudence which leads many sensible persons to limit their family in accordance with income has been abandoned by not a few college presidents. The alma mater is nursed to meagerness by an unlimited progeny. Fifty thousand dollars, which was an adequate income to care for five hundred students, becomes more and more cramped as the numbers swell to six hundred, eight hundred, or even one thousand. The loaf must be cut smaller until at last the portions are insufficient. It is time that the trustees of our Methodist colleges and universities definitely limit the number of students to such a figure as is compatible with the resources. We must drop out of the race for numbers.

This is no misfortune; the educational value of the college as against the big university is undoubted. The states have almost uniformly fostered the latter rather than the former. They have had to do so. They are democratic, open to all, serving all tastes, and under obligation to provide for all comers. Their position in the economy of the state demands that they multiply their students and diversify their courses. In such an institution the individual is largely lost in the crowd, and some of the most desirable features of an education are unattainable. The small college, therefore,

presents an unrivaled field for church education. Moreover, the peculiar personal forces which are the duty of the Christian college play most strongly through a student body of moderate numbers.

In our rivalship with the state universities, there has also been developed an unwholesome multiplication of courses and of departments. The establishment of new chairs or schools at the state institution has been accepted as tantamount to a challenge. A broad and varied curriculum is indeed a matter of educational pride, and is an excellent advertisement. But here, again, the college president must be temperate. *Universititis* is a malevolent disease, sapping the life blood of many a foundation which might have done admirably as a college. Our church should definitely prohibit this form of educational vanity. A wide curriculum shoddily administered is a disgrace to any church. And shoddiness necessarily follows unless the curriculum is proportioned to the income, only those lines of study being undertaken which lie within the means of the institution. An admirable college education may be given by half a dozen well-manned departments. With the resources at our command, our strength must lie in intensity rather than in diversity.

Of recent years another feature of unwise rivalship with the heavily subsidized state institutions is intemperance in building. Almost all our big state universities are admirably housed, one costly building after another having been added from the state funds. Such a plant has great value in education, but it is by no means indispensable. Methodism may provide the very best education for the young people of the land in old-fashioned, ill-equipped buildings of a score or two of years ago. Most men desire to live in new and attractive houses, but the man who lives in a house beyond his means imperils the true home he might have had in less pretentious quarters. And a college of narrow income may be so overburdened with the provision for unnecessary new buildings and the maintenance of increased facilities that it loses its power. It is property-poor, and starves its students in the essentials. Not a few of our institutions have suffered from the building mania.

In one less public feature our institutions have been content

to take a distinctively inferior position. Our wage scale for the teaching force has been from twenty to forty per cent lower than that of rival state institutions. This in the long run spells educational failure or half success. Other things being equal, the better wage will command the better talent. This has occasioned for many a Methodist school the loss of its brainiest, most valuable teachers. Such a loss is a serious misfortune to any institution, for men of this type are the heart and life of a college. If the state university can transplant whatever talent it desires, it hurts us far more than by its numbers or its buildings. In this respect, a few small, wisely administered colleges have maintained themselves against all rivals, securing for themselves an enviable reputation through distinguished professors. Mark Hopkins at the other end of the log from James A. Garfield was the power that made Williams what it was and is in the life of the nation. Our ability to retain the service of valuable teachers has been put to even more severe strain by the establishment of the Carnegie pensioning fund, though in this respect our rivals are not the state universities but the independent colleges and universities. Our poorly paid college professors have little opportunity to save for old age. We have no pension fund in our church for them. The future must mean hard work to an advanced age, or sudden death, or protracted old age in want. The Carnegie pension is a pledge of security if they will only transfer to a proper institution at the opportune time. The result will be that here, again, we will lose the invaluable man to our rivals. The only security against this is the conservative building up of adequate endowment to employ at a living wage and with promise of pension the best educators in the market. The ideal professor for one of our church schools is even more difficult to secure than for our rivals, and we should be able to command and keep his services wherever we find him.

All these matters reduce themselves finally to the paramount obligation of keeping our educational standards very high. The Methodist Church may question whether it is in duty bound to open colleges for the young, but if it once undertakes to do so, it has no right to give shoddy education. The young man or woman

of college age searches here and there for a proper place to spend those years which are to have so important an influence on all the after life. We wrong him irreparably if we do not fulfill our promises to him. And the due nemesis may come in future years when his eyes are opened to his own shortcomings, and he repays alma mater with cynical scorn and contempt. The fact is we have no business in the work of higher education unless we do it well. And for us to invite students to our halls with false promises of an honest and thorough education is none the less falsehood because it is uttered in support of a church institution. To the masses of uneducated or half educated persons there is no such thing as quality in education. Four years in any place that calls itself a college is considered enough. The efficiency of the mind, however, its self-discipline, its general intelligence and power—all that education should mean—are qualitative rather than quantitative. There will never be too many colleges of high grade. Our church should study carefully the highest educational standards, and should force every institution bearing its name to this standard. Either let us do our work as well or better than the state institutions or withdraw from the field.

Quality we must have, and quality can be secured even by the most thoughtful administration only on provision of adequate means. We can hardly hope to raise by voluntary contributions in our own denomination such sums as are voted from the state exchequer. Yet Methodism is now a prosperous and wealthy church, and can do far more when once awakened. Fortunately there are indications that our people are awakening to a more generous attitude toward education. It is high time. All our schools are in vital need of a considerable increase in funds. We cannot possibly hold our place in the educational field without them. It is indeed a costly thing to maintain an educational system. One of our western college presidents recently said that he would think there was something materially wrong if his college did not fall fifteen thousand dollars short of paying expenses. The church must parallel the heavy subsidies which are being voted annually in our legislative halls. As it is, our meagerly endowed colleges battling against bankruptcy cannot meet the demand. All

through the systems of church education we find the colleges where financial distress has brought educational want. Standards have been degraded. Degrees have been given which could mean only disgrace to the giver. The whole meaning of college has been cheapened. The church at large owes it as a duty to herself to eliminate such institutions or to discipline them into a better life. We cannot afford to retail intellectual shoddy.

One of the inevitable results of rivalship with the state universities will be the cutting down of the number of our colleges to the measure of our resources. Local pride and individual enterprise have sown the land broadcast with colleges. The resources of the church are drained by the very numbers. If they stand too thick for the soil, some of them must be eliminated. Each institution should have an adequate constituency behind it to guarantee its support and its integrity. Otherwise, mediocrity and even degeneracy will follow. The time has perhaps come when our church should begin the process of thinning its field. Let the vigorous, promising institutions be chosen, and these at strategic points and centers of population. Upon them the church must concentrate if she is to fulfill her duty as a mistress of education. The founding of new church schools, in particular, should be discouraged, even though it means defeated vanity or ambition to a small company or community. Thus with definite concentration our church can provide the means to do well what she undertakes in Christian education.

It is also time that we recognize the oneness of our aim with that of the colleges of other evangelical denominations. Narrow denominationalism in education spells ignorance. Baptist, Presbyterian, Friends' colleges should be essentially one with us in aim, for the high and noble purpose of Christian education far transcends denominationalism of thought. In our colleges we already recognize this in the personnel of our faculties and student bodies. They are drawn from all denominations. In the four college years there is a decreasing of the stress on denominationalism as the broader work of the kingdom of God is realized. If the education afforded is wise and liberal and thorough, the student will never forget his indebtedness to the church which edu-

cated him. If it is shallow and inadequate and bigoted, he will come in later years, when his eyes are opened by contact with the world, to feel a sovereign contempt for the church that gave him the name, but not the substance of an education. The maintenance of poor educational institutions will inevitably alienate the strong intelligent middle classes, who patronize and support our church and colleges. We should therefore by our policy recognize the presence of other church schools—not entering territory already occupied merely on the spur of denominational pride. We should even be willing to withdraw our own weaker institutions where they seem to be hopelessly dwarfed by neighboring church schools. In fact, there should be wise federation of all the forces in control of religious as contrasted with secular education. There is no other way to avoid that scattering of resources which means mediocrity.

Our duty, in fine, is to stand our own ground, neither overawed nor diverted by the magnificent growth of the state universities. It is as hard for an institution as for an individual to remain rational and self-developing under comparison with wealthier rivals. Nothing will be gained by a courting of numbers, or by a false glamour of low-grade prosperity. But if we do as well as the best all that we do, and if we refrain from doing all that we cannot do well, we will reach far better results in the end. Church colleges and universities are not for the purpose of fostering church pride; they are to fulfill a duty toward the young people of our land. Let us give them of the best intellectually, and surround them with all the wholesomeness of honest, devout religious living. Character and brains will be our dual product, and in the end character with brains will win.

Chas. D. Hodell

Art. IV.—REMINISCENCES OF BISHOP McCABE

Bishop, Chaplain, Charlie McCabe. The middle name most widely preferred, the third most fondly used, named by his parents Charles Cardwell. In a reminiscent article there is risk of more self-intrusion than is desirable. There is needed some intimacy but not too much privacy to furnish an inspiring portrait. There is temptation to extravagant eulogy, and disinclination to even mention ordinary human defects. A chronological article with its dates may be valuable in some cases. I prefer to bring out the inspirations found in his character by another plan. Neither human life nor the Bible can be penetrated thoroughly by chronology.

I. Very recently I stood by the little old frame house in Athens, Ohio, where Charles C. McCabe was born. Would that the house might be preserved! There his father, Robert, an elegant gentleman, followed the tailoring trade. Carlyle's father was a stone mason, Bunyan and his father were tinkers, Paul a tent-maker and Jesus a carpenter. The "Mc" points backward to Celtic ancestry, and this Irish vein was imparted with much force to Charles and his two brothers, as well as to their sister. In that house the mother, Sarah Robinson McCabe, met her class, gave missionary inspiration, managed her household and contributed to the magazine literature of Methodism. Her dark eyes and intellectual gifts were found repeated in the subject of this sketch. I also looked again at the blue Hocking River where he waded, possibly, with two other boys, bishops to be, Cranston and Moore—we suppose none of them silly little saints nor yet vulgar little sinners. Not far over the hills to the east is Amesville, the birthplace of Bishop Ames. The McCabes had been among the first settlers in Marietta, Ohio, and their hospitable door was open for the first class meeting in the northwestern territory—a great good fortune to the family, making it eminently appropriate that Bishop McCabe should be the ecclesiastical orator for the Ohio centennial home-coming here in Chillicothe in 1903. It was my pleasure to be a hearer under request from him to indicate

whether he was heard by the large assembly. The only other man whom I heard so distinctly was General Keifer.

II. After the Hocking his next home was by the Father of Waters at Burlington, Iowa, where his mother died when he was about fifteen years of age. When he swept our heart chords, singing "Those beautiful hands," the vision of his own mother's hands must have come before him—as did those of hundreds of other motherly hands before his hearers.

III. In Delaware, Ohio, by the Olentangy River, I first saw him—that river more of a classic to a multitude throughout the earth today than the Tiber, the Rhine, the Isis, or the Tay. I see him yet, with his blue cap, dark hair, and luminous eyes, a smile playing over his features, and hear the notes of his musical voice full of encouragement. He was never dressy, but always neat and tidy. He noticed such things enough to help check college-boy extravagance in dress. In addressing the Ohio Conference for the last time as presiding bishop he significantly admonished his ministerial brethren to not do too much economizing in their laundry bill. There in Delaware we did sufficient serenading with such songs as "Silent Night, Hallowed Night," on Christmas Eve; and to the tune of Merton,

> Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
> With all your feeble light.

To hear him in the twilight singing "Wrestling Jacob" when doing his chores was the portent of an eternal sunrise. Later on in life he seemed an embodiment of his song,

> If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
> I would travel the wide world round.

While in Delaware together we crossed the Olentangy River to little Ireland, composed partly of sod houses, some with "the pig in the parlor." A student saw Biddy box one of them out of the dinner pot. Though Roman Catholics, McCabe organized a Sunday school among them. When astonishment was expressed that they would tolerate him in this mission he said: "They cannot drive me out." Here was a precursor of what he afterward did in Utah, Alaska, and South America. A living witness tells of a late return from a religious meeting. About midnight, passing

the old Williams Street Church in Delaware, McCabe proposed to raise a window and climb in. It was done. They knelt at the altar and the young man went out converted. I saw another scene at the altar of prayer during a revival in the same church. Among the many penitent students was one by the side of whom knelt Professor McCabe and on the other side his nephew, Charles. They joined in singing

> Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
> Let a repenting rebel live.

Commend us to the university where men are so matriculated in the school of Christ. It only enhances real scholarship. This passion for souls he once expressed by saying to the writer: "How I wish I might have led you to Christ!" One Saturday evening, going to the young men's prayer meeting in the college hall, I saw two fellows running through the dusk across the campus. I found afterward it was Charlie chasing Frank to bring him back to the prayer meeting; like Philip running after the Ethiopian treasurer. Later on an Irishman was mortally stabbed at Harmer, Ohio. The Rev. Dr. Isaac F. King, then pastor, took McCabe with him to the side of the wounded man. McCabe, after praying, fairly compelled the dying man to repeat after him, and adopt verse by verse, that hymn used by the side of the student before alluded to, "Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive." If the dying thief went into paradise, why not that wretched sinner? It was this passion for souls that led him after the war to speak to Colonel Hadley words that led Hadley to repentance and then to kneel beside thirty-five hundred drunkards at Five Points, New York.

For one year we were colleagues in Portsmouth, Ohio. At the opening of his protracted revival service he startled us all by himself leading the way to the altar of repentance. His example was quickly followed, and soon he wrote a paragraph for the church paper: "Every few evenings the keystone of a social arch comes down and is followed by the remainder of the wall." No secretarial office or money-getting, neither episcopal work nor General Conference responsibilities, could check his enthusiasm and personal work in aggressive evangelism. Had he devoted his whole life to revivalism, it is doubtful whether he might not have rivaled

Whitefield, Edwards, and Wesley in sane, steady, resistless soul-saving. This greatly affected his career as a college student. It made him less scholastic and yet not less intellectual. One day he and my brother Bradford were studying a lesson in the Greek New Testament. He said: "This is hard; let us pray"; and ere my brother was aware he was on his knees, talking to God—then he arose, saying: "Now it goes easy." Crossing the Olentangy one day, he said, with a drollery peculiar to him: "These studies demand a great deal of my time and attention"; but that was far from an apology for intellectual idleness. His wise uncle admonished him that he would fail unless he did less country preaching and revival work, but he did not fail. It was an inspiration to many a student afterward when the Professor mentioned the fact that wherever Charles dropped down he set everything afire around him. It was an inspiring sight when that bright-faced professor assisted in the ordination at Cleveland in 1896, installing his nephew in the office of a bishop. Don't try to imitate him, for you can't.

It was characteristically out of order for him to receive his Master's degree from the Ohio Wesleyan in advance of his Bachelor's degree. It seemed a little droll that he should be called Chancellor of the most conspicuous university in American Methodism and wear the title LL.D., but did not Phil Sheridan and General Grant wear it with less academic training?—and but recently "Mark Twain" and General Booth have received like honors from old Oxford, England. Only ribbons. I have seen Bishop McCabe on his railway trips absorbed in some great book, heard him impressively suggest to the Ohio Conference when he last presided over it to read only the best authors, read, reread, and ponder, until the memory is saturated with great thought in the best style. He never wrote a book. This is true of many another bishop and man of eminence. Socrates did not write books, neither did Jesus of Nazareth.

Before leaving the Olentangy, with its memories, let me call attention to his fine sense of humor. There was something contagious about it which personally I failed to resist, though he took the liberty once to caution me against it in my own ministry.

How absurd! Where he got this story I heard from him I do not know. One of two petty kings sent a requisition for "a black pig with a blue tail, or"—— That "or" was ominous. Reply: "I have no black pig with a blue tail, and if I had"—— another ominous break. They had a war until both were exhausted, then a treaty of peace with explanations. "What did you mean by that request ending with 'or'?" "I meant, 'or any other kind'; and what did you mean by saying 'If I had'?" "I meant you should have it." Notwithstanding this caricature of war, as bishop he created some sensation when he said in his sermon, here in Chillicothe: "I would like to see one more war, to wipe out the power of the Sultan." To him, as to Gladstone, the Saracen was "the unspeakable Turk." McCabe was a fighter to the end. Were there room in this article I could supply more than a dozen illustrations of his fine faculty for humor in life and literature. It was that trait which answered the sneer of Ingersoll with, "We 're building two a day," and that led him to send to a great Catholic paper the cartoon with a fat priest riding a poor man across Spain, Mexico, and Italy. During some humorous passages in his great lecture I saw a sober man so convulsed as to fling his soft hat into the face of his seat mate. A contrast of later date may help: Dr. Curry was great as editor of the Ladies' Repository, Christian Advocate, Methodist Review, as commentator and man. For his humility see his "dream of entering heaven," in Bishop Thoburn's Church of the Pentecost. McCabe when secretary entered Dr. Curry's office and kindly pulled a gray lock, saying: "Roar, Uncle Daniel!" The serious, leonine man looked up and said: "O, Brother McCabe, I can smile sometimes."

IV. We transfer these reminiscences from the Olentangy to the Muskingum River, where, in 1860, he entered upon his first pastorate, in Putnam, Ohio. He told me how he came to leave it during the second year. One afternoon, trying to master a page in his Conference studies, he was unsuccessful and closed the book. A war meeting was in progress across the river, in Zanesville. An Irish lawyer, Thom McGinnis, was speaking. McCabe was called on for a song. He thrilled the audience with "We're coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more"—

If you look up all our valleys where the glowing harvests shine
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast falling into line.

He then proposed "three cheers for the man who spoke before me." Given. McGinnis flashed back, "Three cheers for the man who sang after me." It was a pair of Erin's sons met. After that the die was cast. With speech and song he largely recruited the One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio Infantry. Then he must be chaplain. Soon it was on Winchester battlefield, where, unselfishly caring for the wounded and sick, he was marched off, a hundred and fifty miles, to Libby Prison.

V. From the Muskingum to the James River valley was unforeseen; when he shut that book in his study he little dreamed that he was to resume Butler's Analogy in a Libby Prison Lyceum. Just before the reading of the appointments for the Ohio Conference in Lancaster, 1863, McCabe's imprisonment was mentioned and a season of prayer for his deliverance was held. I immediately wrote to him. The corner of the envelope was cut, that it might pass the Confederate lines. He received it. Just before its arrival he had been seized with typhoid and put into a ward for the desperately sick. General Powell, an intimate friend of his, read the letter to him. It began with a college joke; then followed a description of the great resources of the country and an account of the prayer meeting in his behalf. He laughed, cried, shouted, and got better. The tide of death was turned back. Out of all came "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison." Though he had other great lectures this was unsurpassed for its interest, freshness, and its income, raising hundreds of thousands of dollars for benevolent purposes. His address at the Open Door Convention (1902) in Cleveland on the "Latin Race" was a revelation of his daring, almost recklessness, and of his achievement in South America, Mexico, and in Europe. It is published in the volume issued on that occasion and reads like a romance. His conspicuous popularity was greatly augmented by his life in Libby Prison. After release he and General Powell spoke in the hall of the House of Representatives in Washington and sang together the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The enthusiasm was overwhelming. President Lincoln, sitting near by, sent up a

note: "Sing it again." It was done. McCabe became a star in the firmament, conspicuous not only throughout the Grand Army but through the entire nation. Again and again have we heard that he was the best-loved man in Methodism. There were reasons for it. The veterans loved him for his comradeship and partiality to them; struggling churches for his generous help, and all people who came in touch with him for his encouragement and appreciation of everything good. As illustration, when Bishop Ames announced my first appointment, to an important station in Chillicothe, "Good," said Charlie at my side. "To the top at the first bound." When in 1906 our Conference brought in its benevolent report, though all knew it ought to have been larger, he, as bishop, so praised the generosity as to make the liberal more liberal and the penurious ashamed. Once, when a member of the Ohio Conference was lamenting the discomfort of the poor shack used as parsonage, McCabe said: "I would underpin it, bank it round with earth and pound it in myself." He would have done it. As assistant secretary he came before us in the Michigan Conference. His brotherly heart responded to the feeling of solicitude so prevalent every year. He digressed in his plea for church extension to say: "O, brethren, don't feel bad over your future appointments." Then, as a reason why, he led off in singing,

> O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,

and as they swept through the stanzas of that sublime hymn they were an army of heroes, saying:

> Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
> And in Thee will I ever rejoice.

VI. Other phases of his character are suggested by his residence at different times by the Ohio River. For some cause, whether financial or social I know not, during college days he left the Ohio Wesleyan and became principal of the high school in Ironton, Ohio. One most fortunate result of that was his marriage to Rebecca Peters, a helpmeet indeed. In the high school lot are a number of fine shade trees planted under his direction—symbol of many a living tree that will outlast all material forests. Lately I saw a half dozen men, fine specimens of their kind, living in

Ironton, who acknowledged the touch of his magnetic personality. The Ohio State Journal has editorial work quoted throughout the nation; the man who writes those articles is grateful for the influence of McCabe during his formative days. One jurist pointed me recently to the back of his own head where the ferule in the hands of McCabe struck him. The teacher had made a mistake, of which the boy convinced him. Next morning the principal made an open apology and pronounced a eulogy on the boy. That showed a noble courage only too rare among men. It is said that "the man who never makes a mistake never makes anything." He who can acknowledge and correct a mistake has not only generosity of spirit but moral courage. I am glad Bishop McCabe committed blunders, but he was a magnificent apologizer. I have heard him say very severe things about men prominent in the country and in the church with whom I know him to have afterward wrought in self-sacrificing harmony for the promotion of the kingdom of God on earth. He could tread upon personal pique and drive it away into the eternal shadow. Take an illustration from Louisville, Kentucky. As pastor of Trinity Church I once asked him to give his lecture on Libby Prison. He declined, saying it would be received with such disfavor as to do harm. I knew he was mistaken, for afterward he gave that lecture in a house packed with delighted people, and when Bishop Fowler on the evening following gave his masterly "Abraham Lincoln," McCabe led the crowd in "My Old Kentucky Home." I do not expect to hear it so well rendered ever again. Before that he dedicated beautiful Trinity Church, and in recalling how he had formerly pushed them into an apparently rash enterprise he said in his sermon: "I think I am a cousin, anyhow, to Simon Peter." Yes, there was a likeness. Peter did often blunder, but his frank acknowledgment and repentance led on to increasing power.

VII. Before the Civil War was over I saw him in Chillicothe, on the Scioto River, his head covered with short, abundant black curls, the followers of those scorched off by typhoid in Libby Prison. The enthusiasm created by his presence was too great to describe. Among other things he said: "You prayed me out. Brother Sibley, there, has a son dying in a southern prison; let

us pray him out." The Rev. C. D. Battelle led the petition, reminding the Lord how he delivered Peter long ago. I may not describe the process by which young Sibley came home; since then he has been an ornament in the Circuit Court of Ohio and an able legislator in the General Conference of our church. During our comradeship at Portsmouth, by the Scioto's mouth, we projected a mission Sunday school. It was a rash enterprise. He also pushed his congregation into a church building project and an ideal visionary financial scheme, portending some of his larger visions without which the church would not be at the front as now. I saw him one day on the street corner holding on to a tall, noble, wealthy Presbyterian elder. Both were silent, the elder pointing in the direction of his church home, McCabe pointing in the direction of his church enterprise; a grotesque bit of statuary on the street corner. Both broke into a hearty laugh as I approached the pantomime. One of those days he said: "I am giving away on the average a loaf of bread per day to feed the hungry." On another day he declared his program for daily duty, and said: "I have promised myself a new book for each day I keep it." He received one book that year. His business wisdom was called in question by wise men. He had made a venture by taking stock in a Chicago newspaper; the enterprise failed; stranded, he went to our mutual friend, the cashier of a Portsmouth bank, only to be reminded that the word "brother" was not current over a bank counter. He said in my presence to Bishop Thomson: "I am living on my salary." I knew better, and he admitted it when so reminded. On to the very last of life he declared to me: "I am thousands of dollars in debt." But I had come to know that those debts were assumed in order to push great church enterprises at home and abroad, and that they did not constitute a lien upon his private savings. In this he deserved honor, for he was not one to "neglect his own house." He did, however, pay off immense obligations by the proceeds of his matchless lecture and by drawing upon what he called his private bank, consisting of wealthy, generous-hearted people throughout the country who believed in his enterprises and knew his unswerving honor in appropriating what was intrusted to him.

VIII. I must hasten to transfer the scene of reminiscence to the banks of the Susquehanna. Philadelphia owes a debt to him which it will take a long time to measure. As Methodist commissioner to the Reformed Episcopal Church Convention in 1906 what an unspeakable gladness to be his guest and hear on every hand, from all classes, words of fondness! Among those so greeting him were throngs attending the Yearly Meeting of the Friends. After my official address Bishop McCabe was called out by the convention. His address on "Higher Criticism," for fifteen minutes, in a humorous vein, I have never heard equaled. He described the "Myth called God" addressing the "myth called Abraham being sent out into a mythical land, 'which I the myth will show thee.'" He was, indeed, very jealous of any seeming impeachment of the Scriptures. Long before that, in student days, as we went away from the lecture of President Edward Thomson on a Sunday afternoon, McCabe had his Bible with him. The lecture had been on the Holy Scriptures; it was such as to cause McCabe to press his Bible to his heart with an exclamation, "Blessed old Bible!" When he lectured in Chillicothe for the last time, a tattered old flag borne by the Seventy-third Ohio was loaned to the occasion by General S. H. Hurst. Years before McCabe had put that flag into the hands of Bishop Simpson when, in 1864, he addressed the united Cincinnati and Ohio Conferences in a peroration which set the audience wild for nearly half an hour. Had any man spoken a derogatory word, or touched that banner out of disrespect, during McCabe's lecture, how hot would have been his indignation. Such to him was the banner of our faith, the Bible. When presiding in the Detroit Conference during his last round, President Little gave morning lectures. He was admonished by the bishop against questioning the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, but when reminded that it was left uncertain by the writer he was genial, quiet, and reasonable. During our fellowship at Philadelphia he was going out every night to Trenton, to Wilmington, and where not, to lecture and raise debts. I was alarmed by a twitching of the muscles under one of his eyes, but no word of caution had any effect to check him. In the daytime his official correspondence largely

absorbed his time. And yet he held up a new book which he criticised with penetrating good judgment, and showed me a letter from President Roosevelt in appreciation of a manly utterance in Detroit concerning the muck rake speech. It was my privilege a few days afterward at the White House to hear fall from the president's lips words of warmest eulogy on Cranston, Moore, and McCabe. As a preacher he could bring a great subject into the mind and heart of his audience. For the writer his preaching was not obscured by his singing. I have heard most of the greatest preachers of the generation just passed: the pulpit Shakespeare, Henry Ward Beecher; Canon Liddon, leading preacher of the English Establishment; Spurgeon, the greatest Baptist of his time, and our own incomparable Durbin, Thomson, and Simpson. While listening to some of them it raised a question, "How can I ever preach again?" so lofty was their standard. In listening to others of them I was so encouraged as to be eager for an opportunity. McCabe produced the latter effect. His final sermon before the Ohio Conference, on "The Desire of All Nations," is thrilling through the lives of those who heard it. While he was yet assistant secretary of Church Extension, Bishop Gilbert Haven said of him: "He is the finest platform orator in Methodism."

IX. It is hard both to select and to omit. Let us follow him to the valley of the Hudson, where in the city of New York he followed his own advice to me: "Die in your tracks." In large measure that has been a habit with our bishops. Coke, on his way to India, sleeps in the Indian Ocean; Kingsbury at Beyrut, Thomson fell at Wheeling, FitzGerald at Hong Kong, Wiley at Foochow, Merrill at Keyport, New Jersey. This may be as good a place as any to speak of his "juniper tree." Once, in Putnam, during his first year, a man yet living heard him saying: "No one cares for me; no one." Only a brave prisoner of war can understand how bitter was that march of one hundred and fifty miles as a prisoner of war to Libby. How can we conceive of the horrors of the vermin, the filth, and the typhoid atmosphere? Personally I knew him to be assailed by scandal, and yet so sure of him that it was with great delight I could stamp it out. If any of the

perpetrators are yet living, it may not be amiss to pray that they may drink the dregs of their own disgrace to the bottom of the cup. Wasps hatch in strange places. As Missionary secretary he became greatly discouraged on account of severe criticism for his cry, "A million for Missions" and the methods adopted to secure it. So despondent was he as to purpose resigning the office. Fortunately, his wife proved herself a real helpmeet by dissuading him. The only child, John, I recall as a beautiful babe with great luminous eyes and massive brain; then as a youth of intellectual gifts—penetrating, metaphysical, far-reaching. It was our hope that the ministry should receive his full-fledged powers for a lifework, but a mysterious physical disturbance interfered. A promising public career was blotted out. I never could penetrate the reticence of the parents and all the more admired their silence, but the "Man of sorrows, acquainted with grief," can alone measure the deep shadows of that juniper. At the funeral in Evanston the responsive, glowing face of John McCabe revealed the nobility destined to emerge in the glory of the resurrection—and may we not hope sooner? How fortunate that we do not know what a day or an hour may bring forth! The lecture at Torrington, Connecticut, to help a struggling church, was his last public address. The next engagement had to be indefinitely postponed.

I had a dream lately. In it was a great, beautiful lake, through which ran a glorious mountain river, leaping from lofty heights amid spray and rainbow. Far up amid the glory of the scene I saw the form of McCabe. He was calling me to join him. The vision has become true. This is but a beginning, and possibly not the best selection, of illustrative reminiscence, but all biographies are unfinished. I have lately gone through with that condensed library, "The Men of the Kingdom." They remind me so much of McCabe that I could have selected eloquent passages from them sufficient to have furnished a vivid picture of him. I have studied him in the light of the Beatitudes, persecution and all, and deem it true to say that I find him therein vividly portrayed. Then, to ascend higher, I have inquired wherein he resembled the Son of man. His birthplace suggested to me the Babe in the manger, his boyhood Him who "grew in favor with

God and men." His friendship for the lowly in life, such as when I heard him once salute a member of my church, a weazened coal-heaver seated on his cart, with "Good morning, Brother Bassett!" "How comes it," said I, "that you know him?" "O," said he, "he is to be a prince, and I want to cultivate his acquaintance now." When I saw him in his Gethsemane then he was even more like the Man of sorrows. When the dispatch came from Philadelphia, signed by Rebecca, simply saying, "Charles died this morning, funeral at New York and then at Evanston," I was reminded of Him who on Calvary at sundown said: "It is finished."

Once he recited to me from "The Burial of Moses":

> By Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave
> . . . . . .
> That was the grandest funeral that ever passed on earth
> . . . . . .
> God hath his mysteries of grace, ways that we cannot tell;
> He hides them deep, like the secret sleep of him we loved so well.

In his funeral there were peculiar features. The First Church, Evanston, was filled on that morning, December 24, 1906, by an audience of laymen and clergymen such as is not often seen together. As the casket entered the ritual was read. Then followed in sublime measure the singing,

> O God, our Help in ages past,
> Our hope for years to come,
> Our shelter from the stormy blast,
> And our eternal home.

Somehow the shelter seemed near. Then President Little read "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." The writer read the resurrection chapter. Bishop Warren remarked: "It seemed like a series of light-giving explosions." Then followed brief appropriate addresses from Bishops Walden, Moore, Berry, Warren, and McDowell. The "Battle Hymn of the Republic," first sung by him so as to set it going, swelled out as his requiem as he lay there with the flag draping his casket.

Isaac Brooks

Art. V.—THE CHURCH AND RELIGIOUS CERTAINTY

In the seizure of religious truth the church proceeds by a sort of right of spiritual eminent domain. While there may not be enough in the figure of the church as an organism to warrant an elaborate use of biological terms, there is enough to help us to see that the church's acquisition of truth is a distinctly vital process. The church does not reason her way to convictions by exclusive reliance upon the logical and speculative faculty. She finds that she must have certain intellectual territories in order to exist, and forthwith moves into possession. That is to say, she makes certain assumptions which seem necessary to the satisfaction of the religious needs. Having made the assumptions she acts on the principle that the possession of the beliefs is at least nine points of the law, and insists upon holding the beliefs until sufficient reason for doubt appears. If belief cannot be brought into harmony with the demands of the logical nature, or if there is manifest conflict with facts, the church must surrender or readjust her doctrines, but she throws the burden of proof on the attacking party. She is not a merely logical or metaphysical instrument but an organism. Her beliefs are the expressions of her life, and are in turn expected to justify themselves in life. By their fruits even the doctrines are to be known. The church's function in relation to religious certainty is not to pronounce in an artificially dogmatic way upon beliefs but to show that belief springs out of life, and that it in turn fosters life. She does not produce certainty by declaring that this or that is true, but by nourishing the kind of life which will beget faith. In her great pronouncements her underlying aim has been a life-aim, no matter how little she may have understood the real situation herself. The formal, logical reasons given, the appeals to history and to divine authority, cannot conceal from us the fact that the decisive certainty has been begotten and not made. The certainty has come from deeper springs than even the church leaders themselves may have imagined. In the seizure of new territories by a nation there may be much citing of precedents and much marshaling of argu-

ment, but the determining historic fact is most often the pressure of the expanding life of the nation. If the particular reasons are overthrown, other reasons will be found so long as the nation feels the stirrings to larger life, but if the inner pressure dies down, no reasons will be found cogent. So with the church. We do not accuse the spokesman of the church of any insincerity when we say that the formal reasons uttered for a belief may not be real at all. The real reasons may lie so deep that the spokesman himself does not suspect them. The church arrives at beliefs by a process of assumption. She holds the beliefs as long as they satisfy. Her compelling aim is to satisfy the demands of her total life. If a belief satisfies, she will hold to the belief as true until something more satisfactory appears and then she will surrender the belief, not as false, but as less truthful than the newer view. As an organism the function of the church is to take what she requires for the demands of her life. This living seizure of beliefs as true is a great scandal to the merely technical logicians, but then everything living is a scandal to them. Such logicians would have the church believe nothing except what is capable of demonstration by the syllogism, but the church appeals to life as against the logicians and passes on.

If we wish to see great historic instances of the exercise of this principle of spiritual eminent domain on the part of the church, we may think first of the movement which ended by giving us the canon of the New Testament. As we read through the story of early church life we are struck by the fact that the real mark by which the New Testament writings gained a place in the canon was their power to satisfy the demands of the spiritual life. Of course there was appeal to tradition and citation of authorities by the fathers, but the decisive evidence, after all, was the ability of these writings to minister to spiritual need. Books read week after week in the assemblies fostered a life which was itself a sure discerner as to what was holy scripture and what was not. When we think of the lack of technical historical investigating tools in the day of the fathers we may well be thankful that a life instinct kept out of the Book apocryphal gospels which put forth claim to authenticity, and pseudo-epistles which could furnish

quite a plausible showing for apostolic authorship. The church took what she thought she needed and threw the rest away. The more detailed historic investigation of later times has failed to reveal that she made any substantial mistake. We can see the same life interests at work in the process of creed-making. The great creedal statements of the church and of the churches have come out of life. They have not been manufactured in wooden, carpenterlike fashion. The phrases which may seem very lifeless to us now were once quick with the pulse of discussions of pulpit and market place and street. George Eliot is not untrue to history when she makes the *filioque* clause part of a street discussion in Savonarola. If we come at all close to the debates of the Councils, we find that the great organic necessities of the church are the driving factors back of the most abstruse and abstract arguments. In dealing with the earlier statements of the doctrine of the church we are very often apt to speak of these statements as fossils. Let us not make the mistake of estimating the power of the doctrine in its day by what we are pleased to call the fossil in our day. Let us remember that the hard, bony, logical structure has survived but that the muscle and blood and nerve, which once covered the logic and carried it along, have departed. The hardness of the early statements of Calvinism may distress us of today. We should not forget the power of that Calvinism when it was alive. It came out of life and ministered to life. The boniness of the logic as we see it today ought not to dull our imagination to the solemn beauty and mastodonic force of the system when it was alive. So with every other creedal statement which has played any substantial part in the life of the church—it was an expression of the life-needs of its time and ministered to the life-needs of that time. When such statements ceased to have force it was not because they were overthrown by technical argument. They perished as the giants of former geological eras perished—by a change of climate. We may be evolutionists enough to believe, moreover, that the church has kept so close to reality in this vital expression of her needs that there has been no creed of any historical significance but that in dying bequeathed some improvement of organ or of function for the organism which was to come after. This

insight into the way in which the church has proceeded in appropriating and stating truth for herself will explain why it is that she has often been apparently indifferent to logical onslaughts upon her systems. She has not framed the systems merely as logical utterances, though she has had in mind the satisfaction of a logical need. The utterances have, moreover, been in a sense symbolic. They have been the language of life, which has for one of its charms that it means more than it says. The beliefs have stood for phases of an underlying life, sometimes with outward and formal contradiction because of the variety and complexity of the life-factors at work. Just as unity and complexity, though formally contradictory, are experienced without a sense of strain or contradiction in the personal life itself, so many creedal statements have been outwardly contradictory without really causing the inner religious consciousness any sense of stress. Some statements of belief in Trinity and incarnation and atonement are today seen to be so self-contradictory that we wonder that men ever could have held to them. It may help us to an understanding of the mind of another day, as well as to a better statement for our own day, to remember that the language was the speech of a spiritual organism trying to express a marvelously full sense of life through thought-terms which often broke down in the attempt. If we are not thought to be irreverent, we may say that many creedal statements are more the enthusiastic ejaculations of a vast life than the ordered utterances of a school. The mind is not only expressing itself but is holding before itself symbols of a reality which it knows to surpass the content of the phrase. We can see something of this intense practical interest when the church has persisted in holding fast to beliefs in face of the attempts at revolutionary innovation. The superficial critic becomes very severe when the church will not make an immediate surrender at some point where he has marshaled his technical conclusions invincibly. We shall qualify what we are now to say by a remark in a later section, but when we see how many trivial objections have been brought forward in the name of logic we may be thankful for the instinct which has kept the church voicing her beliefs even when she has seemed to lack the ability to answer the logic. The

one way to overcome the artificially speculative intellect is to ignore it. We may call this proneness to ignore technical speculation the inertia of the church, if we will, but we may not be ashamed to call it just ordinary everyday dullness. The dullness arises out of the fact that the church, when she is performing her proper function, is dealing with the issues of life and is not responsive to the ingenuity and the smartness which marks the language of logical fence and jugglery. For still further historic instance of the method of the church in the utterance of belief we may think of the way in which the church has come to some beliefs concerning herself. The beliefs have come out of practical necessities. Understand now, we are not so much trying to justify some beliefs as to explain them. Take the Roman Catholic claim to primacy and papal infallibility. This belief has come along the line through the successive developments by the pressure of life necessities in the Catholic Church. The actual fact was no doubt that the time came when the position of Rome made inevitable certain practical problems and pointed the way to their solution. The church at Rome took the primacy and found the logic afterward. The reason why attacks on the historicity of Peter's relation to the church at Rome have so little weight is because the primacy of that church did not really rest on Peter. Peter was an afterthought. We do not charge the church argument with insincerity. The fact was that in the process of events it became necessary for the church to take the leadership. For the leaders to conclude that the inevitable primacy was ordained of God was itself inevitable, and the further finding of confirmation in early church history and in Scripture was almost as inevitable. In the doctrine of papal infallibility today the logic of the situation is not so decisive as the psychology of the situation. The psychology of the situation is just this: that multitudes of men, many of them very intelligent men, desire to have things settled for them. Without bothering themselves with the validity of the arguments for papal infallibility they are quite willing to treat the Pope practically as a court of last resort or final appeal. Those who do not feel the pressure of this necessity may never have stopped to reflect upon the fact that it is often practically very important to get a case closed, and

that of two evils, the keeping of a case open and the closing it in a wrong way, the closing it in the wrong way very often works the less practical harm. Before we become too impatient over the illogical character of all such procedure as we have been reviewing it may be well for us to remind ourselves that other institutions of society besides the church move in the same way. Suppose one should imagine that the decisive factor in the effectiveness of Webster's reply to Hayne was Webster's superior logic. He would miss altogether the historic truth. That truth is that, from the days of the adoption of the Constitution on, the North and the South had been growing apart. The North had developed that stronger type of political condition which made a broader idea of nationality necessary and the South had remained nearer the condition of life which begot the doctrine of state sovereignty. Each orator was the exponent of a type of social and political life. The real war was between the two types. The views which states take of themselves, as these views are reflected in their constitutions, come out of life. They have to be flexible, at least in interpretation, because life is flexible.

We have now seen something of the working of the principle of spiritual eminent domain in the great historic movements of the church. The church has seized whatever truth its growing life has felt the need of and has held this truth so long as the truth justified itself in life. If we assume that truth is the correspondence of our thought with the thought of the mind which constitutes reality, we have to say that the church has acted on the principle that increasing approximation to the thought of the Infinite Mind has come as she has thrown herself on the best assumptions she could make in the confidence that these would not lead her astray. We come now to look for a moment at the function of the church, or a church, if we prefer, in begetting religious certainty in the mind of the individual. We must keep before us the fact that the church is but one factor of many working together to produce certainty in the mind of the individual. Still it is possible for us to at least partially isolate this factor in our study. When we thus look at the church alone it is difficult to resist the conclusion that she does her work best when instead of pronouncing arbi-

trarily and authoritatively she sets herself to beget the kind of life on which religious conviction depends. She has a chance to throw around the child from birth the religious influence. If any protest against this, she can reply that she has as much right to prejudice the child in favor of religion as a nation has to strive to fill the earliest thoughts of the child life with a spirit of patriotism. She has in her power a large furnishing of those forces outside the merely intellectual which are mighty for evoking the religious spirit: the coöperation of art, the stimulus of social relationships, the emphasis on historic continuity, the appeal to imagination through attempt at world-wide conquest. She can recognize even more clearly than she has yet done the dependence of belief on the right attitude of will and the deepening of certainty which follows the right life. She ought to look upon herself as a great laboratory for practice in righteousness, for out of righteousness comes abiding and increasing certainty of the presence of God. More important than the work which the church actually accomplishes is the reaction upon the workers. The church need not busy herself much with formal reasonings as to the existence of God if she can get men to assume the existence of God and live as if he were real. She can get along with fewer arguments about the divineness of Christianity if she can prevail upon men to assume that Christ is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and to walk therein. She can dismiss many proofs of immortality if she can persuade men to begin to live as if they were to live forever. Out of such practical assumptions come the abiding convictions. Moreover, by correct emphasis upon the common-to-all as a test of truth she can keep beliefs from running off into aberration and triviality. We say "by correct emphasis upon the common-to-all" advisedly, for we must now pass on to remark that the faults of the church as an agent in begetting religious certainty have chiefly come from failure to recognize the ways in which the individual is to serve the great mass. The problem before the church at this point is substantially similar to the problem before democracy: the problem of finding the right scope for the individual. The church has for its glory the production of great individuals and the production of great individuals

is likewise the glory of democracy. But the church, like democracy, has sometimes shown an inability to appreciate the specialized efforts of the great individuals who have come out of the heart of her own life, and has been unwilling to allow them sufficient room. There are some things which the individual can do for the church which the church cannot well do for herself. There are some things about which the church can become certain only as a great individual first becomes certain of them. We have said that the church must aim in all her seizures upon belief at the satisfaction of the total life of mankind. She sometimes errs through indifference to facts and thus fails to satisfy the human demand for contact with fact. As hinted at already, she sometimes rereads history and passes upon it to suit herself, as the Roman Catholic Church has more than once done to support her claims. When some student points out the discrepancies she has sometimes been too slow in acknowledging the correction and in putting her claims upon a better foundation. She now and then turns fiercely upon the individual student who dares speak out in the name of scientific fact. Of course the church is justified in putting some facts aside as not yet understood, as, for example, the dark facts of the physical system which make against the doctrine of the goodness of God. We may put these facts to one side, as not yet understood, but it would be folly to ignore or deny them. There are some facts, however, which the church must face, and she must listen to the individual leaders as they teach her how to deal with such facts. A great Roman Catholic has recently defended his church for condemning Galileo. The plea of this divine is that the church did not mean to deny Galileo's discoveries as scientific facts, but that she stood against the theological consequences involved in departure from the older scientific views. With the best of intentions she was forced to deny the facts for fear that an acceptance of the facts would be misunderstood. She had not a leader great enough to see and to say that the new discovery could be admitted and the faith be saved at the same time.

Again, the church must find room for the individual thinker in his attempts to work out into more and more logical expression

the belief of the church. We have said some hard things about the logician. We have had in mind the type of thinker who imagines that strict logical procedure is everything and who fancies that the correct rule is logic first and life afterward. We now insist that in her attempts to meet the religious demands of men in her seizures of thought-positions the church must make provision for the satisfaction of intelligent logical needs. The logician does not discover, but he can do a great deal to straighten out and put in order what has been discovered. The church has seized the great highways of the truth, the highways which lead to the kingdom, but the logician can straighten the curves and reduce the grades. He may even upon occasion put up a sign of "No thoroughfare" to the right hand or to the left. The great highways across the mountains of our land were not discovered by the scientific surveyors. The hunters and traders had found the passes before the surveyors, and the savages had traveled them before the traders, and the wild beasts before the savages. Civilization, however, needed the fine work of the surveyor in leveling and straightening a way for the later comers. Mankind has from the beginning been traveling along the line of certain instincts and aspirations and assumptions. The trained thinker, who recognizes the limitations of his craft, can do immense help in straightening and broadening the church's right of way. For the church to make war upon such a man, unless he is clearly trying to land her in a bog, is verily a strange proceeding. Even if the guide is headed for the bog, it is not necessary to make war on him. All the church has to do is to decline to follow. If a surveyor makes a mistake now and then, it is better to pass the mistake by on the other side than to make a war on the specialists.

Once again: there are high spiritual attainments to which the individual saint has to show the way. There are some men with a gift for religious insight which amounts to positive genius. Out of their saintliness the church may make its largest strides forward. Out of their fine awareness of divine things comes a general deepening of the sense of the divine throughout the church. We are to look upon the church as the body of Christ and to allow our minds to play around the suggestiveness of the figure. We think of the

Christ as in actual contact with the world through the lives of his followers. We are to see the significance of the deeds of the disciples in actual contact with reality for the larger revelations which come from Christ. In the light of the figure we are to think of the importance of healthy, normal life for spiritual revelation, for the soul cannot make a perfect revelation through an imperfect body. But above all we think of the individual saints as the glory of the body. If we may so speak, they are the delicate spiritual tissues which seize the finer things of the Spirit and make them centers of impulse for all the members. The church learns as a body lives, by finding herself in possession of certain appetites by which she moves forward to seize what she hungers for. The process is vital throughout. Development comes through increase of fineness of fiber as well as through increase of size. The fineness can come only as the church holds fast to herself the individual who shows any promise of leadership. She ought to appropriate such individuals to herself by the exercise of her right of eminent domain, in wisdom and love calling forth from them the largest achievements of which they are capable.

Francis J. McConnell

Art. VI.—THE WOMEN OF DANTE'S COMMEDIA

No literary phenomenon of our age is of greater import than the sovereignty of Dante in the thought and the affection of Italy. The burning imprecation of Leopardi, uttered in the extremity of his country's misery, repeated again and again during her struggle for independence and unity, has been heard frequently in recent years from the lips of her patriots and her scholars as though it were potent enough to bring the mighty singer back from paradise to rescue his countrymen from moral sloth and spiritual debility: "If ever," wrote the poet of gloom, "if ever thou shalt fall from our minds, then let our shame, if that be possible, grow more shameful, and in eternal lamentation let thy kindred weep from all the world concealed." Manzoni, Nencioni, Carducci, the greatest of Italy's later poets; Rosmini, chief of her recent philosophers; Mazzini, foremost of her agitators; Del Lungo, Rajna, Panzacchi, finest of her scholars, not to mention those who have devoted themselves entirely to the worship and illumination of Alighieri, have repaired frequently to the Commedia as to a shrine where they might obtain help and light and the victory that overcometh the world.

I say nothing of the place of Dante in universal literature. I note exclusively his significance to Italy, which is unexampled among the nations. Great indeed are the poets of England, of France, of Germany; but none of these countries has such an intellectual monarch, an imperial poet wielding such undisputed and increasing might. And the wonder grows when we remember that Dante died before Chaucer was born. A brain and a heart that continue beating through six centuries with accelerated energy must be, indeed, immortal and immortalizing; they must, moreover, have imparted something eternally quickening to the hundred cantos of rhymed experience that to the poet were Commedia and to his posterity became divine. Rhymed experience. Suffer the phrase! For Dante's answer to one asking him if he were indeed the poet of love is the clew to his vision. "I am one," he replied, "who, when love inspires him, notes it well, and utters in song the

inward revelation." Not that he was for that reason deficient in artistic skill. Giotto's Campanile no more surely attests the master builder than Dante's three stupendous structures: the dungeon of abandoned hope, the mount of purification, and the paradise of which the Lord God Almighty is the temple. But art for art's sake merely the great Florentine despised; there was enough of that before and after him in Italy. It might be very pretty; it might, indeed, be life; but it was not always worth the telling. He who had experience of heaven and of hell, who had fallen from one to the other, deemed, and deemed rightly, that the story of his rescue, of his journey under Virgil's guidance, of his upward climb toward inward peace and of his final beatific vision belonged not to him alone, but to Italy and the world. It had to be told. Not carelessly, however. The artist must not perish in the exile, even when climbing the stranger's stairs or eating the stranger's bread. No art, he thought, could be too splendid to embellish and perpetuate his experience. If, now, we seek the reasons for this never-waning influence of a man who lost the world but saved his soul, a man who failed until death made him and his work immortal, we are assailed with many answers. One only shall find mention in this paper: Dante's ideals of womanhood.

O, I know! Numerous and endless are the disputes about Matelda and Gentucca, about Beatrice most of all. Were they creatures of flesh and blood, or are they symbols merely? A plague upon the critics whose brains can harbor only interrogation points and exclamation marks! Is there no difference in symbols? No difference, pray, between the binomial theorem and the Beatrice of the Dantean vision? Virgil, the poet's guide, is a symbolic figure; the symbol of terrestrial wisdom. But how vigilant, how loving, how brave, how beautiful a guide! And surely the traits of this majestic figure are drawn not from Virgil, the magician of the Middle Ages, but from the creator of the Eclogues and the Æneid. He symbolizes the kind of teacher that has almost perished from the earth—the teacher whose philosophy neither dazzles nor dazes, but illuminates; who guides his pupil and protects him even though they walk the floors of hell together; who shields and heartens, chides, praises, informs, inspires him, and leads him

finally to diviner beauty and more radiant wisdom. As Virgil, so is Beatrice. The very embodiment of Goethe's eternal womanly, of that inscrutable magic which womanly dignity and womanly charity have exercised ever since the first children were nourished at her breasts; that magic which Pericles called Aspasia, and Cato, Marcia, which in Jewish annals appeared as the mother and sister of Moses and the daughter of Pharaoh, and which in Dante's poem radiates from the mystical beauty of the virgin mother and from the more human loveliness of Beatrice. Symbols, ideals, Dante's women are, but they are women none the less; women, one and all of them, originating in the poet's experience; shadows of a loveliness or an ugliness that he had met in his strange journeyings; figures emerging from his memory and illuminated by legends current in his time or by his knowledge of sacred and of classic lore. His inscrutable alchemy, melting together tradition and erudition and experience, yielded the imperishable forms which, when studied in their completeness, vindicate for woman a place in the human world to which she has too seldom been exalted.

Dante's reticence is wonderful. The poem was written with his heart's blood, yet he names himself once only in the hundred cantos, while direct reference to mother, wife or children there is none. But we know that he had a daughter whom he called Beatrice and who was with him in his last days at Ravenna. So, too, were the wife of his son and his grandchildren. Carducci suggests that watching the latter gave him the striking similes of the Paradiso which I shall quote directly. Possibly it did. But Dante's reverence for maternity informs the whole Commedia: from the touching references to the mother of Christ to the mother that to save her child rushes almost naked from the flames; from the mother of Achilles, who takes her son from Chiron, and the mother of Lycurgus' sons, who rush to greet her, to the Roman widow pleading so heroically and so successfully with the Emperor Trajan to avenge her murdered child. This reverence for maternity reveals itself again in the picture that he makes his great progenitor draw of the earlier Florentine mothers who taught their children from the cradle the legends of Rome and

of Fiesole; the echo of it resounds in the epithet he applies to Virgil's Æneid: "My foster nurse, my mother poesy." The pangs of childbirth evoke a tender pity. Niobe weeping for her children dead on either side of her; Hecuba, her mind disordered by her woe, wandering amid her children's graves; Iocasta's double sorrow in the quarrels of her children, elicit from him a tenderer sympathy for these more excruciating pangs of the mother's heart. All this, however, fades away in the celestial music of the lines that describe the joy of Anna, the mother of Mary, as she looks upon the daughter's face in heaven: "So glad to look upon that countenance that her eyes moved not as she sang hosanna." The picture of Beatrice and Dante in paradise when his feet are entangled in a new net of mystery places us instantly again on earth:

> First breathing out a pitying sigh,
> She turned full gaze with such a look on me
> As mother on her boy's insanity.

The passages mentioned by Carducci are very beautiful. To the affrighted Dante, Beatrice to reassure him "turns quickly, as a mother turns to her pale and breathless child with the voice that's wont to soothe and quiet him." Describing the love of the flaming angels for the queen of heaven, the poet likens them to "the babe that having had his fill stretches his hand toward his mother's breast and proves his inward love by his outward glow;" a picture that contrasts strikingly with another of "an infant seeking his mother's breast when fear and anguish vex his troubled heart." I follow Del Lungo rather than Carducci in believing that these are reminiscences of the poet's mother and his wife, they are so completely woven into the texture of the poem. And they illustrate traits of Italian motherhood as evident in the twentieth century as they were in the thirteenth. Take as an extreme and gruesome instance the story of Bizarro, a brigand of Calabria, and his sweetheart, Niccolina. The young mother, carrying her infant boy in her arms, had accompanied Bizarro when pursued, and both took refuge in a cave. The poor baby, seeking nourishment in vain from the mother's empty breasts, moaned and cried, while the terrible dogs that guarded the fugitives warned them by their

barking of approaching enemies. Exasperated, and fearing discovery, the bandit seized the child by the feet and dashed it against the wall of the cavern. The woman said nothing. In the morning when Bizarro was gone she dug a grave and buried her child. But, at night, when the father was sleeping, she seized his gun and shot him dead. She then cut off his head, placed it in her apron, took it to the nearest magistrate and demanded the promised reward. Some time after this, continues the French general then commanding in Calabria, the woman married and became an exemplary wife and mother. Pass now from this gruesome revelation of elemental maternal feeling to the picture of Carducci's mother repeating to her gifted boy Manzoni's fiery appeal to the Lombards. "Even to-day," he wrote, "when I repeat the lines I must needs spring to my feet and shout them as when I heard them for the first time. And I heard them from the voice of a woman, from the voice of my mother. It was Easter Monday of 1847. A glorious spring sunshine laughed in the turquoise sky and five fishing boats were lined across the distant sea, swift, graceful, white as antique nymphs, while on the hills amid the emerald verdure of the fields and the foliage of the trees appeared the ruined forms of the Middle Ages; and flowers bloomed everywhere, flowers in the plants, in the grass, flowers in the sky and on the ground, golden flowers and flowers of the loveliest incarnadine. How beautiful indeed are the peach blossoms of the springtide! And yet, after I heard those stanzas recited by my mother, I saw nothing of all this any more. Or, rather, I saw everything black. I had a ferocious desire to kill Austrians!" What tones they must have been! Or consider the picture of De Maistre's mother soothing him to sleep with verses of her favorite poets which he thus knew by heart before he knew their meanings. Or hear the mother of Mazzini, the memory of whom comforted and strengthened him in exile: "My son, be good and pure. Be strong. Learn to suffer!" Or listen to the mother of his friend Ruffini, who reconciled Mazzini to life, who restored his faith, and taught him to combine the love of God with the love of Italy and of humanity. Or watch the mother of Silvio Pellico as she fights her victorious battle for the life of her tormented darling after the physicians

had abandoned hope. "I have never seen," writes Villari, the biographer of Savonarola, "anything to equal, much less surpass, the heroic selfeffacement of Neapolitan mothers," and the instances of maternal devotion in Mathilde Serao's terrible book, The Bowels of Naples, make his words seem tame. Dante's illustrious progenitor tells him: "Thou shalt leave all things that thou dost love most tenderly; this will be the chief arrow from the bow of exile." Only sheer perversity can remain deaf to the heartbreak of the lines. Dante was too proud to make much moan, but here are some extracts from the journal of Santorre Santa Rosa, one of the noblest figures of the nineteenth century:

> A daughter was born to me, to me the exile, on the 17th of October. Eternal God, be pleased to bless my infant girl, who shall receive the name of my mother, thy faithful handmaid; my mother, of whom I was bereft too early. O, my Mother! I dedicate this child to thee. Accept the offering in thy home up yonder. Paulina, my Paulina, God bless thee and keep thee in health to console thy father. God preserve thee, daughter of misfortune, nourished in the womb of thy mother in the time of storm, and born while thy banished father was wandering here in Switzerland where men are true and women are honored. I see the eyes of thy fond mother fixed upon thy face and bathed with tears as she thinks of thy unhappy father.

So Dante felt, though he made no moan. He bled inwardly. The traces of suffering mark forever that majestic face. The music of his lines never strikes deeper than when surcharged with homesick grief.

"Unhappy the man," exclaimed Jean Paul, "whose mother's image does not make him reverence all women." How Dante reverenced womanhood the Commedia discloses in many ways. The scorn that he expresses for the prince who sold his daughter as a corsair sells a slave is feeble when compared to the scene in the Inferno where the brother of the beautiful Ghisola is tortured for his share in the ruin of his sister. One longs for a modern poet to consign such culprits to "the singing flames": "I saw the horned demons, scourge in hand, scourging their backs with many a blow; they made that tortured throng lift quick their legs, nor did any stand and wait." And as the brother tells the story of his baseness a demon with a knotted whip rains blows upon his head, crying: "Away! Away, thou pander! Here in hell no women

are ever sold for pelf." Surely the scorn of scorn can go no farther. But with what glad approval the poet mentions the fair Gualdrada, who refuses to kiss the emperor Otto, telling him tranquilly that her lips are for him only whom she shall choose to be her husband. And the Lucia that he selects to plead with Beatrice to come to his aid and save him in the midst of life's way is that Lucia who plucked out her eyes lest her beauty prove too great a snare to tempted men. Semiramis so sunk in lust that in her law she knew no mandate but her own desire, Cleopatra, wanton and unchaste, Helena, whose beauty caused such dire calamity, emerge dimly from the shadows of antiquity. But Cato's Marcia is the form that evokes his admiration. Was ever woman praised so finely as in the words that Cato speaks to Virgil:

> So great was the joy that Marcia gave my eyes while I was living in yonder world that every wish of hers I met as it arose. But now she cannot move me, for she dwells beyond this evil stream. If some heavenly lady guides thy way, as thou dost tell, there is no need of flattering speech. Enough for thee to ask me in Marcia's name.

Could anything be nobler than this tribute to the woman who begged to have upon her sepulcher just these two words: "Cato's Marcia"? Could anything be finer than Cato's yielding to the magic of her name now that God's decree had left the antique Roman only the memory of his Marcia's abounding love? And that this reverence for womanhood is not derived from ignorance of woman's nature, so fraught with peril to herself, is very plain. Dante's lines must not be read awry. His contempt for wantonness, his hatred of unchastity, his reverence for conjugal fidelity, neither obscured his insight nor dried up the fountains of his pity. The story of Francesca is a story of divine, inexorable justice; but justice transfigured by a fathomless sympathy. It is a story of the eternal ruin wrought in one brief moment of passion turned to flame. First the strong cry of sympathy, that is strong enough to separate the inseparable sufferers from the throng that sweeps onward through the malignant air and strong enough to detain them to make answer; and then the grief that makes the poet weep and wish to know how love could bring them to such fatal

knowledge and to such dire punishment. Both together indicate the poet's wisdom and the poet's heartbreak. Told by itself, Francesca's story of the love that chained them in suffering to each other for all eternity might have become a vindication of their fault. But Dante's poignant misery and Francesca's burst of anguish remind us that we are in the house of hopeless woe. The awful wail of stricken hearts is in the words,

"No pain is so cruel as remembering our happy moments in our misery."

The impure realism flaunted by modern writers could never have given us the picture of their reading Launcelot together, "naught thinking but that all was right," or of the one brief moment when impulse drove them trembling to their doom. Much less would it give us the speechless sobbing of Paolo or the dull thud of the poet falling like a dead man in a swoon. Put over against the picture of these tormented lovers the words in which Forese Donati, climbing the steeps of purgatory, describes his widowed Nella, whose hot tears have helped him on his way; so dear to God in her widowhood because she is so lonesome in her virtue, so unlike the bold women that walk with bosoms bared unblushing through the streets of Florence. Then turn to those human splendors, Piccarda and Constance, who meet the poet in the Lunar Sphere of Heaven. Dante, be it remembered, had in the Convito opposed the mediæval ideal of celibate purity, yet nothing appeared more hateful to him than the marriages that were forced by their relatives upon women who had become the brides of Christ. Quite probably he knew even better than Boccaccio the darker side of life in the cloister, but he knew far better than the author of the Decameron the nobler and diviner aspirations of Italian women. Piccarda, the cousin of Dante's wife, had been torn by her brothers from the convent and compelled to break her vow. Yet, like Constance, the mother of the Emperor Frederick, she "wore the veil forever on her heart." These two women are the first spirits to whom Beatrice guides him after he enters paradise, and the words of Piccarda are perhaps the noblest of the entire poem. The poet asks her:

Do you, who are so happy here, desire to gain no loftier place?

To which Piccarda answers:

If we desired to pass on higher still, our desires would be at variance
then with His who bade us fill these mansions.
This is our peace, God's will.
In this from stage to stage we upward mount, rejoicing as we climb
toward Him, the fountain, the sea, toward which all being moves.

"Then I learned," the poet adds, "how everywhere in paradise is heaven, even though not on all alike God pours his love!" It is not to Saint Bernard, nor even to Beatrice, that such noble utterance is given, but to Piccarda, whom he had known and honored, the cousin of his own wife, Gemma, maligned by Boccaccio, so we are told by that fine scholar, Del Lungo. Dante's habit of blending past and present in the same scene, as he here unites Piccarda with Constance of Sicily, makes it probable that Matelda, who shares with Beatrice in the wonderful representation of Dante's absolution, is, after all, the celestial shadow of the famous Countess of Tuscany. Before approaching that, however, let us note the pictures of a daughter's love that appear in unexpected places. For instance, Lavinia's daughter, crying:

Thou hast lost me, mother mine! though not to lose me thou hast slain
thyself.
Grief for thy fate is keen above all else.

Or Manfred begging in purgatory that his plight may be revealed to his dear Constance:

Go to my fair daughter: tell her the truth.
See if thou canst advance my blessedness.
Of earthly prayer we feel the virtue here.

Or hear Nino Visconti, the noble judge, as he pleads:

Tell my Giovanna to send her prayers for me to Him that harkens
to the innocent. I do not believe her mother loves me any more.

Nor are these fancy pictures merely. Then and long afterward the Italian daughter pleaded often for her father. Galileo's first-born is more beautiful in her devotion to that great sufferer than any of Dante's mention. "She keeps on calling me," wrote the sad man after her death, in the bitterness of his grief. She had

been the strength of his heart and the joy of his mind. She had chosen him for her patron saint rather than any in the saints' calendar. She had taken upon her, she wrote him just before she died, "all of his penance that she could, and would willingly spend the rest of her life in a narrower prison than her cloistered cell if she could but shorten his imprisonment or relieve his pain." Carducci in a striking passage brings together the daughter of the great exile and the daughter of the great prisoner. He writes:

> At the bedside of the poet were his two sons, condemned to exile by the city of Florence, and his daughter, Beatrice, condemned by herself, in love to her wandering father, to leave that which she held most dear—the younger children, the habits of her home, and the hope of motherhood. Beatrice consoled surely the agony of her father with the sweet accents of Tuscany and with the memory of his pure young love, made now more pure in the name he had given to his daughter; the Beatrice born of Gemma Donati escorted the great soul of her father in his passage to the vision of the Beatrice in heaven. And afterward the daughter of the poet of Piccarda gave herself to the life of the spirit in the convent near Ravenna, Saint Stephan of the Olives. What more had she to do with the world, now that she had closed the eyes and kissed for the last time the cold lips of her father? How could she be companion to another man, she who had chosen for her part the exile and the miseries of Dante? Between him that opens and him that closes the Italian revival, between Dante and Galileo, there is this resemblance: the daughter of the first and the daughter of the second both preferred, so to speak, the father to the mother, and ended life, both of them, as virgin sisters. Perhaps in the daughters of such men, more than in their sons, there is renewed, by some mysterious physiological working, so much of the father that they are able to do without the rest of the world; for them the father becomes an ideal; they live and die for him and in him. Less fortunate than Sister Beatrice, Dante's daughter, because for such natures it is the best fortune to console others while sacrificing self, Sister Maria Celeste, Galileo's daughter, died before her illustrious parent.

And yet one might remind Carducci that to her was given the priceless compensation of calling her father continually to her, no longer from the cloister, but from her heavenly home.

But those symbolic figures, Lucia and Matelda and Beatrice, what of them? The charm of them is undeniable and the charm is feminine; feminine, however, according to an ideal derived from an experience with women of heroic mold. Take, for exam-

ple, the courageous words in which Beatrice tells Virgil why she has no fear to enter the abodes of the lost:

Of those things only fear in us should dwell that have the power to work another's woe;
Those alone are terrible. I, by God's bounty, am so fashioned that your great misery leaves me untouched in spite of fiery furnace glow.

There speaks the undaunted woman, conscious of her God and bold to obey the behest of love, take her where it may. And how vivid is Virgil's description of her and her enchantment:

A lady called me blest and fair
So that I asked wherein I might obey.
Bright were her eyes beyond the stars compare, and she began in accents soft and kind with voice angelic.

How charming, too, the mode of her address:

O thou of courteous mind, whose fame still lingers in the world and will endure while the world lasts.

How much of meaning in Virgil's sharp reproof to Dante:

Since three such women, blest of God's dear grace, care for thee in that heavenly company, why hast thou not more zeal for high endeavor?
What ails thee? Why halt and hesitate?

That there was a Beatrice Portinari whom Dante met in his boyhood, that this Beatrice became afterward the wife of Simon dei Bardi and died in her youth, has been proven beyond a doubt. But so peculiar was the relation of the mediæval poet to the woman that he worshiped in his songs, and yet so unusual was the attitude of Dante among mediæval poets, that it is impossible to separate truth from fiction in his statements concerning her. One thing, however, stands out distinct: she became for him the symbol of unearthly wisdom, the glorified spirit to draw him upward into realms of light, the woman of whom he would say what had never been said of any other woman. She possessed, we may easily believe, unusual beauty, and the magical radiance of mingling piety and dignity and intelligence that illuminated the face and the form of Vittoria Colonna. Only, the Beatrice of the Commedia was more than a memory—she was a transformation, or, rather,

a new creature, the angel of thoughtful womanhood into whose creation entered all his recollections of feminine intelligence and gracious influence. The picture of her, clad in a white veil bordered with olive leaves, in a mantle bright and green over a robe of fiery glow, recalls the Madonnas of early Italian art arrayed in their garments of faith and hope and love; while the festal angels scattering flowers that envelop her as in a cloud may be a reminiscence of some Florentine procession of fair maidens in which Beatrice Portinari was the chief figure. But the dignity of her speech derives from the majestic office that the poet assigns to her and to all noble women. She is his heavenly wisdom and his outward conscience. The divinest voice in all those heavenly spheres speaks to him in accents soft and kind, such as were those of gracious ladies he had known. One needs but to compare this Beatrice with such a figure as Voltaire's Joan of Arc to understand the celestial distance that separates the Italian singer from the French bard wallowing in degrading fancies. Beatrice belongs to the family of Antigone; she is the voice of that righteousness which is older than the gods and of the love that shapes eternal destinies. Her companion, Matelda, the symbol of feminine activity, may be the Countess that supported Hildebrand, or the transfigured image of some friend of Beatrice Portinari. Who need care? Dante, I imagine, rejoiced in her as in some creature given to him miraculously; she came to him, perchance, in some dream like that in which he saw Saint Lucia, or she took shape beside him as he walked the paths of exile thinking in his misery of the happy bygone days; or, perhaps, as he wandered on in banishment, some lovely woman standing among the red and golden blossoms had detained him with high discourse. "A lady all alone, who as she went sang evermore, and gathered flowers with whose bright hues her path was strewn." Leah, her counterpart, decks herself with flowers that she may gaze with joy upon her image in the mirror; Matelda gathers them for divine uses, and in the joys of active ministering learns how she may explain the purposes of God. For me, as for the poet who created her, she is sufficient of herself, be what it may the secret of her origin.

In the final scene of Ibsen's noted drama, Nora, choking down

her misery, exclaims: "First and foremost I wish to be a human being." The cry means what we interpret it to mean. Dante's Sapia was a human being—the Sapia who in sexless rage rejoiced in others' ill more than in her own prosperity, urging God in her madness to heap calamity upon her own citizens defending Colle's fortress. Beatrice is a human being also, but of another kind. Even the celestial atmosphere only intensifies the human and the womanly. So that if Nora's cry means this, Women shall think nobly of themselves and strive their utmost to realize their thought, and men shall acknowledge and cherish this nobility —why, then, the Florentine poet set that cry to eternal music six centuries ago. There were poets enough in his age and among Italians of succeeding ages to depict the charms, the frailties and the power of women from the muddy level of their senses; poets who saw in woman neither the guide nor the deliverer, neither inspiration, nor dignity, nor divinity. And there were women enough to justify their songs. But the great exile saw a different vision, and in lifting Beatrice to her place so near the throne of God he summoned the women of Italy to a higher destiny. He summoned, at the same time, the men of Italy and of the future to unscale their eyes and to behold in woman a potency and a majesty that makes the degradation of her treason, and the defiling of her image blasphemy. "If it shall please Him through whom all things live, I hope to say of her that which has never been said of any woman." So wrote the youthful author of the Vita Nuova. His vow was fulfilled; and his final words about his Beatrice are his sublimest. "Where is she?" he asked of Saint Bernard, who suddenly replaced her in the fields of paradise. "Look up to the third round of the first rank and thou shalt again behold her upon the throne her merits have assigned her," was the answer. "I lifted up my eyes," he continues, "and saw her as she made herself a crown, reflecting from herself God's splendor. The highest heaven that echoes to the thunder is not more distant to the strongest mortal eye beholding it from ocean's deepest depth than Beatrice was distant from my sight. Yet distance made no difference. Because her image descended to me through a medium free from every taint." A song of gratitude and entreaty breaks from his

lips. "Let thy magnificence," he implores, "keep watch in me so that my soul which thou hast healed may, when it shuffles off the body's coil, be pleasant to thee, Beatrice." "Thus did I pray, and she, far distant though she seemed, smiled, and looked at me. Then she turned toward the fount eternal."

Her image, distant though she was, he saw distinctly because it descended to him through a medium free from taint! So when our eyes are purged and our atmosphere is pure the image of this resplendent woman descends to us, distant though she be in time as well as space; the intervening centuries have only made her smile more lovely and her look the more entrancing. From her distant splendor she heard the poet pray and answered from "her realms of help"; and so the ideal of a pure and beautiful and helpful and instructive womanhood, emerging from the mystical and bewildering interpretations that obscure so frequently Dante's poem, when seen by us, as by him, through a medium free from taint makes answer to our entreaties and our aspirations with a smile, as she holds us and draws us upwards with her magnetic eyes. She is no longer Dante's Beatrice; she belongs to all climes and to all centuries. She is the shadow of every noble woman, and with her magnificence guards the soul of every poet who "beholds her where she makes herself a crown, reflecting from herself God's splendor."

Charles J. Little

Art. VII.—THE PULPIT AS THE CHIEF FACTOR IN SOCIAL REFORM

Economic changes, many and frequently alarming, keep thinkers, writers, and workers astir. The kaleidoscope of human society is in perpetual unrest. Social and business wrongs harass us daily. What attitude does the pulpit assume toward these violations of rights? Said one: "If multitudes of men believe that they are suffering injustice; that the social conditions are antagonistic to their interests, that the rapidly accumulating wealth of the world is unfairly distributed, that frugality, thrift, self-denial and personal effort and personal sacrifice count for little as against the power which combined capital controls, if, soured by these convictions, they form counter-combinations and fight fire until hellish passions are aroused and civilization seems ready to fall into anarchy, what can the church do to allay the storm and avert the catastrophe?" The purpose of this paper is to maintain that the pulpit in its attitude toward all social questions has been and is the chief factor in philanthropic reform.

The sharp goad of skeptical reproach, the quivering sting of outer and inner condemnation, the froth and foam of superficial criticism and satirical denunciation have not been wanting. The pulpit has been and still remains the shining target for many would-be socio-politico-economic sharpshooters. After the clearing away of the materialistic smoke the pulpit remains unharmed and powerful. A child can easily sling mud at one of the world's great paintings. An untrained voice may readily break in upon the harmony and sweetness of blended song. The pulpit welcomes honest and intelligent criticism. Perfection, or even discretion, in utterance is not always claimed, but the sphere of the Christian minister is too frequently seen through nearsighted, range-limiting spectacles of the narrow political economist, social agitator, or mere tyro playing at life's stupendous problems. It is true that upon a particular Sabbath some earnest preacher, with heart all aglow, may discourse to a delighted audience upon the glories of

the angel world, and the disappointed hobbyist present may lay the charge that he is antagonistic to, or forgetful of, the pressing obligations of this terrestrial sphere. Narrow critic! Come on Sunday next and that same divine, with soul on fire, will preach with such impassioned eloquence about the humble Nazarene in his ministrations to the poor that you will be caught up into the third heaven of economic thought. The student in one department of learning must not hope to find the pulpit limited to his special field of inquiry. In its quest after helpful truth it must cover the whole realm of sociology, art, science, education, family, economic and religious life. The preacher, of all men, must be the one broad man. His topics are necessarily varied in their tremendous sweep. He is compelled to study struggling, grinding, advancing society not from the circumscribed standpoint of any theoretical economist, or dreamful lover of art or poetry, but from the exalted, philanthropic vantage ground of the profoundest social reformer the world has ever known—the Man of Galilee. Higher and grander in their philosophic meaning than any sentence of Moses, Buddha, Plato, Cicero, or any of the ethical thinkers of the centuries, are his matchless words: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." By this masterful stroke in the sociological world he sublimely teaches that the greater must include the less. There must be the spiritual regeneration of individual men, the divine life implanted in the human heart, and "all these things shall be added unto you." Only then are we fully prepared to build intelligently upon the granite pillars of social science. Professor Richard T. Ely, the broad-minded economist of international fame, has declared that the first need of the city is a "profound revival of religion," and that in its largest sense. Individual reclamation must come first. The pulpit is to teach Christianity. What is Christianity? A distinguished scholar has replied that it "is the religion of the kingdom of God secured by the regeneration of individual souls." Is the answer incomplete? Then add the words of one whose memory today is the fragrant flower in many a soul, Charles Loring Brace: "The system of religious faith and morals to be derived from the words, teachings, and char-

acter of Christ." The function of the pulpit is not to deal alone with economic questions. Far from it. Must it preach heaven week in and week out? By no means. It must teach Christianity, and that in its broadest sense: to satisfy all rational and appreciative searchers after truth, to touch upon all sound principles making for the exaltation of human kind. Sensibly writes our own Bishop Vincent: "The minister is to make clear in theory and practice the divine social idea as set forth by Him of Nazareth. To reincarnate him; to talk his talk; to reproduce his deeds of love and help. His doctrines were social doctrines—the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the law of righteousness; the exercise of what Victor Hugo calls those three pure radiances, truth, justice, and charity. The minister should professionally insist that every man who pretends to patriotism should talk and vote in the interest of pure politics, fair taxation, the improvement of the civil service, the increase of knowledge among the people of sanitary and hygienic law, the reconstruction of tenement houses, the classification, education, and wise care of convicts, a just distribution of wealth, free public libraries, industrial education, the care of the homeless and orphaned." It is essential that the true minister of Jesus Christ hear the heart throbs of the wealthy, and also bend in sympathy with the tearful poor. "The death of the firstborn in the house of Pharaoh causes as great grief as the death of the firstborn in the hut on the edge of the desert." The critic of the minister frequently overlooks the fact that "he stands between conflicting classes and belongs to all." The pulpit signifies vastly more than the temple desk and the sounding board. It furnishes the power setting in motion gigantic machinery for the world's good. The sermon is fractionally but a relative part of the preacher's influence. What shall we say of guilds, and brotherhoods, and charities, and sewing-schools, and education, and Endeavor movements of almost limitless range? Far-reaching philanthropic enterprises spring into existence. Whose impelling desire was potential? The preacher's. Is this too strong? A university is established, and thousands of eager students tread its halls of learning. Who created the favoring possibilities for its existence? The preacher. A college is heavily endowed. Whose prayer

loosened the strings of the gold-filled purse? The preacher's. A hospital, sweet shelter for the wearied and sore, is founded. Who toiled in private with the large-hearted benefactor? The preacher. An industrial school is born in the thought and purpose of a liberal merchant. When? While listening to a sermon. It is the influence of the preacher pulsing through educational inspirations, redemptive organizations, making its power effectually felt in tons of Christian literature, speaking by the might of press and platform. What about the Chautauqua movement of world-wide significance? Who set Arnold Toynbee at work? Who was Denison's inspiration? Preachers. The sarcastic critic carps at the preaching of the past; that "previous to the latter half of the last century the really great battles were over the technicalities of creeds and the intricacies of interpretation. Now it is a life and death struggle to keep intact the very foundations of religion itself." That theological debate was rife must be allowed. But along the pathway of the years, the majority of pulpit orators held themselves true to what they believed the genius of the gospel. They preached with the spirit of the times. Economic discussions were not to the front. Those men had a Living Word before them. "It taught them the radical sinfulness of human nature. They believed it, and repudiated at the same time that human nature and human society were hopelessly debased. Man still bore the image of God. They had a Christianity that was critical but not pessimistic and anarchic. They taught a Christianity as heralding the most radical of impending revolutions, symboled in new heavens and earth, yet pacific, a Christianity that had no sympathy with the present gospel of dynamite and dagger."[1] Witness the preaching of the Wesleys, and Whitefield and Asbury. Review the pulpit deliverances from 1800 to the Civil War. As the age at that time became intensely industrial new environments were rapidly created by marvels wrought by steam and electricity. Social problems pressed themselves forward. The preacher was the first to earnestly appreciate and comprehend the changing order. It is true that not every question was brought into the sanctuary addresses. Not every turbulent enthusiast was eagerly

[1] Behrends.

followed. It is not seemly for the clergyman to rush breathlessly into his pulpit with the latest catchword of reform, or most recent theory in any department of science, whether of medicine, political economy, or even theology. Terms are not readily understood. Philosophies must be digested. This is not pulpit cowardice, but pulpit common sense. The very word "socialism," while harmless in itself, is variously and dangerously interpreted. Multitudes at once associated it with anarchism and other differently garmented isms. Chicago's fearful riots flash back in memory. The red flag again waves. Men tremble in the presence of dynamite. The cautious minister must not be too severely condemned for hesitating to drag into his pulpit terms and theories and doctrines which have journeyed with riotous and explosive companions. Flaring headlines may proclaim Mrs. Stokes in New York city placing the red flag above the stars and stripes, but that preacher, to say the least, is unwise who from his pulpit the following Sabbath hurls at her a blood-curdling diatribe. The charge has been of great frequency that the ministry generally has been indifferent to social agitations and upheavals; that no activity of moment in the past was exhibited until zealous laymen under the lash of severe criticism and impetus of leadership forced the pulpit to speak out. There is the old citation of Wendell Phillips and slavery. Is the slumbering critic aware that Wendell Phillips was not born until 1811? that the Methodist Episcopal Church, long before Phillips was freed from his swaddling clothes, had an emphatic declaration against slavery in her book of government? Has the critic also forgotten that this great church quivered and fell apart under the earthquake shock of slavery in 1844? We do not stop to make mention of other denominations. The abolition of slavery in America is due in large part to the preacher. Note the pulpit in its attitude toward the liquor traffic. Is the tremendous temperance crusade an offspring of láy enthusiasm, the clergy lashed into service by the impetuosity of the pew? If so, then I have spelled out the sentences of history very imperfectly. What is due the pulpit of the past? It has been the chief factor in social reform. There must be taken into account the tireless preparation through the centuries from the time that the clear-

visioned Paul turned aside to bitterly arraign the social life of Rome down to Hugh Price Hughes and the onward sweep of reform today. The pulpit has strengthened the ideal of statesmanship, corrected methods of civil government, held in restraint warlike purposes, and modified the tendencies and history of empires. The freedom of Russia's toiling serfs, Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation—why? The answer lies in the influence of the pulpit. As the mouthpiece of Christianity its best achievements are "humanity to the child, the stranger, the needy, the prisoner, and even the brute; increasing opposition to all forms of cruelty and oppression; personal purity, the sacredness of marriage, the necessity of temperance, the elevation of woman, the right of every human being to have the utmost opportunity of developing his faculties, and of all persons to enjoy equal political and social privileges." It has been the inspiration and conserving power of social and charitable institutions. When down-trodden and oppressed the poor have turned to the preacher for helpful friendship. The heart of Methodism has ever been warm toward the unfortunate and wearied ones. Are we to forget John Wesley among the prisoners at Newgate, or his work and that of his colleagues among the colliers and poor of England and Wales? Thousands crowded to wait upon their ministrations. Through these many years of organization the Methodist Episcopal Church has held true to the deep convictions of duty to the special mission for which she exists. Here is a religious society establishing universities, colleges, seminaries, hospitals, orphanages, Deaconess Homes, Homes for the aged, conducting many forms of work among the desolate, with wide-open hand ministering to the needs of a broken world, sending out vast bodies of young people into open-air meetings, systematic visitation, tract distribution, temperance crusades, fostering employment bureaus, lyceums, libraries, Chautauqua Circles, social entertainments, proper amusements, lectures and literary work, sewing schools and kindred organizations—doing a lend-a-hand work generally. Back of all this continuous program of marvelous activity is the Methodist itinerant, counseling, planning, directing, controlling, inspiring.

The pulpit of today keenly realizes more than ever that there

is a social question, perplexing, ever-pressing, demanding solution. It is charged that the average minister is well versed in apologetics, but woefully ignorant of the most fundamental laws of our economic and social life. This can be unhesitatingly denied. The earnest man of God is almost daily in contact with poverty conditions. He studies with eyes and ears and feet and brain and heart. He is a social economist thrust out into the oppressive sphere of torturing distress. His library does not consist of tomes weighty with ancient theological proposition and argument. A bookseller has made the statement that the clergyman is the chief purchaser of the literature of advanced thought. Who is the most interested patron of the leading magazines and reviews? The preacher. He reads. He reads eagerly. He is a student. He is an explorer among the fields of industrial and social doctrine. More ministers burn the midnight oil than the casual observer supposes. The preaching of the modern pulpit is far from stilted theological formula. Never was there a sublimer, yet a simpler presentation of the social ideals of the gospel. Because a creed-breaking and creed-making spirit has dominated the councils of a great denomination, agitating her profoundest students, troubling her seminaries, crowding the columns of her leading periodicals, men were filled with fear, but the pulpit was not perceptibly disturbed. The preacher continued at his task. Professor Paul Van Dyke's retirement from the Princeton Theological Seminary produced but a faint ripple of excitement, and the incident is well-nigh forgotten. Someone may look up from this page and say: "I do remember." The publication of a recent and much-debated novel refreshed the memory of a few. Changing polity and governmental turmoils within ecclesiastic bodies are not often carried as sensational themes to a worshipful congregation. The charge falls powerless that men come anxiously to the sanctuaries asking for bread, yet receive a stone. We repudiate the statement that "the clergy, profoundly imbued with the rhythmic harmonies of the physical, economic, and spiritual world as taught by the metaphysicians of the old schools, have become ultra-conservative," that "their religion and philosophy are static." The called preacher is caught up by that agonizing spirit which anxiously pleads for

a millennial settlement of the deeply vexing and increasingly disturbing social conditions. He does discuss economic propositions. They are embodied in his ministerial work. But these problems cannot possibly contain the whole message of Christianity. An emasculated gospel and an effeminate religious philosophy are not the special assignments to the toiling clergy. The pulpit is awake. It is thoroughly in earnest. On every hand are heard the thunder tones of mighty men, preachers of the gospel, from sacred desk and public platform, through secular press and religious magazine, demanding social and moral improvement. They are leading on the rallied hosts by educational methods, by philanthropic institutions, by powerful and self-sacrificing crusades, by the intrepid leadership of a definitely formulated propaganda for bringing in the kingdom. Noting the published sermons and extracts from the English and American pulpits, it is pleasing to observe how many contain the social messages of Christianity. Has the pulpit alienated the working man from the temple of worship? The charge is laid. We are told that "the horny-handed son of toil" is not there. The rich! The rich! Absence from the sanctuary does not argue the alienation of the laboring classes. They are there. They are also there in large numbers. And they are reached. It may be done through pastoral visitation, the touch of the deaconess, the tract, or loving gift. Their children are within our Sabbath schools. There is discontent—admitted. But the millennium is not here. Read this: "The discontent of the working classes is not to me a withered leaf witnessing that our civilization is in the autumn and that winter is near; it is rather a snowdrop, sweet harbinger of summer." It is a nonsensical complaint that the high-salaried minister is but a trembling hireling, and, intimidated in the presence of gold, preaches only about heaven and angel songs, afraid to breathe the quietest word against the oppression of capital and the grossest tyranny of employer. "The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all." The pulpit is not muzzled. Is Parkhurst a brave preacher? No braver than thousands of other wearers of the cloth. The pulpit is not afraid to act. In the presence of royalty it has frequently been very emphatic. Call to remembrance the outspoken utterances of

the English clergy against the Tranby Croft scandal. Wealth fails to silence the impassioned preacher whose "spirit is stirred in him." Swollen fortunes should not always pass under bitter denunciation. Chancellor Day, in his Raid on Prosperity, is to be followed with an unbiased judgment. He defends his positions with remarkable clearness. Helen Campbell is not to be taken too seriously when she writes that "he who says with all sanctity on Sunday, 'I believe in God the Father, Maker of heaven and earth,' shows on the other six days that his real creed is, 'I believe in Father Mud, the Almighty Plastic, and in Father Dollar, the Almighty Drastic.'" Large numbers of our wealthy men are giving their lives and business talents for the amelioration of the world's sore need. In the presence of all, rich and poor, stands the Christian minister preaching the evangel of love. The pulpit has not lost its hold upon the masses. When Norman McLeod, that princely pastor, was carried to the cemetery through the streets of Glasgow, followed by a dense multitude of mourners, one laboring man on the sidewalk was heard to say, "There goes Norman McLeod, and if he had done no more than what he did for my soul he would shine as the stars forever." What meant the gathered thousands, faces tear-stained and hearts quivering with sorrow, when Spurgeon was borne to his grave? The outburst of deeply moved passion at the funeral ceremonies of Phillips Brooks cannot be described. Wait for the burial hour of William Booth. The pulpit is not waning in power. The preacher still remains the greatest single force in social science. Never in all the broad records of religion were Christian movements so generously supported. The sympathies of the clergyman are always enlisted when any social program is outlined. Then Cardinal Manning and the notorious Bradlaugh sit together upon the same platform. The cry is for "the preacher" whenever a distinctive reform is to be inaugurated. The Republican and Democratic National Conventions, this coming summer, will carefully arrange that the proceedings be opened with prayer. It is an impressive scene either in Senate or House of Representatives at Washington when the chaplain asks for the guidance of divine wisdom. Perhaps it is right to say that the preacher cannot test his leadership always in

reform movements by his absence from legislative halls. Many state constitutions forbid his election. Maryland, for instance, has decreed that no minister, or preacher of the gospel, or of any religious creed or denomination shall be eligible as Senator or Delegate. That the clergyman has been of significant service to legislators, judges, and executives is well known. Bishop Matthew Simpson, knowing well the United States, his itinerant duties giving him wide acquaintance with leading men and conditions, was frequently consulted by President Lincoln. Bishop Ames also gave the president invaluable counsel. Other church statesmen shared with them this privilege. Denied a seat among legislators when his voice might be effectively heard, in his professional calling passing between the Scylla of unreasonable reformers and the Charybdis of a dissatisfied membership murmuring "preaching politics," trammeled in multiplied ways by misinterpretation of motive, castigation for conservatism, and limitations of service, the preacher has lived on, toiled on, sowing seed to ripen in one, ten, or a thousand years, sending out in every direction electric waves of a holy influence to be felt in many lives in distant time. The pulpit is abreast with the rapidly expanding movements of today. It ceaselessly urges social reform. Through many channels it sends out into all sections of the globe its golden streams of beneficence, finding expression in White Cross societies, Young Men's Christian Associations, woman's effectiveness in her temperance and charitable organizations, seeking by all worthy endeavor to brighten this day in the life of the race, and make it possible for "the desert to rejoice, and blossom as the rose," and to have it "blossom more abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing." There is no reason for despondency. The swift movements of the present for righteousness are the flowering out of the soil baptized by the heroic deeds and sacrificing blood of other years. The Rockefellers, Carnegies, Stanfords, Pratts, and the lengthened catalogue of such as Johns Hopkins and the countless host of benefactors are but the fruition of the beautiful ministries of the pulpit, through the passing decades. The political economist today is a possibility because of the preacher.

There is no adequate reason for despair. Enthusiasm is run-

ning high. The pulpit of England is alert. The translated Hugh Price Hughes stood as an angel of mercy in the midst of the desolation of London's crowded centers. But his influence touched the whole British world. It was refreshing to have William T. Stead speak of him as the recognized exponent of the "Nonconformist Conscience," which repealed the C. D. Acts, hurled Parnell from power, and placed a veto on the return of Sir Charles Dilke to public life. The younger ministers of America are studying deeply social science problems. Theological seminaries are emphasizing sociology in a preacher's training. The richness of many scriptural passages is gained through a knowledge of living questions. We quote: "To understand what was the New Testament conception of private property, the place of charity in the early church, monasticism, the mendicant orders, clerical celibacy, the principles and influences of the Jesuits, the Crusades, the Reformation, the influence of the gospel on the position of woman and childhood, and on education, literature, physical science, invention, industry, and thrift, biographies like those of Telemachus, Savonarola, Gustavus Adolphus, William of Orange, Oberlin, Chalmers, John Howard, Elizabeth Fry, and Charles Kingsley, these topics have new meanings for one who has become alive to the importance and fascination of social studies."

The last thirty-five years largely embrace the social era. New conditions are on. Our students are busily at work. The preacher is at his task. Critics sometimes snarl. The infidel sneers. The enthusiast upbraids. Under all varying surroundings the pulpit has been and still remains the chief factor in social reform. And it shall continue so to be.

J. F. Heisse.

Art. VIII.—THE ISSUES OF PRAGMATISM

Since about the turn of the century much has been heard in philosophical circles of the doctrine called pragmatism. Through the debate between the opponents of the doctrine and its ardent advocates the matter has now been brought to the notice of a wider public. In particular, pragmatism is excellently adapted to become "popular philosophy" in the literal sense of the term, and it bears directly on the question of religious belief. A brief statement of its meaning, therefore, and of the issues which it involves, will be of interest to the readers of this Review.

The group of words to which "pragmatism" belongs has had a longer history in popular than in philosophic speech. Pragmatic sanctions in diplomacy and political history, pragmatic tendencies on the part of individual men, pragmatical phases of thought or character—in connections like these the terms have been familiar. But in philosophy the group has been but sparsely represented, and then often with derogatory implications. Throughout the popular and the philosophic usage, however, one root idea has always lain at the basis of the various derivative terms. The Greek original has reference to action, to doing, to ends achieved or results accomplished, and this significance reappears in its special applications. It is this fundamental meaning also which has determined the name of the latest and, for the time being perhaps, the most vigorous aspirant for philosophical honors. For pragmatism claims before all things to be practical philosophy. It wars against abstractions of every kind, especially against those which it pleases to consider the sum and substance of rational or Hegelian idealism. It finds the sole test of philosophical conceptions in their practical results, for it holds that ideas or principles which stand in no relation to concrete affairs are by the fact condemned as worthless. This criterion, moreover, not only excludes philosophical inquiries which have no meaning; among the answers to the significant questions it enables us to distinguish the true from the false. True principles are such as approve themselves in concrete experience, those which work either by leading

on to further knowledge or by enabling men to adjust their actions to the world about them. Finally, as some of the leaders affirm, pragmatism supports a view of faith akin to that which religion itself has long maintained; for, like all things else, religion is to be judged by its adaptation to life, by its practical value, it being argued illogical to test its claims by purely theoretical or abstract standards. The foundations for the pragmatic movement were chiefly laid by an American thinker, Professor William James, of Harvard University. The first statement of the doctrine, indeed, was made in 1877-78 by C. S. Peirce, another Harvard thinker, to whom James acknowledges his indebtedness; but it was not until the nineties that James's own writings developed the premises on which he and others have later built. In 1890 his celebrated Principles of Psychology was published; in 1897 appeared the Will to Believe, with its incisive discussions of the nature of faith. Each of these books contained principles, stated or implied, which pointed toward the maturer doctrine. The Psychology treated consciousness as a function rather than as an entity, as a dynamic life rather than as a result of the mechanical combination of units called ideas. The "atomistic" theory of mind was thus rejected, and what in recent years we have learned to call the "functional" theory heartily adopted, at least in principle and germ. The mental life, moreover, was explained as not only individual but racial; in other words, James linked psychology fast to the evolutionary view of things at large. Finally, again to employ a later term, consciousness in its cognitive phase was conceived as instrumental; that is to say, any one of various views of a thing may be true with reference to the special purpose in the given case; anything may be considered in different aspects, in relation to various ends to be attained, and our thought may be true with reference to these ends severally taken, though in the one instance it prove quite other than in a second, in which the matter is dealt with for a different object and from a different angle of regard. The test in every case is adaptation to the purpose in hand. Here, as all now recognize, was pragmatism prefigured in the germ. But time was needed for its ripening. Meanwhile the further hints given in the Will to Believe were

not fully understood, even by philosophers by profession. This work, it will be remembered, defends the right of will and feeling to be heard in the decision of questions of faith. But the defense of faith gains in clearness by being projected against the background of an empirical theory of knowledge. Knowledge is a growth, it is argued, and so not absolute; it is not determined by a priori speculation but by experience. Even the postulates of physical science are principles selected for definite ends, and as intellectual principles they have no title to acceptance which would exclude the postulates of practical life. Thus the uniformity of nature and the moral order of the world stand on the same footing, and the former may not be pleaded in disbarment of the latter's claims. Since anything whatever may be true, the voice of will and conscience must not be stifled in favor of intellect alone. Thus the beginnings of the pragmatic movement were at hand before either advocates or critics realized the scope of the principles involved. In the succeeding years, those just before and after the passage of the nineteenth century into the twentieth, the consequences of these initial premises were drawn by different writers working in different lands. In England, Mr. Schiller, of Oxford University, discerned more clearly than others had done the empirical basis of the Will to Believe, and, starting thence, wrought out his own bold theory of the gradual evolution of all the elements and principles of knowledge. In Chicago, Professor Dewey and his pupils, the so-called Chicago school, gained fame for the young university by their original development of similar positions. The mental life is altogether functional in itself, they argued, and determined by the need of animal and man for guidance in their life of action. On its cognitive side, again, consciousness is instrumental, and instrumental only, for it is not the task of knowledge to reproduce a world already made and fixed in all its parts but simply, in satisfaction of organic need, to adjust its reports to each changing situation of affairs. Nor has the movement been furthered by philosophers alone. Many scientific thinkers have given it a cordial welcome because of their growing belief in the hypothetical and symbolical character of their own conclusions. Lastly, pragmatism—or humanism, as Schiller aptly terms it—

appeals to a variety of thinkers of less technical sorts: to younger students, captivated by its claims to novelty and universal value; to religious people by its consideration for the demands of faith; to the general public, who are told that here is a philosophy at last which is practical, intelligible, and final, at least in its method of approaching the ultimate problems.

To philosophers of other schools the matter has taken on a different aspect, and the resulting debate has been the most intense of recent years. For a time the issues were so much obscured that the impartial student could do little more than wait for the contending parties to beat out their doctrines clear. Of late, however, the situation has grown simpler, and a beginning may now be made in appreciating the questions in dispute and in the appraisal of the answers which are offered on either hand. Thus it has become evident that many of the advantages claimed for pragmatism are real benefits to thought, whether they are to be counted the exclusive possessions of this particular group of thinkers or not, or follow necessarily from their principles alone. That no truth is absolute in the sense of being secure from revision in the light of fuller knowledge, and that abstract speculation without regard to experience is, or should be, obsolete, are propositions supported by the general trend of modern thinking as well as by the contentions of the pragmatic school. Many readers of this REVIEW will further agree in accepting the pragmatic criticism of certain tendencies of idealistic thinking. That idealism of the Hegelian type errs by its neglect of the concrete factors in the world and human life, as it fails, on the other hand, to take due account of the practical elements in thought and conduct—this the world has learned, to go no farther back, from the discussions which sprang up in the period after Hegel's death. The symbolical nature of much of our knowledge, again, if not of all that we know, and, when they are tested by ultimate standards, the hypothetical or tentative character of most human conclusions, are truths which have been burned into the consciousness of our time, albeit some of us cannot refrain from cherishing the hope that here also fuller understanding may warrant the revision of results which it now seems necessary to accept. Finally, that adaptation to practical

need, in particular to the fundamental demands of the moral and religious nature, furnishes legitimate grounds for belief—was this salutary doctrine first discovered or enforced by pragmatists? Or shall we acknowledge the debt which our time owes to James in this regard, and then think back to Ritschl, to Schleiermacher, to Kant, to Rousseau, in the modern age, or to the defenders of "life" at the Reformation against the encroachments of papal dogma? In sum, the pragmatists are right when they claim that many thinkers of the present time, like many in the past, have favored principles which they now advocate. But they betray a lack of humor, not to say an ignorance of history, when they imagine that the fact proves the validity or the usefulness of their peculiar doctrines. It is about these special positions that the controversy centers. Of primary importance is the pragmatic conception of the nature of truth. For what is truth? "Agreement with reality," the man in the street replies, or he would reply were he able to express his idea in technical terms, as not a few of the philosophers have put it for him. But how may this agreement be more specifically defined? "As correspondence with facts," the answer comes again. That idea or proposition is true which exactly represents its object, that other true in lesser measure in so far as it more or less precisely and completely reproduces the things for which it stands. There may, of course, be different forms of truth and knowledge. In particular, much of knowledge is symbolical; for example, the results attained by the use of mathematical formulæ or the abstract conceptions which are crystallized into the terms of our common speech. But even in respect of these, the symbols in the last analysis depend upon concrete representation. The formulæ we hold of service only when they stand for facts and if they can be retranslated into facts; it is an established rule of thought that verbal symbols must be corrected and vitalized by frequent reference back to the realities which they represent. And the case is the same with regard to the tests or criteria of truth as with regard to truth itself. These are held to be standards for determining the agreement of ideas with their objects, for testing the correspondence of thought with that which is thought about. At this point, however, pragmatism

diverges from common belief and much of philosophical opinion. It approaches the subject from the side of meaning and utility rather than of correspondence. What results do true ideas accomplish, it asks, and in the light of these what is to be considered their distinctive characteristic? True ideas and principles are those which work, the school replies, combining the answers to the twofold query into one response. Now, to "work," in this connection, means to lead, to guide. Ideas and principles work, for instance, by leading to facts or conclusions unknown before. So scientific hypotheses, if true, lead on to new explanations of the phenomena under investigation, and are verified by their explanatory value with reference to these phenomena. This is work, or guidance, by way of knowledge proper. But ideas or principles work especially by guiding the activities of man in relation to the environment in which he lives. They are true when they so direct his will and actions that these are brought into harmony with his surroundings, false in the measure that they fail as guides to this adjustment or as they hinder his adaptation to the conditions of his existence. It is the second of these forms of guidance that is most discussed by writers of the pragmatic school. With them the emphasis is always laid on action, in contrast to the age-long interest of reflective thought in intellectual matters. Hence arises, in the first place, a new view of the criteria of truth. If the true idea or principle is always that which works, we are already in possession of a simple means of distinguishing truth from error. Test ideas and principles by their practical results, by their outcome in experience, and then, although the quest for truth may still prove long and arduous, we shall be delivered from the vain striving of the schoolmen after abstract standards. And, further, the new theory of the criteria of truth leads to a new analysis of truth itself. That which works is true. Workableness has proven to be the supreme test of truth. Why should it not furnish also a simple and adequate account of the nature of truth? In some instances there may indeed be force in the common view which makes knowledge dependent upon a correspondence between ideas and their objects. But even the defenders of this view admit that often knowledge is symbolic in character. And now is it shown

that, in either case, the essential factor is the element of direction, of guidance. Even when thought does copy fact—so runs the latest and boldest argument of James—the important point is not this correspondence in itself but the opportunity which it affords us of adjusting our acts to the object. Essentially, therefore, the relation between idea and object in which truth consists is not a relation of identity but one of symbolical adjustment. Or, to sum up the pragmatic position in its briefest form, to be true is to work; hence the test of truth is workableness; nay, the very significance, the nature, of truth consists in workableness, and apart from this it has no other meaning. All attempts to find a different meaning for it have been worse than failures; besides failing to produce valuable, positive results they have confused the minds of men concerning the supreme object of their search as well as concerning the way in which it is to be attained.

Around this doctrine of truth the controversy has been fiercely waged, with unhappily an amount of personal recrimination quite beyond the limits of legitimate debate. The pragmatists have marred their pages by abuse of their idealistic opponents, and these have not been slow to retort in kind. Sophists, relativists, enemies of truth, the pragmatists have been termed. Their doctrine has been condemned as a revival of that which Socrates and Plato successfully combated in Athens more than four centuries before the Christian era. It abandons earnest principles, so it is charged, to make truth a matter of individual caprice. It bids men estimate fact and right by consequences, which is the deadliest form, as history shows, of the invitation to construe ends as justifying means. Or, more calmly stated, pragmatism confuses the function of truth with the nature of truth. True ideas and principles do on the average lead to fortunate results, but only because antecedently they are in agreement with the objects or environment on which these results depend. To such criticisms the pragmatists make in substance this reply: The critics misinterpret our position, because, one and all, they fail to understand it. And, in fact, much will depend on the interpretation which is given to the pragmatic doctrine. For the moment it may even prove expedient to adopt, ourselves, a pragmatic point of view, and inquire whether

the issues at stake do not concern the implications of the doctrine and its development rather than the abstract principle literally taken. The question whether truth is representative and, therefore, guiding, or whether in itself it is only a means to useful adjustments, may in the end prove less important than others which remain to be asked. What, on the pragmatic theory, is really meant by "working," by "results," or consequences? How are these to be estimated and by whom? In what relation do the workable principles of any time or person stand to truths previously accepted, and to the principles of reason? Are there no fixed truths, or is thought perennially in flux? These important issues have received too little attention from the pragmatists. Busy in combating their opponents, they have not infrequently neglected the critical elements in their own position. At times they have even coupled with their charges of misinterpretation curt recognitions of principles which anon they proceed to overlook as before. Thus it is evident that, fluid as pragmatism makes knowledge to be, and fluent as is the world which it implies, it cannot maintain its own conclusions without assuming an objective rational order. Truth means adaptation to environment. Knowledge grows by man's progressive adjustment to his environment through the lives of individuals and races. Conscious reason is itself an outgrowth of the age-long process of evolution. But if all this be so, it presumes the existence of a rational environment, of a world in dependence on whose rationally ordered elements, and in relation to them, the inchoate mind of man has groped its way up to self-conscious intelligence. No nonrational or disorderly chaos of objects could have furnished the conditions for the evolution of reason itself. So the evolutionary empiricism which traces the development of intelligence back through the ages of the world-process of necessity presupposes the rational constitution of the world. "Of course," rejoin the pragmatists, or some of them; "who doubts it? And what need is there for insisting on so trite conclusions?" The need is this: the assumption of a rational system of things undermines certain views which have been charged upon the pragmatists, and for the ascription of which to themselves they have given color of reason by their silence, even if they have not accepted

them. For, if knowledge means adjustment to an objective rational system, mere individualism is excluded. In whatsoever way truth's relation to reality be construed, the ideal term in this relation cannot be capricious if the real term is an embodiment of reason. Even if agreement with reality imply no more than functional adjustment, this is adjustment to a universal rational order, and from such alone beneficent results can spring. Truth must not be resolved into consequences for you or me alone, or for any particular individual; as before, and under other systems of thought, the experience of the individual must be compared with that of his fellows, since both refer to an objective rational world. Thus pragmatism is not equivalent to sophism if it is thought through to the end. Its dependence on rational evolution excludes an atomistic analysis of knowledge, although not a few of the leaders of the school have appeared to favor this fallacious doctrine. So far from supplying offhand solutions for the problems of the ages, it escapes destruction by assuming, tacitly or confessedly, familiar answers to inevitable questions.

Similar conclusions follow in regard to a second phase of the pragmatic doctrine. Pragmatism rightly recognizes the connection between knowledge and action, and emphasizes the practical grounds for faith. But in what way is it able to solve the logical questions concerning the relations of faith and reason better than has been done by other systems of thought? For more is at issue than the legitimacy of faith in general; the need is urgent for the establishment of criteria for determining what is to be believed and on what evidence. James repels with just indignation the charge that the will to believe is the will to deceive—oneself and other men. But although his doctrine does not merit the reproach, the relations of belief to knowledge, of individual conviction to established or highly probable conclusions, of traditional opinion to new discoveries, call for decision and explanation. What is needed is not only a defense of faith but a logic of belief. And a clear formulation of the latter would go far toward reënforcing the former. Here again it is indispensable that pragmatists go on from the first stage of general argument to the discussion of special questions which the new theory, like its predecessors, must

resolutely consider. It is satisfactory to note that the leaders of the movement are waking to this portion of their task. But when they shall attempt it, with full realization of what it involves, they will find themselves again confronted by the doubt whether their thinking has made all things new. Brief consideration of a third issue will make these results still clearer. After the doctrine of truth, and connected with it, comes the theory of axioms. First principles, on the pragmatic theory, resemble all others in being the outcome of development. Their truth is evidenced only by their successful application in experience; they are liable to revision in view of new results of man's progressive adjustment to his environment. Schiller goes so far as to term the laws of logic fortunate hits, established, and established only, by the fact that they work! In this doctrine it is impossible to mistake the spirit of the age. Here pragmatism shows itself the child of empiricism in the latter's evolutionary phase. James's Pragmatism, the latest and the best exposition of the doctrine, is dedicated to the memory of John Stuart Mill, "whom my fancy likes to picture as our leader were he alive today." But if you follow Mill's leadership, how shall you escape the issues which he raised? If complete empiricism is to rule, what becomes of the principles of logic and the causal judgment—which James at least, in other portions of his book, calls truths of reason as positively as any a priorist who ever wrote? Surely pragmatists are once more face to face with a fundamental problem, moreover, which has been discussed throughout the modern age and which has often served to fix the lines of cleavage between the different schools. With the many forces which in our time have favored a given solution of this problem the pragmatists have joined hands. By so doing, however, they assume responsibility for further discussion of the serious issues involved. For it cannot be long ignored that the empirical side of the pragmatic doctrine raises anew, and in crucial form, the questions concerning the nature and the authority of the rational elements in knowledge.

Besides cherished views of knowledge pragmatism favors certain theories of existence. That is to say, it has a metaphysic also. The latter, however, lies without the scope of the present paper.

In regard also to the bearings of the doctrine on religion little further can be said, though the chief conclusions in regard to this have happily been implied in the earlier discussion. To religion pragmatism offers support of value and suggests alluring prospects. It emphasizes the ideal grounds of faith, or even approximates the religious conception of faith. It opposes the pantheistic tendencies of the a priori systems at the same time that it refuses to sanction the naturalistic or agnostic conclusions of current "scientific" reflection. It "unstiffens everything," as the latest watchword runs, and since the supremacy of neither impersonal reason nor of mechanical nature has been dogmatically proven, faith may find its footing in the void between. But little acquaintance is needed with the progress of thought or the history of the church to realize the doubtful character of the gifts thus proffered. The faith which begins by contemning knowledge in the end encounters rejection from enlightened minds. Theories which bring everything into flux are apt to leave no foundations on which to establish anything. Temporary relief from intellectual difficulties may be obtained by denying the competency of reason to reach settled truth. But the gain results from a perilous venture. For if nothing can be established, how is faith itself to stand? Rational analysis and the teachings of history here join hands: faith possesses inherent evidential work, which is to be defended as well as the claims of theoretical intelligence; but the endeavor to support the former by denying the capacity of the latter is an invitation to disaster. Faith and reason are allies, not enemies, in the rational economy, which is also the divine. To divide them is destructive to both.

A. C. Armstrong

Art. IX—A MODERN CHAPTER IN CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES

While preparing and delivering a series of sermons recently, the writer became increasingly impressed with the very complete harmony between the New Testament treatment of the phenomena of spiritual life, and the modern conception of physical life, and feeling that these modern notions were of course impossible in the days when the New Testament was written, the remarkable harmony between the treatment of the phenomena of spiritual life in the first century and the treatment of physical life in the twentieth century suggested what may seem to some a pretentious title. While the nations decline not to "learn war any more" it is a comfort to know that we have a good navy and that our gunners can shoot straight; that in our mastery of electrical science we can create a pretty strong system of harbor defense, and that the mobilization of state troops can swiftly form the nucleus of a formidable army. In like manner it is a comfort to "walk about Zion," with no desire to exhibit a smattering of knowledge of science and especially of that almost most modern phase of it, the science of biology, still, it is a comfort to know that if one who knows so little shall find in it so much that is reassuring, the probability is that a fuller knowledge would but increase the comfort and confirm the hope. It is then comfortably suggestive to find that in this particular field, all demonstrated truth concerning the science of life, truth which is generally accepted and taught in the schools; truth which forms the basis of all rational schools of medicine and furnishes the basis from which advice is given to keep us in health when that blessing is ours, and to bring us to that state when we are ill; that this truth is anticipated in the New Testament and applied with remarkable detail and fullness to the inception and development of the spiritual life of Christians. If this fact can be verified, as we think it can be, then it makes of the Christian faith, not a thing apart, to be held as a mystery, only known by the initiated, and resting upon a mystical and vague basis, but instead it makes the way of the spiritual life so plain

that "the wayfaring man shall not err therein." While it does not make the supernatural natural by assuming no force except such as inheres in and can be controlled by man, it does relieve it from the serious objection of being un-natural. It co-ordinates what we believe to be ultimate religious truth respecting the spiritual life with all that is demonstrably true of life in any and every form. If the Christian faith were un-natural, natural things could not be pressed into service to illustrate its principles. When statesmen are busy framing speeches to defend some new phase of legislation they do not quote from Bellamy's "Looking Backward" but rather from the census reports. Their appeal is to the facts concerning the volume of emigration, of agriculture and manufactures. The values of farms and stock and railroads and other ascertained and unquestioned facts, furnish the material which they use in argument and illustration. Precisely as such an one turns to the census, so Jesus turned to nature, and laid it under constant and full contribution to enforce his teaching. He talks of serpents and sheep, of flowers and grasses, of sowers and reapers, of plowmen and vinedressers, of fishermen and pearl merchants, of the clouds of heaven and the seas of earth. Life, light, the very sun itself is pressed into service to illuminate and make clear his message. Was it not this method which made his teaching so attractive to the people who said: "He speaks as one with authority and not as the scribes," and whose climax of acceptance is framed in the words, "Never man spake like this man"? We leave any who are interested in the line of demarcation between the natural and supernatural to formulate and express their own theory, only contending that the New Testament treatment of spiritual life effectually relieves it from any suspicion of being un-natural.

Coming now to the modern position concerning the origin of life, we find no notable name marshaled on the side of a chance derivation or a spontaneous origin for life. Bastian's claim, diligently, carefully, and fully disproved by Tyndall, had lain a score and a half years dead; galvanized into occasional twitchings by some other mistaken enthusiast only to become, if possible, deader than before. Not only is this true, but what is even more sug-

gestive is the fact that experimenters are all proceeding along lines of investigation diametrically opposed to this once exploited, now discarded theory—the fact is that up to date the biologists are unanimous in delivering this verdict, "to adopt the language of one of the foremost writers, 'Life proceeds from life and nothing but life.'" More briefly it is stated, "All life is from antecedent life." The study of bacteria, germ-life of all sorts, proceeds upon these affirmations. It has taken humanity a long while to reach these conclusions, but humanity has finally reached this goal, presumably to stay. But Saint John, who never heard of a laboratory, much less saw one, to whom the term bacteria would have been void of meaning, opens his gospel with the statement that all life is divinely originated. "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." Here is a statement concerning life's origin at once full enough, explicit enough, broad enough, to cover the inception of life in minutest or most complex forms. Life is not a result of evolution but is derived by impartation from without. Given the living seed, winds, animals, and man may act as sowers and as distributers, and the seed may fall into as many sorts of soil as indicated by the parable of Jesus. But the life principle is a Divine gift. This fact with especial reference to the spiritual life is critically and scientifically stated by Saint John. He says, "As many as received him (Christ) to them gave he the right to become the sons of God, which were born, not of blood," i. e., not by natural generation, "nor of the will of the flesh," i. e., not by the evolution of any indwelling germ in the individual man, "nor of the will of man," i. e., not by the focalizing of any amount of humanizing influence upon him, "but of God." Akin to this is Jesus's own teaching in the Nicodemus interview, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." And to one mature, moral, upright ruler of the Jews, formally and legally religious, Jesus said, Ye must be born from above, born again. The oldest gospel is accordant with the newest demonstrated truth in this. How can John's use of language be accounted for? If today after weary years in the study of life the most advanced biologist wished to express in one word the fact of natural generation and all that inheres in it, the English language can

give him no other word than the word John used almost two thousand years ago. Equally discriminating and scientifically exact are the other two statements in this most remarkable passage.

Manifested life begins in infancy. In the vegetable it is "first the blade." In the animal it is a baby beginning. True to nature and true to fact as well is the New Testament teaching. The beginner in spiritual life, no matter how old or young, how mature physically and mentally, or how immature, is "a babe in Christ." And as in the other realms maturity stands over against infancy, so here. The "blade" is complete in the "ear"; the "babe" in the "full stature of a man in Christ Jesus." Greatly needed light is abundantly shed on the road between these extremes. It is the road of normal, slowly developing growth. Listen again to John in his epistle addressing "Little children," i. e., all from babyhood to youth; then he turns to the "young men," and then to the "fathers." Here is the orderly, ongoing development of religious growth, not by ecstasies, and spasms, nor by kangaroo jumps, but by "growing in grace"—by growing up into Christ our living head in all things. The "sincere milk of the word" is to be "desired" "that ye may grow thereby." The New Testament teaching is aligned on this principle.

Biologists tell us of "arrested development." This is an old trouble in the church. Listen to an apostle: "We have many things to say and hard to be uttered seeing ye are dull of hearing, for when for the time ye ought to be teachers ye have need that one teach you again, which be the first principles of the oracles of God, and are become such as have need of milk and not of strong meat." "Ye did run well for a season, what hath hindered you?" Alas! the descendants of these in undesirably large numbers are with us unto this day. Arrested development! deformities, crookedness, abnormal growths! What a happy world it would be if all these maladies were physical—Jesus talked of those who having eyes "saw not," and having ears "heard not," and in this was at one with the prophet who called for "the blind people that had eyes," etc. The law of normal development is followed with scrupulous fidelity as to its every requirement as stated by modern biology.

Life having been imparted, there are two essentials for growth, and they are respectively "food and exercise." Both should be of proper quality and in proper quantity to meet the needs of the expanding, growing life. The normal food of all young mammals is milk. Recall the quotation given above, "As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the word." Hark back to the reproach poured upon those who ought to have been eating "meat," but still required to be fed with "milk," because they were still babes. "Strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even to them who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern good and evil." All sorts of nourishing food for the growing life, but adapted it must be. "Him that is weak in the faith [a child] receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations." These were for the stalwart. Exercise, this in nature is provided for by the play instinct of all young animals till it has developed tense and flexile power. Then the working period in hunting, in gaining a livelihood in the form of genuine work keeps up the exercises. Nourishment without exercise makes monstrosities and exercise without food kills. The one law of life undergirds its every manifestation, in polyp, Plato, pugilist or professing Christian. Varying values in life are recognized by biology and equally by the New Testament. The biologist himself would eat a good steak, and eat it too garnished with mushrooms, taking up into himself offering from the realms of animal and vegetable life, but would refuse to become a cannibal, because he recognized a value in human life transcendent, as Jesus did when he said, "How much is a man better than a sheep?" The grass of the field has a little value, the sparrows a greater, two of them are worth "a farthing." But "what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Drummond suggests that lower values in life get transformed by being taken up by higher ones and by them becoming transformed, which seems to be the method of nature, and nature's method is God's. The rooted vegetable cannot journey till it becomes a part of some animal life. The animal cannot become spiritual till it is "Born from above." "The first man is of the earth, the second man is the Lord from heaven." "I am come that they might have life and that they

might have it more abundantly." What is this but saying that the life imparted in conversion, nourished by the "milk of the word," and the strong "meat of the gospels," exercising itself to preserve a conscience void of offence toward God and man, is exactly what Jesus said it was, "eternal life"—a life whose nourishment is from above, whose exercise is impelled by unworldly motives, which was derived from above, and to which Jesus refers when he says, "He that hath the Son of God hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Eternal life! To look the conception in the face is like looking into the golden glory of a marvelous sunset, whose billowy portals and terraces are in themselves a radiant glory, and to know that behind them is the sun, and behind the sun a million other suns, and behind them all is—God. The teaching of biology is that life will persist so long as correspondence, perfect correspondence with the environment, can be maintained. The New Testament furnishes all the data required for the eternal life. Lastly note the law of reversion to type and that of heredity. The first is what Methodists call backsliding. How shall it be avoided in spiritual things? By substituting for the natural and human selection which prevents it in the case of physical life, the spiritual selection which will be equally efficacious in the spiritual realm, "Watch and pray." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." There are many passages which treat of this phase of life as indeed there are of the other phases, for the purpose has been to show the harmony of the teaching from the beginning in the church with what we have recently learned is trustworthy as to our bodies. Reversion to type is a sort of variant from the law of heredity, which while it may have been somewhat overworked still has a deal of truth in it. We are never surprised when the child resembles the parent, so that "like father, like child," passes current with us generally. Indeed we assume that this is the law that the child should resemble the parent, and that there is some valid reason for any exception if one shall occur; perhaps we do not know what it is, but we comfort ourselves by believing there is a good reason for this exception to the law. Jesus said that the "children of the devil" would do his works, would act like their "father the

devil." John says the children of God will be godly. "Whoso is born of God doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin because he is born of God." There is inspiring hope in this notion of heredity. Not till late in life frequently do the strong resemblances of the son to the father or the daughter to the mother appear. It may be a long time in coming, but there is every hope for them that "will live godly in Christ Jesus," that the time shall come when Jesus himself "shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied," satisfied as the psalmist declared he would be when he awoke in God's "likeness." Many more quotations might have been made, and the details of the argument more fully elaborated, but enough has been stated to justify the claim that this remarkable conformity of the treatise on the spiritual life to the demands of demonstrated truth with respect to life phenomena in our late day makes a modern chapter in Christian evidences.

When we reflect that no longer ago than the days of Wesley it was common practice when a man had stepped on a rusty nail, to wrap the nail in salt pork and flannel and lay it carefully away, paying little attention to the foot, and calling the attack of tetanus "a mysterious dispensation of Providence"; that in those days popularly the "hair of the dog was supposed to cure his bite"; that in that period a great doctor grimly said of his own profession of medicine that "it was founded on conjecture and improved by murder"—recalling these things and remembering that the modern biology has revolutionized the whole art of healing, is it not astonishing that the New Testament writers never trip, never err in harmonizing their treatment of the whole range of the phenomena of the spiritual life with those which we have but just learned are demonstrably true in every other realm? That what has been done could be done is inconceivable, except upon the acceptance of the fact that Jesus "needed not that any should tell him of man, for he knew what was in man," and the New Testament writers were his disciples.

D. G. Jordan

Art. X.—WESLEY AND THE TOLERATION OF CATHOLICS.

A learned Protestant divine, in a long series of articles to a Roman Catholic weekly defending Catholicism from alleged misrepresentation, has made many counter charges against Protestants, and among others that Wesley taught that no Protestant government ought to tolerate the Roman Church. A brief word, then, as to Wesley's attitude to Catholics might be of interest to your readers.

Wesley had a high regard for many Catholics. He is fond of referring to Thomas à Kempis, the Marquis de Rentz, Francis de Sales, and others as wonderful examples of piety and devotion. But he did not believe that Catholic goodness was confined to eminent saints. There were Christians in the rank and file, though he thought that the majority of Catholics lived on a low religious plane, and would be thoroughly unreliable if it came to a test between the church and fundamental moral principles. "I know some Roman Catholics who sincerely love both God and their neighbor and who steadily endeavor to do unto everyone as they wish him to do unto them. But I cannot say this is a general case; nay, I am fully convinced it is not. The generality of Roman Catholics, wherever I have been, are of the same principles and the same spirit with their forefathers. And, indeed, if they have the same principles, it could not be doubted that they would be of the same practice too if opportunity should serve" (1782, Works, London, 14 vol. edition, vol. x, p. 174). His high opinion of some Catholics did not blind him to what he considered their low general condition. As to Roman Catholic theology, he was a staunch Protestant. Our High Church friends, who are always reminding us of Wesley's Catholic trend, what a Catholic Churchman he was, should read his anti-Catholic books. Let them take Advantage of the Church of England over the Church of Rome (vol. x, pp. 133-140) or Popery Calmly Considered (pp. 140-158), and see what a thorough Protestant he was. There is not a single specific Roman doctrine which he does not reject, even those which

High Churchmen look upon with more or less approval. But the practical effect of these doctrines, false though they are, is even worse. That effect is to destroy both religion and morality. The "direct tendency" of absolution by a priest is to "destroy both justice, mercy, and truth; yea, to drive all virtue out of the world." Even if any good were left after this, the doctrine of indulgences would destroy that. "This single doctrine of papal indulgences strikes at the root of all religion. And were the Church of Rome ever so faultless in all other respects, yet till the power of forgiving sins, whether by priestly absolution or papal indulgence, is openly and absolutely disclaimed, and till these practices are totally abolished, there can be no security in that church for any morality, any religion, any justice, or mercy, or truth" (vol. x, p. 158). This practical aspect of Catholicism which renders it suspect is deepened by the decree of the Council of Constance to the effect that faith need not be kept with heretics, and by the fact that that decree has never been withdrawn. "As long as this is so nothing can be more plain than that the members of that church can give no reasonable security to any government of their allegiance or peaceable behavior" (p. 160). The belief of Catholics in the supreme spiritual power of the Pope works in the same direction. "They believe the Pope can pardon rebellions, high treason, and all other sins whatsoever." So also his power of dispensing from oaths. Wesley's belief was that the whole scheme of Catholicism as a religious system immersed its adherents in a cloud of uncertainty and unreality in matters of ordinary morality and loyalty. Catholicism's doctrine and practice of intolerance, still disavowed, in Wesley's judgment had the same effect. "Some time since a Roman priest came to one I knew, and after talking with her largely, broke out: 'You are no heretic; you have the experience of a real Christian!' 'And would you,' she asked, 'burn me alive?' He said: 'God forbid! unless it were for the good of the church'" (1780, vol. x, p. 161). "On Friday last I dined with a gentleman whose father, living in Dublin, was very intimate with a Roman Catholic gentleman. Having invited him to dinner one day, in the course of the conversation, Mrs. Grattan asked him: 'Sir, would you really cut my husband's throat if your priest com-

manded you?' He answered heartily: 'Madam, Mr. Grattan is my friend, and I love him well; but I must obey the church.' 'Sir,' said she, 'I beg I may never see you within my doors'" (1782, p. 174). On the same page Wesley relates: "Very lately a person seeing many flocking to a place which she did not know was a Romish chapel, innocently said, 'What do all these people want?' was answered by one of them with great vehemence: 'We want your blood. And we will have it soon.'" The point is not whether these informants of Wesley spoke the truth, but whether he believed them. While this "bloody tenet of persecution" was still a living reality in Catholicism, as witnessed not only by the above testimonies, but by the practice of contemporary Roman Catholic governments, Wesley felt that Protestant rulers ought to take no risks. For such reasons, Wesley did not believe it wise to grant political rights to Catholics in Great Britain. He said: "No government ought to tolerate men who cannot give any security to that government for their allegiance and political behavior" (1780, p. 161). In the same tract: "I insist upon it that no government not Roman Catholic ought to tolerate men of the Roman Catholic persuasion" (p. 160), that is, give them civil rights.

In 1778 the English Parliament passed Sir George Savile's bill for the removal of the worst of the Roman Catholic disabilities, such as the forbidding of priests to officiate at mass, the loss by Catholic heirs of their property in case of their education in Catholic schools on the Continent, the right of a son or other near relative (being a Protestant) to take possession of his Catholic father's kinsman's estate during the life of the rightful owner, and the debarring Roman Catholics from the right of acquiring property by any other means than that of descent. In the debates on this bill Savile and Dunning, the seconder, said that these outrageous disabilities were enacted at a time when the nation was in a state of fearful apprehension of popery, that they had not been generally executed, that they were not necessary, and that they ought to be repealed. See Lord Mahon's History of England, 1713-1783, vol. vi, p. 249 (Tauchnitz edition, 1853). The next year the country was much agitated on the question of

the Catholics, an agitation which reached its climax in the famous Lord George Gordon riots of June 2-7, 1780. Gordon, at the head of thousands of "No Popery" sympathizers, presented a petition to Parliament for the repeal of the law of 1778-9. Parliament would have nothing to do with a petition presented thus with an attempted intimidation, just as Coxey's Army found the same unwillingness in Congress in 1894. Then the mob, in the meantime increased by thousands of rascals and criminals, let themselves loose on London, and for six days almost London was in their hands. That tragic story the reader can find told in the Histories of Lord Mahon (vol. vii, pp. 16-38), or Lecky, and with great fullness from contemporary records in Dickens's powerful novel, Barnaby Rudge. Wesley has been blamed for not condemning these riots. When they occurred he was in the north of England, and therefore had no occasion to mention them in his Journal (Works, vol. iv, pp. 183, 4). When he came to treat of the Catholic question nearly two years after, he did make, however, an emphatic assertion of the right of the Catholics to be left unmolested. During Gordon's imprisonment he sent for Wesley, December 19, 1780. "Our conversation turned upon popery and religion. He seemed to be well acquainted with the Bible; and had an abundance of other books, enough to furnish a study. I was agreeably surprised to find that he did not complain of any person or thing, and cannot but hope his confinement will take a right turn, and prove a lasting blessing to him." On December 29, 1780, he condemns the indictment against Gordon, but gives no particulars (vol. iv, pp. 194, 5). It is evident that Wesley was thoroughly in sympathy with the aim of Gordon and the Protestant Association against Catholic Emancipation, but the doings of the mob were abhorrent to every fiber of his order-loving nature. On the other hand, Wesley favored full *religious* liberty for Catholics. The penal laws had been more or less of a dead letter for many years. Catholics had numerous chapels in London and elsewhere, and unrestricted services, the enforcement of the law being suspended by common consent. This was pleasing to Wesley, whose motto was: Give Catholics full liberty in religious things, but don't place legal weapons in their hands by which they could

deprive us of our liberty. Don't enforce the penal laws against Catholics, but don't repeal them for fear of darker consequences against ourselves. "Would I, then, wish the Roman Catholics to be persecuted? I never said or hinted any such thing. I abhor the thought; it is foreign to all I preached and wrote for these fifty years. But I would wish the Romanists in England (I had no others in view) to be treated still with the same lenity that they have been these sixty years; to be allowed both civil and religious liberty, but not permitted to undermine ours. I wish them to stand just as they did before the late act was passed; not to be persecuted or hurt themselves, but gently restrained from hurting their neighbors" (1780, vol. x, p. 137). "The Romanists never have been persecuted in England since I remember. They have enjoyed a full toleration. I wish them to enjoy the same toleration still, neither more nor less. I would not hurt a hair of their head. Meantime I would not put it into their power to hurt me, or any other person whom they believe to be heretics. I steer the middle way. I would neither kill nor be killed. I would not use the sword against them, nor put it into their hands lest they should use it against me. I wish them well, but I dare not trust them" (1782, vol. x, pp. 174, 5). Liberty of conscience was fundamental with him. "I set out early in life with an utter abhorrence of persecution in every form, and a full conviction that every man has a right to worship God according to his own conscience. Accordingly, more than fifty years ago I preached on these words: 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.' And I preached on the same text in London on the 5th of last November. And this I extend to members of the Church of Rome, as well as to all other men" (p. 173).

Did Wesley, then, believe in tolerating Catholics? Yes, as to religious rights, as to being free from civil penalties for performing what they considered their religious duties; No, as to giving them the slightest chance to put in practice their creed of persecution. Was he inconsistent? Doubtless. The first part of his toleration principles ought to have canceled the second. But (1) in time he lived too near the Reformation, and in place too

near France, Italy, and Spain. And perhaps the words of Milton's great sonnet, "On the Late Massacre in Piedmont," kept echoing through his head and disturbing his dreams. (2) He was no liberal in religion, no supple-minded indifferentist, but of intense convictions. There are times for Gallios, but Wesley was not the brother of Seneca. He had the defects of his qualities. (3) I fear Catholic history must bear a part of the blame. Had their smoke settled like an eternal pall on the beautiful English valleys and partially blinded the eyes of a great and magnanimous soul? At any rate, we can hardly blame Wesley for hesitating to grant political enfranchisement to a church whose own children in these latter enlightened days have treated it with profound distrust, and not with pamphlets addressed to the intelligence but with crippling laws and expelling edicts.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

A POSITIVIST ON PANTHEISM

ATTEMPTS to make a religion out of something that is not religion, and which cannot be made to do the work or produce the effect of religion, are sometimes characterized by ability, ingenuity, and even by genius. And some such attempts are impelled by laudable aims and evident sincerity. Their greatest utility is to the evidences for Christianity; their ultimate effect is to demonstrate the solitary sufficiency, fitness, and indispensableness of the Christian gospel in the same degree in which they, one by one, exhibit their own insufficiency.

Usually Christian scholars are not obliged to put themselves to the trouble of demonstrating the futility of these various attempts, but may safely leave such proposed substitutes for religion to demolish one another, as they are continually doing. Just now, when Dr. F. C. S. Schiller, of Corpus Christi, Oxford, a belligerent pragmatist, extremely antipathetic toward abstractions, is telling the rationalists that their so-called rationalism is not rational, and is denouncing its abstractness as impossible of adaptation to the concrete uses of life, it is interesting to hear Professor Adickes, of Münster University, a pantheist, making incisive and unanswerable criticisms on Haeckel's materialistic doctrines. But the most interesting instance of such demolition now on exhibition is the exposure by Frederic Harrison, the one living and audible apostle of positivism—a complete exposure of the impotence and sterility of pantheism and the religion of Cosmic Emotion. His exposure is so well done and in a way so available for Christianity's uses, that we may contentedly accept it as ready-made for us. The wonder is that a thinker of so long standing as an ex-Christian could do such a piece of work so christianly. Here is a part of it:

> When people decline to be bound by the cords of a formal theology, and proclaim their devotion to these facile abstractions, they are really escaping in a cloud of words from giving their trust to anything; for "things in general as understood by myself" is a roundabout phrase for that good old rule, the simple plan, namely, "what I like."
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> There lies this original blot on every form of philosophic pantheism when tried as a basis of religion, or as the root idea of our lives, that it

jumbles up the moral, the immoral, the nonhuman and the antihuman world: the animate and the inanimate, cruelty, filth, horror, waste, death, virtue and vice, suffering and victory, sympathy and insensibility. The dualism between moral being and material being is as old as the conscience of man. It is impossible to efface the antagonism between them; their disparate nature is a consequence of the laws of thought and the fibers of the brain and the heart. No force can amalgamate in one idea tornadoes, earthquakes, interstellar space, pestilences, brotherly love, unselfish energy, patience, hope, lust, and greed. No single conception at all can ever issue out of such a medley; and any idea that is wide enough to relate to the whole must be a mere film of an idea, and one as little in contact with the workings of the heart or the needs of society as the undulatory theory of light or the music of the spheres.

Try any one of these sublimities in any of the crises of life in which men and women in old days used to turn for help to what *used* to be called religion. A human heart is wrung with pain, despair, remorse; a parent watches the child of his old age sinking into vice and crime; a thinker, an inventor, a worker breaks down with toil, and unrequited hope, and sees the labor of a life ending in failure and penury; a widow is crushed by the loss of her husband and the destitution of their children; the poor see their lives ground out of them by oppressors, without mercy, justice, or hope. Go then, with the gospel of pantheism, to the fatherless and the widow, and console them by talking of sunsets, or the universal order; tell the heartbroken about the permutations of energy; ask the rich tyrant to remember the sum of all things and to listen to the teaching of the Anima Mundi; explain to the debauchee, and the glutton, and the cheat, the Divine Essence permeating all things and causing all things—including his particular vice, his passions, his tastes, his greed, and his lust. And when social passions rage their blackest, and the demon of anarchy is gnashing its fangs at the demon of despotic cruelty, step forward with the religion of sweetness and light and try if self-culture so exquisitely sung by Goethe and his followers will not heal the social delirium.

We know what a mockery this would be. It would be like offering roses to a famished tiger, or playing a sonata to a man in a fever. To soften grief, to rouse despair, to curb passion, to purify manners, to allay strife, to form man and society, everything is vain but that which strikes on the heart and the brain of man, stirring the soul with a trumpet tone of command, sympathy, exhortation, and warning. Men on a battlefield may be reached by the ringing voice of their leader; but Madonnas by Raffaello or sonnets by Shakespeare are not likely to touch them; and a man aflame with greed or revenge is as deaf as a crocodile to the general fitness of things. In agony, struggle, rage of passion, and interest, the suffering look of a child, the sympathetic voice of a friend, the remonstrance of a teacher, the loving touch of a wife is stronger than the Force of the solar system, more beautiful and soothing than a sunset on the pinnacles of Apennines or Alps.

We all know how uncertain is the effect even of the most powerful human sympathy; but nothing has a chance of effect in the terrible crises

but that which speaks to human feeling and is akin to the human heart. The universal good, the beauty of nature, force, or harmony are abstractions, ideas, possible in the more thoughtful natures, at the sweeter and calmer moments of life, but lifeless phrases to the mass in the fiercer hours of life, out of all relation with action and effort, work and the play of passion. A Power which is to comfort us, control us, unite us—and a Power that is to have any religious effect on us must comfort, control, unite—must be a power that we conceive as akin to our human souls, a moral power, not a physical power; a sympathetic, acting, living power, not a group of phenomena, or a law of matter. The theisms in all their forms had this human quality; the gods of the Greeks and the Romans were the glorified beings residing in things; the God of Paul and Augustine and Calvin, was the living Maker of all things and ruler of all things. He was always a person, and a being more or less close to the human heart and the human will. And so every form of faith in which morality, or humanity, or the progress of mankind, or the spirit of civilization, or anything human, moral, sympathetic, stands for the highest object and ideal of life—all of these speak to man as man in a like moral, social, or emotional atmosphere.

We know how imperfectly even these act, how little men and women are affected by the love of an all-perfect Creator, and the agony of atonement, by a mediating God, or by the Judgment Day, by the hopes of heaven and the terrors of hell, when once they have begun to doubt the authenticity of these promises and these warnings, or to consider them out of place in the busy work of earth. Where the wrath of God, and the love of Christ, and the Passion and fall and redemption have ceased to control, and soothe, and unite, it is an affectation to pretend that the pleasure in the world's beauty or the mystery of existence can take the vacant place. Here and there are found natures of a meditative cast, and of native refinement of spirit, in whom these ideals and subtleties supply real moral and mental food. But for the mass the result is impossible, and can only deepen the anarchy and stimulate the passion and the selfishness. These sublimities of the universe are in essence vague; and what is vague lends itself easily to what is vicious and self-seeking. The energies and passions of men are of force infinitely more massive and keen than are their tastes, their reveries, and their meditations. The deepest of the moral impressions is often not enough to anchor the soul tossed and buffeted in a storm of passion. The mere analogies of the intellect would prove as feeble as packthread.

Let us ask ourselves what the thing is that has to be done, who the people are that have to be changed, what is the change that has to be wrought before religion can be said to be doing its work. Religion is not a thing for the halting places and the resting hours of life, for a quiet Sunday afternoon, for the moments of contentment and gentle repose in thought. The strain of religion comes like that of the pilot in a gale, or the captain on the battlefield, of the heroic spirit in agony, doubt, temptation, loneliness. Where pain is, and cruelty is, and struggle is, where the flesh is tempted, and the brain reels with ambition, where human justice, and tenderness, and purity are outraged, where rich and poor hate and war,

where nations trample on the weak, where classes rage after gain, where folly, and self-indulgence, and gross appetites for base things, and base aims settle down on a people like an epidemic, where in crowded, fetid alleys, want and exhaustion and disease stagger unpitied to their grave, and a heavy voice rises up, "How long, how long!" from women pale with stitching, and children weary of wheels and bobbins—and no man listens—there religion has to be in the midst—or, rather, ought to be in the midst. And is religion to come, if it come at all, chanting a hymn to the sunrise, or with a formula about the correlations of the universe? The main, daily business of religion is to improve daily life, not to answer certain intellectual puzzles, to raise the actual condition of the great toiling mass, to transform society by making its activity more healthy and its aim nobler and purer. It has to deal with the sins of great cities and the wants of great classes, the monotony, the uncertainty, the cruelty of the industrial system. The weak side of the official Christianity, after all, is not so much its alienation from science, its mystical creed, or its conventional formulas, as the palpable fact that nineteen hundred years have passed since the birth of Christ, and the gospel has been preached by millions of priests, and yet, in spite of it, the practical order of society is so cruelly hard on such great proportions of men, that it is still so far a world for the strong and the selfish and the unscrupulous. How is the stir of pleasure we feel in a starry night, or recognition of the subtle homologies which connect life and matter—how is the faint sense of these intellectual luxuries to change the fierce, hurried, confused battle of life and labor? And if it cannot act here, it will never be religion.

What, in a word, do we really mean by religion? It is not enough to say that it is the answer to the questions, "What is the relation of man to the infinite?" or "What is the origin of the universe?" or "What is the ultimate law, or fact, or power in the universe?" Religion, no doubt, must have something real and definite to say on each and all of these problems. But it means something far bigger, more complex and practical than this. Religion cannot possibly be sublimated into an answer to any cosmical or logical problem whatever. Suppose it proved that the origin of the universe was found in evolution or differentiation, that gravitation or atomic force was the ultimate law of the universe, protoplasm being the first term of the series, and frozen immutability—the "cold obstruction" of the poet—the last term in the myriad links of the chain we call life; suppose that the relation of man to the Infinite is the relation of the I to the Not-I, of the subject to the object, or, again, that it is the relation of a blood corpuscle, or a cell, to a living animal, or any answer of the kind. Suppose any of these. Well! it is plain that neither evolution, nor differentiation, nor gravitation could be *ipso facto* any man's religion. It would be as absurd as to tell us that spectrum analysis was religion, or the persistence of energy, the binomial theorem, or the nebular hypothesis.

Now, all these grand generalizations which pass by the general description of pantheism are at most ultimate ideas of this kind, *plus* the impression of mystery and power with which we contemplate them—cosmic emotion, in fact. But then how are we to pass from these remote ultimate

generalizations—even when lighted up by the glow of admiration and delight, sentiment and poetry—how are these to pass to daily life, to suffering, to sin, to duty?

If the beginning and groundwork of religion is to answer this question, "What is this world around to *me*, what am *I*, this conscious speck, to the world around?"—if this is the groundwork of all religion, it is but the groundwork. The substance and crown of religion is to answer the question, "What is my *duty* in the world, my *duty* to my fellow-beings, my *duty* to the world and all that is in it or of it?" Duty, moral purpose, moral improvement, is the last word and deepest word of religion. And what is duty but my relation to men, my work toward men for men, my social life? and what is moral purpose, or moral improvement, but social purpose and social improvement? Duty, moral purpose, moral improvement, mean, by their very etymology, the relations of man to man—not mere intellectual sympathies, but practical doings and mutual labor. Duty, morality, moral progress, imply a society, masses and groups of men; we cannot attribute them to solitary or transcendental beings. What would be duty, morality, progress, to Robinson Crusoe without his household and his companion, or to an Almighty and perfect God? We cannot use the words of them. Religion is summed up in duty, and duty implies fellow-men—and much more—sympathetic work with men and for men.

Here is the failure of all the attempts of all the pantheisms and idealisms of the universe. They cannot compass *duty*. No man can pass from these theories of differentiation, or world-spirit, or correlations of force, to duty, to social work in the mighty battle of life. You might as well tell a mother to bring up her child on the binomial theorem. Neither electricity nor the Milky Way can make men sob with remorse, or make women smile in their grief. There is no common term between the immensities and tenderness, generosity, patience, sympathy. Call to the Unknowable and ask it to bestow on you a spirit of resignation to the dispensations of infinite differentiation.

The old theologies did (or do) in a way bridge the enormous chasm between the Infinite and a good deed, for they told us that the good deed was the express order of the Almighty Creator who made the Infinite, and kept it in its place. There was (or is) a certain connection between God and duty, though it was often put to us in a very grim and distorted form of duty, in horribly inhuman, in fantastically unreal modes of duty. Still there was a connection. But between the molecular theory, or the development theory, and duty, there is no practical connection; and none but a casual one or a fancy one can be made. The molecular theory (or the like) applied to human life may land you in a doctrine of hardened selfishness; the development theory may land you in a practice of self-indulgence or lawless lust. God may inspire duty; Humanity may inspire duty. But cosmic emotion can at best appeal to the imagination, never to the heart or the conscience. To ask of it your duty to your neighbor is as idle as to try if by means of a steam hammer you could beat out a sunset into an act of mercy. If there be a real defensive energy in the

older orthodoxies as against so much that is vague and unstable in modern skepticism, it is not at all wonderful. The faith of Christ and Paul and Augustine and Luther would not have done all that it has done for eighteen hundred years if it did not touch the deepest chords of the human heart. We have more sympathy with theism than with atheism; more respect for the Athanasian creed itself than for pantheism; and a firm conviction that Christianity will long outlive as religion all forms of cosmic emotion. . . .

Let who will and can love God and Christ, looking for a celestial crown; let them serve these. But let no one pretend to love or to serve the Infinite, or Evolution, or the idea of Good. It is a farce.

After such an assault with intent to kill, Pantheism would seem to be very dead. Its huge corpse falls softly out of the universe. Frederic Harrison killed it with his bow and arrow.

But the Christian, after reading Mr. Harrison's exposure of the futility of pantheism, immediately remarks that the scheme of positivism is open to the same criticism; for the Religion of Humanity, as it is called, is the worship not of a definite, concrete, personal Human, but of an abstraction, a mental ideal which has no actual, findable existence outside of the mind. Positivism is a worship of Humanity as a Whole, a purely mental conception, just as pantheism is a worship of the Universe as a Whole; in the one case the cosmic All, in the other the human All. Mr. Harrison's objections to pantheism's worship of the All lie in large measure against his own worship of the All. And the Christian thanks heaven that his definite and personal religion of God, the Father, and of Jesus Christ, the adorable Saviour, and of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, is not open to any such objections. And it has proved its power for the very things in which pantheism and positivism are powerless.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND AND THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM[1]

THE North American Review for January contained an important paper by Archbishop Ireland in answer to the question, "Is the Papacy an Obstacle to the Reunion of Christendom?" It is a reply to an article of Professor Charles A. Briggs in the September number of that Review. The controversy has been conducted with the utmost courtesy on both sides, the archbishop speaking in gracious terms of the scholarship and general attitude of Professor Briggs. The central thought of Archbishop Ireland's contention is that

[1] Having no room among contributed articles we make room here for this timely article by President Buttz of Drew Theological Seminary.

there is but one mode for the reunion of Christendom, and that is the acceptance on the part of the Christian world of the Pope of Rome as the supreme ruler of Christendom and the supreme authority to which all Christians must bow in matters of faith and practice. In the outset Archbishop Ireland makes a statement which cannot be questioned. He says: "The papacy is a stupendous fact in history; no one can ignore it; all must be interested in what may be said of it by friend or foe." He proposes not merely, however, to defend that proposition, but he maintains beyond that that the papacy is the center of all Christian Church life, the bond of its union, outside of which there can be no authority and practically no Christianity. The position of Archbishop Ireland is expressed in the following quotations from his paper: "Peter holds the keys of the kingdom: he is the absolute master. Whatsoever he binds is bound; whatsoever he looses is loosed; his power extends over the whole sphere of the kingdom, over all its activities; it is shortened by no power or right confided to others." "All who are in the church, apostles included, are built on Peter: all who are in the church are fed, are strengthened, by Peter. Peter rules and governs; he is the sovereign." "There is the grant of the apostolate to the whole apostolic body; and there is that of princedom to Peter alone. All apostles are teachers; all bind and loose; but, except Peter, none teach, none bind or loose independently; the brethren of Peter teach, bind or loose under his guidance; Peter alone is independent and unfettered, having a commission peculiar to himself, given to himself alone. Peter is bishop and apostle; so are the other members of the body; but Peter, also, is prince, master and governor." "Far different [from civil society], however, is the case where the Society of Christ, the church, is brought into question. Here, authority is delegated directly and immediately to the head—to Peter. The head is the chief, the essential thing in the church. As the head appointed by Christ is to have enduring life and do enduring work, it will never be deprived of other social constituents, ministers, and people. But so many of the ministers or of the people as choose to separate themselves from the head no longer belong to the church; they are in schism; they are outside the fold; the divine command is that, singly and severally, they return at once to unity, by proffering their allegiance to Peter—'That all may be one as the Father and I are one.'"

He begins the discussion, as one would expect, by the assertion of the primacy of Saint Peter, and claims as the authority for that

primacy chapter 16 of Saint Matthew's Gospel, verse 18: "And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." His contention is that this passage so unmistakably asserts the primacy of Saint Peter that there can be no dissent from it. He quotes from Protestant authority that such an interpretation is possible. It is conceded as an exegetical principle that one text which is absolutely clear, and on the meaning of which there can be no difference of opinion, is sufficient to establish any doctrine. The question, then, is, Does this text absolutely, unequivocally, and finally affirm the supremacy of Saint Peter as a primate over the whole church, not only for his own time but for all the coming ages, also the primacy of the Popes of Rome through all the centuries?

In the interpretation of this passage we may note the astonishment of our Lord at Peter's insight into his character and position. The occasion of the text was the meeting of Jesus with his disciples in the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi when he asked them, saying, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." In reply to this Jesus said unto him: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." And then comes the crucial point of the text so far as this discussion is concerned: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." What, then, is the point that is in the Saviour's mind as he utters these words? Is it not clearly the fact of Peter's true conception of Christ's character as the Son of God? One of the points of difficulty in the interpretation is the fact that Peter is named Πέτρος, whereas the word rendered "rock" is πέτρα. That this difference in term renders possible a difference in meaning must be conceded. The Saviour might have easily made this passage clear as referring to the primacy of Peter if he had said ἐπὶ τούτῳ τῷ Πέτρῳ, I will build my church," that is, "Upon this Peter I will build my church." In this case there could have been no question raised as to the meaning of the passage. But he says, "Upon this rock [πέτρα] I will build my church," that is, "Upon this foundation I will build my church." A reference to the question and answer will show that it is not Peter's personality that is in the mind of the Saviour, but the great truth which Peter had discovered

and which our Saviour declares had been revealed to him from the Father. Peter then expressed for the first time in our Lord's earthly life the essential conception of his character, namely, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and he declares that he has founded his church on this great truth.

This view that Christ as the Son of God is the foundation of the church is in harmony not only with the teaching of Christ but with apostolic testimony. "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation." Christ is clearly recognized as the foundation of his church, and to substitute Peter for Christ in this place is out of harmony with the general teaching of the Scriptures. The commentary of Willoughby C. Allen, M.A., Lecturer on Theology and Hebrew, Exeter College, Oxford, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield, in the International Critical Commentary says: "The πέτρα is equivalent to the object of ἀποκάλυψη in verse 17. 'Flesh and blood did not reveal it, that is, the Messiahship and divine Sonship of Christ. Upon this rock of revealed truth I will build my church.' The play upon Πέτρος and πέτρα means, 'You have given expression to a revealed truth, and your name, Πέτρος, suggests a metaphorical name for it. It shall be the πέτρα, or rock, upon which the Church shall stand. In other words, it shall be the central doctrine of the Church's teaching." "There is no difficulty at all in supposing that Christ used some Aramaic phrase or word which would signify the community or society of His disciples, knit together by their belief in His divine Sonship, and pledged to the work of propagating His teaching." Dr. Sadler, the well-known commentator, after saying that Πέτρος signifies "stone" or "part of a rock," while πέτρα signifies "rock," paraphrases the passage thus: "I named thee at the first Kephas or Petros, and thou hast now, by this confession, vindicated my having done so; for thy confession, which thou hast just uttered, hast proved thee to be a lively stone, the true fragment of the living Rock: so that I can build thee with thy brethren who have joined in thy confession upon myself, who am the only sure foundation." Dr. Plummer, in his comment on this passage in the New Testament Commentary for English Readers, edited by the late Bishop Ellicott, after discussing the different meanings which have been put upon the passage, says that the rock is Christ himself. "The rock on which the church was to be built was himself, in the mystery of that union of the divine and the

human which had been the subject of Saint Peter's confession. Had Peter himself been meant, we may add, the simpler form, 'Thou art Peter, and on thee will I build my church,' would have been clearer and more natural. As it is, the collocation suggests an implied contrast: 'Thou art the Rock—Apostle; and yet, not the rock on which the church is to be built. It is enough for thee to have found the Rock and to have built on the one Foundation." Similarly Chrysostom, the prince of early Greek expositors, says, "on the faith of this confession." The Protestant commentators whom the archbishop mentions as favoring the reference of "this rock" to Peter do not fortify his contention, inasmuch as they do not acknowledge his conclusions. Professor Briggs is quoted as saying: "I fully recognize the primacy of Saint Peter and his successors in the possession of the keys of the kingdom, but not their exclusive possession to this authority."

In the immediate context of Matt. 16. 18, we are told that Jesus began "to show unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day. Then Peter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee." It would seem from this that the same Peter who had recognized that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God, had not understood fully the suffering Messiah, and hence declared, "This shall not be unto thee." Then Jesus "turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offense unto me." This rebuke of Peter by Christ is incompatible with the claim that the former passage asserts the primacy of Saint Peter over the whole church. There is another instance in the life of our Lord when Peter was reminded that he had no supremacy over the other apostles, especially over the apostle John. In the last chapter of Saint John's Gospel, when our Lord had charged Simon Peter to feed his sheep, and the Saviour had predicted by what death Peter "should glorify God," Peter inquired what should be the outcome of the beloved disciple. "Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me." It is not, perhaps, a rebuke, but it is hardly consistent with the supremacy claimed for Saint Peter over the other apostles. That Peter was not the sole foundation among the apostles on which Christ built his church appears from Gal. 2. 9, where James and Cephas and John are designated as "pillars"; and in this case, where an important church question is under consideration, James has the precedence. In Eph. 2. 20, Paul says: "And are built

on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."

The authority of modern Roman Catholic exegetes is minimized by the fact that their exegesis is determined by the church and not by independent investigation. Professor Robert Ornsby, of the Catholic University of Ireland, in 1865 published a Greek Testament with notes with the indorsement of Dr. Paul Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin. At the close of his preface Professor Ornsby remarks: "It only remains to implore the divine blessing upon this work which I submit, as also whatever else I have written, to the judgment of the Catholic Church, and if anything unawares has escaped me, contrary to her teaching, I desire most completely to recall it." We are not contending against the fact that those who are in the Catholic Church must support the general teachings of the church. That is their duty if they conscientiously belong to that body, but our contention is that their interpretation cannot be received as infallible against others who with equal scholarship have investigated the same subjects and reached a different conclusion. The interpretation here set forth detracts nothing from the glory of Saint Peter. His high position in the apostolic college is clearly shown in the New Testament and is independent of the construction put upon Matt. 16. 18. On this subject no one was better qualified by exegetical insight and historical knowledge to speak than Bishop Lightfoot. In his exhaustive discussion of the Christian ministry he says: "James, the Lord's brother, within the period compassed by the apostolic writings, can claim to be regarded as a bishop in the later and more special sense of the term. In the language of Saint Paul he takes precedence even of the earliest and greatest preachers of the gospel, Saint Peter and Saint John, where the affairs of the Jewish Church specially are concerned. In Saint Luke's narrative he appears as the local representative of the brotherhood in Jerusalem, presiding at the congress whose decision he suggests and whose decree he appears to have framed, receiving the missionary preachers as they visited the mother church, acting generally as the referee in communications with foreign brotherhoods. . . . When Saint Peter, after his escape from prison, is about to leave Jerusalem he desires that his deliverance shall be reported to James and the brethren." Saint Peter's primacy in Rome is at least questionable. His primacy in the Eastern churches as a whole is questionable. In Asia Minor the name of Saint John is found everywhere, the name of Saint Peter rarely appears. Is not the arch-

bishop's conclusion, then, too broad for the facts? We have hesitated to compare apostles, but when a church puts in the background James and John, who are also styled foundations, and who were with Christ on some of the most important occasions of his life, it is proper for us to raise the question whether this worship of Saint Peter, which is practically the case with the Roman Catholic Church, is not overdone. The statue of Saint Peter, so called, in Saint Peter's, in Rome, is an object of reverence and apparently of devotion to the thousands who throng to that stately edifice, and the toe of the statue is worn with the kisses of devout Catholics, and yet in all Rome there is very little dedicated to the honor of Saint John. If there has ever been a primate, in our conception, in the early church, one who was above his associates in rank, it was John, who leaned on Jesus's breast, and like Peter was faithful unto death.

If, however, it were granted that this interpretation of Peter as the "rock," "prince, master, and governor," supreme over the other apostles, is the correct one, this does not at all justify any claim for such supremacy on the part of the papacy. The archbishop not only claims the headship for Saint Peter, but claims it also for those whom he regards as Peter's successors, namely, the Popes of Rome. His language is: "As to unlimited jurisdiction, what Catholics hold is that the Pope as the successor of Peter is teacher or lawmaker, is supreme over the church, over members and ministers, bishops included, singly and collectively. Bishops, in virtue of their office, have no right to overrule the official acts of the Pope, to set themselves against him, to teach or to legislate in opposition to him. In other terms, the Pope is monarch of the church." The embarrassment of this assumption is the failure to connect the Pope of Rome with Saint Peter. There is no statement in the Scriptures that Peter appointed anyone to be his successor. There is no scriptural statement that Christ appointed anyone to be the successor of Saint Peter. If Saint Peter were the supreme head of the church, as is here claimed, that supremacy, so far as history is concerned, died with him. When he was put to death as a martyr for his Master the jurisdiction, whatever may have been his, ceased, and his only influence on succeeding ages is through his spirit, through his inspired writings, and through his acts, which have made him ever memorable and ever to be honored. Into the later history of the church we do not enter. That Peter may have been in Rome we do not deny, though there is no authority in the New Testament for saying so. But there is authority

of tradition, which we should respect. But that he was there twenty-five years as bishop is without any foundation in fact.

The history of the papacy in general is that Rome, being the chief city of the church, became by virtue of this headship the principal diocese, so to speak, and the bishop of Rome became head of the church through the superiority of the city in which he ruled. Then, at a later period the papal organization grew up, in which the authority of appointing bishops and cardinals was given to the bishop of Rome. The bishop appoints the cardinals and the cardinals elect the bishop. The whole history of the elections of bishops is full of interest. Sometimes months have elapsed before the cardinals have succeeded in electing a bishop. Emperors intervened, political forces were summoned, and at last a Pope was secured, who is supposed to have been the supreme authority in the church and the representative of Christ. What we affirm is that such election has no authority in the scriptures, and a man so elected cannot be regarded in any absolute sense as the center of Christendom. In other words, the connection between Peter and the Pope of Rome is so remote that no argument can demonstrate that the Pope of Rome is on any scriptural authority the successor of Saint Peter. This is no impeachment of his wisdom or his character but of his claim to the primacy over any part of Christendom but that over which he has been elected as the supreme head. In that sphere we do not question his primacy and his central position as "the monarch of the church." We regret that Archbishop Ireland near the close of his paper should have departed from the courtesy which he had previously shown by making a direct attack on Protestantism. His language is: "How great the need of the papacy in the Christian world is evidenced today as, perhaps, never before during its history. Outside the fold over which the Pope presides there are people, there are ministers; but what of the sacred truths, the teaching of which is so imperiously commanded by the Lord, 'Teaching all things, whatsoever I have commanded you'? Adolph Harnack speaks for a large section of Protestantism when he reduces Christianity to the 'Fatherhood of God.' Where something more of the older doctrines yet remains, how timid often and how uncertain is the voice of him who proclaims them! And when, here and there, the earnest and sincere echoes of a conservative pulpit still recall the incarnation, the virgin birth of Christ, the redemption, the resurrection, a cruel denial is heard near by, going forth from neighboring pulpits within the same religious communion. The mockery of

Christian faith is the boast of so many churches separated from Rome that theirs is a latitudinarianism which cloaks all beliefs and all denials. Nor is there remedy within reach. There is no authority—from the very principles of Protestantism there can be none—to which all must listen, which all must obey.' The 'Reformation' of the sixteenth century refused to hold to the 'rock' upon which Christ had built; abandoning it, they built on the sand, and the edifice they raised has crumbled into ruins." We will not follow the example of the archbishop and speak disrespectfully of the church of which he is so distinguished a prelate. If we were disposed to raise the question of "ruins," we might call attention to modern history with which he is no doubt familiar and note the passing away of the temporal power of the Pope in the city in which he resides. We might refer also to the separation of church and state in France and other indications which, from an unbiased point of view, look toward the decadence of papal supremacy. We regret that the archbishop has not been able to see the splendid work for the upbuilding of humanity which Protestantism has already accomplished, and which we believe it is destined to accomplish in a still greater degree in the restoration of man to the image of his Maker through the proclamation of the gospel of the blessed God. In wishing that the world may be uplifted through the gospel by whomsoever preached the archbishop ought cordially to join.

It is not our purpose now to discuss the question of the best method for that unity of Christendom for which all Christians earnestly pray. We cannot consent to the statement of the archbishop that "communion with Rome was, always and ever, the condition of unity, the condition of membership in the Church of Christ." We prefer the teaching of the great apostle, "We being many are one body in Christ" (Rom. 12. 5). "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3. 28). Schism is the separation not from Rome, but from the great brotherhood who are in Christ Jesus. The suggestion of the Emperor Gratian, who deplored the divisions of Christendom of his time, might not inaptly be recommended for today: "The subjects of controversy ought to be fairly discussed, that by the detection and removal of the sources of discord an universal agreement may be effected" (Socrates, Ecclesiastical History, Bohn's edition, page 270).

THE ARENA

A QUESTION

"In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."—Gen. 2. 17.

This is a text difficult of interpretation. Early expositors, and indeed some in recent time, regard it as implying that man would have been immortal in his embodied state, but for his transgression. Some went even farther than this, and supposed that physical death was unknown previous to the Fall; and that Adam's Sin was the direct cause, not only of his own mortality, but of that of the entire animal creation. The testimony of the rocks filled with fossil remains of animals, which were extinct long before man was created, dissipated this extreme view. Although it is now evident that a process of death and decay had long antedated man's existence, it is still held by many that man's mortality is unquestionably traceable to his sin. We are told that but for the interposition of the plan of Redemption, the execution of the penalty would have followed immediately on the transgression, and that the race would have been cut short in Adam. Not only is this inference drawn from this scripture, but Saint Paul is quoted as teaching the same thing. In the judgment of the writer, it is not reasonable to suppose that God would permit the act of one man to entirely frustrate his ultimate purpose for the race, or radically change his original design. Paul tells us that "flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God." This being the case under present conditions, is it probable that God ever intended it should be otherwise? Moreover Paul tells us again that "we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." Is it not likely that those who are alive upon earth at Christ's second coming shall undergo only the change, which was intended for all from the beginning, had man retained his innocence? and that man's final immortality will be under the same conditions as that originally designed? The translation of Enoch and Elijah certainly encourages this belief. The fact that these two having served their probation, and having proved themselves loyal to God, and in harmony with his government, were taken from earth, and so far as we can judge, became disembodied, is evidence that God never intended that man should remain indefinitely as an embodied resident of earth. Since man's physical organism is very similar to that of others of the animal creation, all of which were subject to death independent of their relation to man, and since it appears from what has just been said, that God did not originally design that man's final immortality should inhere in, or depend upon, a physical body, and since Adam did not die physically, on the day of his transgression, is it probable that physical death was the penalty annexed to disobedience? Death is the destruction of life. Therefore to know the full meaning of death, we must know what life is. Herbert Spencer once gave a scientific definition of life, but the language employed was so unfamiliar that to the average mind the definition rather obscured than

revealed the meaning of the term defined. Many criticised Mr. Spencer's effort, but so far as we know, no one has attempted a better definition. So we are left to grope our way to the true meaning of the word. The following is the best the writer is able to frame. Life is that power or force which energizes an organism, and is able to so adjust the internal conditions and relations to the external as to perpetuate itself and develop the organism.

It should be noted that the term organism is to be understood in its broadest sense, as applying to both physical and spiritual existences. If this be the true conception, it is evident that life may be possessed in different degrees, and that its intensity varies in proportion to a being's capability to adjust itself to more, or fewer, of its external relations. Thus a flowering plant is alive in a wider sense than a non-flowering one. While the latter can adjust itself to the light, so as to develop a uniform foliage of green, the former can do this and, in addition, can respond to the color rays of light and show petals of varied hue. A fruit-bearing tree has a still more intense life. It can not only put forth green foliage and cover itself with blossoms, but can so appropriate nourishment from soil, and atmosphere, and sunshine as to load itself with fruit and bring it to perfection. In like manner, it is evident that all people are not alive in the same degree. Some are blind and cannot adjust themselves to the light. Some are deaf, so have no power to appreciate sound waves. Some who can see are color blind; some who can hear cannot distinguish musical sounds. An organ that cannot respond to the external relation naturally respondent to it is dead. Now man is a spiritual being. The record is: "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." That is, man received power to adjust himself to the relations existing between himself and his Creator. Retaining this power, he would be able to maintain these relations, and maintaining them, develop character, and so perfect himself as a member of the kingdom of God. This power remained intact up to the time of his disobedience, but by that act it was forfeited, and the declaration, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," was literally fulfilled. Hence Paul speaks of men as "dead in trespasses and in sins." It was this power Christ came to restore. As the apostle says in another place, "God being rich in mercy for his great love wherewith he hath loved us, even when we were dead through our trespasses, made us alive together with Christ." John says, "He that hath the Son hath the life." That is, he that accepts Christ is restored to right relations with God, and has power to maintain those relations; but he that does not accept Christ cannot bring himself into right relation with God, and has no power to retain such relationship even if restored to it. Here is seen the absolute necessity of constant reliance on Christ; for it is through him alone, that the soul has life, that is, has power to adjust itself to the divine law: "As sin hath reigned unto death, even so hath grace reigned through righteousness unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

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AMERICA IS A CHRISTIAN NATION

This fact does not need to stand in legal and governmental expressions of it. Its real expression is found in the practical and organized Christian communion and religious enterprise of the people. Lecky, was it, who said that "in every age the Christian Church has been the backbone of society"? And Mill wrote: "It is Christ rather than God whom Christianity has held up to believers as the pattern of perfection for Christianity. It is the God incarnate, more than the God of the Jews, and of nature, who being idealized, has taken so great a hold on the modern mind. And whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left." Such writers cannot be charged with sectarian cant and fanaticism. With a "backbone" of 33,000,000 Protestant communicants, and a large Roman Catholic communion, and with Christ's hold on the mind of the people, this nation is Christian. This is challenged by someone from time to time, and just now we have a noisy effort to secure the expunging of every reference to distinctively Christian ideas from school books, courts of justice, and public functions and festivals. Hence all churches and missionary workers should hold definitely to the idea of their representing a Christian nation for whose religious life at home and evangelistic influence abroad, they are working. Let us continually remind ourselves of the birth of our nation in a recognition of God and the Christian spirit. The genesis of the Declaration of Independence clearly shows this. That was a time of unbelief in Europe and America, yet the foundation of this republic was laid in godly faith and prayer. Otherwise we might have had no trace of these in the birth throes of the national life. Events that led up to the Declaration give us clear indication of the spirit animating the leaders of the colonies in separating from Great Britain. The first Continental Congress met in Philadelphia on September 4, 1774, when the most eminent men of the colonies were brought together to decide on some action. This Congress was opened with earnest prayer for divine direction. Later, at a convention of Virginia delegates, held at Richmond March, 1775, Patrick Henry said, "There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us." He appealed to "Almighty God" for courage and steadfastness in the cause of liberty. On July 3, one day before the Declaration of Independence was formally issued, and the bell inscribed with a Bible text (Lev. 25. 10) had rung out the declaration of a new national life, John Adams wrote to his wife Abigail: "It may be the will of Heaven that America shall suffer calamities, but I submit all my hopes and fears to an overruling Providence, in which, unfashionable as faith may be, I firmly believe." He wrote that the day celebrating the act of independence "ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God." Hence, fifty years later, when commemorating the death of Adams, one of America's earliest presidents, Daniel Webster put such words as these in his mouth, "There is a divinity which shapes our ends." "If it be the pleasure of Heaven"—"Before God I believe the hour has come"—"I am for the Declaration, and by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment," etc. Turning to the Declaration itself, we find the

acknowledgment of "Nature's God," and the claim that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights." The Declaration fed the flame of war already kindled. Many were the prayers continually offered for the cause of independence, notably that of Washington imploring the aid of the God of battles. The nation thus born in prayer and faith, has maintained the Christian oath in its courts, chaplaincies in Congress and the army and navy, and in certain governmental institutions. This is no Godless and Christless nation, as some would make it in their folly and to their own ultimate ruin. Their efforts to strip the nation of its religious characteristics should be strenuously resisted. If Godless and non-Christian people elect to live in this Christian nation, they must be kept from destroying it.

T. J. Scott.

NATIVE MUSIC IN THE PHILIPPINES

Music and missions may some day be recognized as bearing a closer relation than that of mere accident, and all through the Orient, with its primitive and crude music, the heathen has literally dropped his burden and borne a song away. The most musical people in the Orient are the Filipinos with their strong sense of rhythm and innate tendency toward mystical and emotional forms of expression. For three and a half centuries the Roman Church furnished what of musical teaching the people knew, which was none at all, outside the church choirs and bands. But the music of the mass and the harmony of the band set standards that were a far remove from savagery, and the people could not be musical savages. In comparison with what might have been done the progress made was small, but it was something. The missionary found the Filipino as hungry musically as he was morally, and he soon set about the task of providing a Christian hymnology for this people that had never a single hymn till the missionary came and created the hymn book. The results have been nothing less than revolutionary. To hear a Filipino District Conference in a song service is an experience not to be soon forgotten. Where are to be found such rapture of expression, such joy of utterance, such holy fervor of song, such utter abandon to the very joy of praise as among a people of devout heart and newfound spiritual life, given for the first time a fitting melody and verse in this the golden age of the young church? The native loves music, and for one altogether untaught, he gave good account of himself. He developed folk-songs, he organized bands of instruments made by the players from bamboo cane, he chanted and droned the dirges for San Roque and other "Sans" as season and necessity demanded, and his wife walled out by the hour the dreary stanzas of the Easter "Passion." What he may do with good training is just beginning to be understood in the splendid work of the constabulary band and the choruses of the public schools of Manila.

The native voice is not highly musical, but the fault is more one of imitation than of natural defect, for the children, properly trained,

develop smooth and sweet voices that sing in perfect time and tune. The occasional señorita trained under the old Spanish school sings with a cloud of flourishes, trills, and strained effects, disagreeable enough to the cultured ear, but regarded as the summit of perfection by the gaping people unable to imitate or follow the dizzy flight. The boy choirs of the Catholic churches sing in strident tones, plainly the result of imitation of the voices of their "padre" leaders. To watch a "rehearsal" is worth while. Three hundred boys in the cathedral, arranged in rows of ten, with an under-teacher in charge of each row, each leader directed by the "maestro" up by the big organ, is efficient and effective. Each subleader holds in his right hand the book and in his left a stout stick, and the order and attention are perfect. How any voices at all survive this training and the old educational system where every boy studied aloud and at the top of his voice, is hard to understand. A parochial school might easily be located anywhere within two miles to the windward. There is a general absence of bass voice. In the old church choirs this was supplied by the priests and lay brothers, some of the old friars possessing voices whose resounding roll would startle from its hiding place the last shrinking echo of the sanctuary. The most musical thing that the old church did was to organize and train the excellent church bands that everywhere render music that would be a credit to more pretentious places, and may well be contrasted with the crash and blare of the average American town band.

With such a people the missionary had but one course possible. He must make a hymn book, and he must make it right away. These music-loving people had never known a hymn, and under the deadening regime of the Roman Church had not only been excluded from the God-given right to a religious experience but they had been deprived of any voice of speech or song in expression of the longings of the heart or devotion of life. With the inrush of new spiritual feeling, knowledge of sins forgiven and the insistent impulse to bear witness, these people *had* to sing, and they had to have something that they could sing. The making of the Hymnal was one of the first great tasks, and that a handful of men should enter a new field with unknown languages, new problems and every factor strange, except the all-conquering gospel, and produce a good hymn book within three years, is a marvel of grace, grit, and inspired hard work. When the work was done and printed and in the hands of the people, its instant success and popularity were the reward of the men who did the work. And when all denominations working in Tagalog territory united in using the book, a new age had dawned upon the young church, and it was the age of song.

One day a quarterly meeting was held in a barrio a hundred miles from Manila. There had been no missionary at that point for months, but the little church had kept up its work, and this was a day of rejoicing in Zion. The official business, the baptisms, the marriages, the reception of members, the long sermon, and the sacrament occupied all the forenoon and much of the afternoon, and when it was over the people lingered, sitting about and singing with indescribable joy the songs of the people

of God. After a time, a little girl was brought to the missionary with the statement that she had been to school and could sing a song in English. When requested to do so, she carefully arranged herself and sang "Peal out the watchword." Then she looked up in the missionary's face and with simple curiosity inquired: "Do you think it will be like this in heaven?" When asked what she meant, she explained: "I mean do you think that we will sit about there and sing God's praises and have a happy time like this? It's so heavenly to sing these hymns." When assured that no doubt there would be time and place in heaven for song and praise, the people laughed for very joy, and then they sang on. And when the missionary left for his next service the last sounds that followed him were the songs of this people born in a day into the glorious heritage of the people of God. No wonder they sang!

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SOCIALISM

"AND Moses spake so unto the children of Israel: but they hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage" (Exod. 6. 9). This text introduces us to the oldest labor agitation recorded in history. It was a movement intense in excitement and far-reaching in result. Historians have been pleased to call such movements "glacial," because they seemed to absorb all other interests, for the time being, by sweeping them along in the general current. Striking illustrations of these movements may be seen by reverting to the history of the "Corn Laws of England" and slavery in the United States. Who knows but the present agitation may become equally glacial as it gathers momentum? The reformer is wise who appropriates, as far as possible, the interest and enthusiasm generated by these movements. It is equally wise to utilize the movements as far as possible to advance the cause of righteousness. During the past quarter of a century there has been wonderful progress along all lines, by improvements in steam navigation, railroads, telegraphs, telephones and all electrical appliances. During the same period commerce has mightily expanded. People are not thinking along the same lines that challenged attention twenty-five years ago. Then science was speculating about geology, astronomy, evolution, etc. Then the pulpit was trying to reconcile Moses and Darwin. The question of the present hour is sociology —the relation of man to man. This is evident to anyone who will study the origin of lodges and the numerous organizations among men. This important movement cannot be ignored and must not be misdirected. The supreme need of the hour is the application of the principles of the gospel to modern social conditions. This will right everything in the social world that needs righting. Each great revival movement of the past has had one dominating keynote that characterized it. The keynote of the great revival under Jonathan Edwards was "The Sovereignty of God." The Wesleys emphasized "Human Freedom." Finney rung the changes on "Personal Responsibility to God"—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Dwight L. Moody's favorite theme was "Divine Mercy and Love." He who would have

a hearing today and find access to human lives cannot ignore the "Brotherhood of Man." It is increasingly difficult to have a revival. Twenty-five years ago the announcement of a revival meeting was all that was necessary to fill the average church. Following this was a period when to get an audience it was necessary to announce an "evangelist," but soon it became necessary to have union meetings, large choirs and "noted evangelists," in order to get the crowd. The last of the methods mentioned is losing its power. It is evident to the on-looker that something is wrong.

Other changes have taken place during the last quarter of a century that may throw some light on the present situation. The small manufacturers and dealers have been crowded out of business. Great factories and department stores have arisen and gotten the business. The condition that killed the one and gave rise to the other turned the stream of population to the larger cities. Men crowded together in these large factories lost their individuality and their names gave place to numbers—instead of John Smith it was No. 60. The men who financed these movements were willing to sink their individuality and thereby shirk responsibility. Out of these conditions was born corporate greed that is rapidly devouring society by multiplying tenement houses that will yield twenty-five per cent interest on the investment, increasing the price of the necessities of life almost to the prohibitive point, operating "sweat shops," etc. In many instances these conditions awaken but little concern so long as the investment yields twenty-five per cent. The people have not lost faith in God, the Bible, or Jesus Christ. God reveals himself in his works (Psa. 19), the Bible, the incarnation of Jesus Christ, his kingdom or household. His kingdom is to come on this earth. The first question asked in the Bible is: "Adam, where art thou?" The second question was propounded to Cain: "Where is thy brother?" Here are the pivotal questions—our relation to God and then our relation to our brother. How could the Israelites listen to Moses when suffering under grinding slavery and oppression? God said to Pharaoh: "Let my people go that they may serve me." He recognized the fact that they could not serve him under such conditions. He says, "My people," not a horde—away with the word "mass"! Pharaoh said: "Who is God, that I shall obey him or let Israel go?" He yielded just as little as possible and said: "Do not go far. Leave wives and children" behind. "Leave your cattle in the land till you worship and return." Moses refused to compromise. When they refused to work longer under Pharaoh's system of tyranny and oppression he taunted them as "idlers." Are these conditions wholly unlike some of the conditions of today? This is an age of large charity, but it is infinitely more important that men conduct their business honestly and in the recognition of the brotherhood of man than that they give large sums of money to charity. Jesus said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We will find individual rest only by finding Christ—not intellectually or merely by obedience, but by living with him and reincarnating his life—living a life of self-denial, sympathy, humility, helpfulness, and love.

Delaware, O. T. G. Vaughn.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

CHRIST'S INSTRUCTION TO HIS DISCIPLES (CONTINUED)

THERE is a relieving feature in the words, "for my sake." This is equivalent to the phrase "for righteousness" in the previous verse. They bear it because it demonstrates their devotion to his cause. It is for him they suffer, and therefore they "rejoice and are exceeding glad." We need not here interpret closely, for these words have varied significance. They are to rejoice exceedingly for two reasons: first, because their reward is great in heaven, that is, in the final state into which they are to come by faith in Christ, or in the consciousness of their own rectitude and of the approval of God. This is sufficient to enable them to rejoice even under the most untoward circumstances. But a third reason for rejoicing is given in the last clause: "So persecuted they the prophets which were before you." The early prophets were subjected to persecution, notably we may mention Isaiah and Jeremiah. In thus suffering persecution they were simply followers of the great leaders of the past and in harmony with the noblest spirits of all the ages. Persecution has been the lot of those who have striven for the right in all generations, and there is a sense of blessedness which comes to those who realize that they are in such company.

The introduction of the prophets in verse 12 as their examples and forerunners in the endurance of persecution for righteousness' sake brings into view the fact that the disciples, like the prophets of old, had a vital relation to the world. The Master under the figures of "salt" and "light" impressed upon them their exalted position or mission. "Ye are the salt of the earth." Salt has two uses: to impart taste to that in which it is placed, and also to preserve corruptible things from decay. Calvin aptly says: "Men have nothing in them but what is tasteless, until they have been seasoned with the salt of heavenly doctrine." False teaching and unholy practice are unwholesome and defiling, while the truth which Christ taught ennobles those who receive it in good and honest hearts and will keep them from going astray. The disciples are warned that no persecution should lead them to withhold the proclamation of the gospel by their testimony and their lives. In Lev. 2. 13, we read: "Every oblation of thy meat offering shalt thou season with salt; neither shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking from thy meat offering: with all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt." So every life which is offered to God must be seasoned with the salt of gospel truth to make it acceptable to him. It is a question more curious than important whether salt ever loses its savor. The figure here is that of salt in its beneficent aspect, and the loss of savor may be referred to the danger lest his disciples should fail to scatter the salt, and thus prove ineffective in their high calling as disciples of their Lord.

In verses 14 to 16 he adds an additional figure, designating his disciples as the "light." This is a familiar figure in the Old and New Testa-

ments: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come," and "I am the light of the world." Here our Lord addresses his disciples and says: "Ye are the light of the world." By a beautiful condescension he applies to them the figure which he also in John 8. 12 applies to himself. What an honor this which he confers upon them when he designates them as the salt which is to preserve the world from decay, and as the light which is to bear to the world the knowledge of his truth! He thus assures them of the high position they occupy and of the trust he reposes in them. They are his disciples, and known as such, and their position makes their conduct and their teaching of the utmost importance to mankind. As a city on a hill is observed even from a distance, so they, and in a measure all disciples, are objects of constant observation, always open to view, and often to hostile gaze. The traveler through Italy cannot fail to note the towns and cities built on elevated positions, constantly in view. So the Saviour reminds them of the important position which they occupy as bearers of his gospel. They are to shine, in order that men may see their good works. This seems like a contradiction of what Christ has said elsewhere. In Matt. 6. 3, 4, in this same sermon, he declares: "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly." The reconciliation is found in the different aspects under which good works are viewed. Here it is good works as showing forth God's glory. In the sixth chapter it is good works performed with the view of self-glorification. Their position among men is such that they owe it to the world to distribute the light which is in them for the promotion of God's glory.

Having stated the important position of his disciples as the "salt of the earth" and "the light of the world," our Lord proceeds to correct the false interpretation and the glosses which the scribes and Pharisees had placed upon the law, which was held in such high esteem by his people. These leaders of the people were the bitter antagonists of our Lord during his whole earthly ministry and finally compassed his death, constantly charging that he was a perverter of the law, and that his aim was to destroy the system of truth received from their fathers, and to overthrow their established customs. Our Lord therefore begins his interpretations of the law by declaring his allegiance to it and magnifying its grandeur. This is shown in verses 17-20. He makes four statements concerning it, which disprove at once all their charges regarding his attitude to the law. First, verse 17: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." His mission was not destruction but fulfillment. By fulfillment he means to fulfill its requirements in his own person, to fill it out, to make it complete in statement so that all might understand. He does not for a moment indicate the imperfection of the law in itself, but the imperfection of their comprehension of it. The scribes and Pharisees did not understand its meaning; or, if they did, they had perverted it. The law was deeper and broader than the interpreters of the time dreamed of. He came to impress the law upon them, to show its spirit, its deep and profound significance.

"The law of the Lord is perfect," we are told, "making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart. The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." No mark of disrespect, either in speech or action, is exhibited by our Lord. He declares the permanence of the law, verse 18: "For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." This verse begins by a strong affirmation, "Verily I say unto you." It is a voice of authority. It is a voice of certainty. He compares the permanence of the law with the physical things with which they are quite familiar—heaven and earth—and assures them that their endurance is an illustration of the endurance of the law of the Lord. He declares its permanence even in its minutest requirements. He is, of course, referring to the moral law. The ceremonial law changes with changing conditions, and when he whom it adumbrated came its forms disappeared. But the moral law remains in all its entirety. "Thy truth endureth to all generations." He declares that one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law. The jot refers to the simplest of the Hebrew letters, Yodh, and the tittle evidently refers to the marks by which the letters were distinguished. The scribes and Pharisees felt that there were some things in the law that were unimportant and which they need not perform. Jesus affirms the permanence of the entire law.

IS THE SECULAR PRESS HOSTILE TO CHRISTIAN MISSIONS?

The influence of the press is everywhere acknowledged. When it unites in favor of any particular movement its influence is well-nigh all powerful. Its attitude makes and unmakes men and policies. It is something, therefore, that must be reckoned with in all the spheres of human life, as this is the age of the printing press. The freedom of the press is a part of our heritage. It has come to us out of the past, and is largely the product of Christianity. This is shown in the fact that in Christian lands the press is most free. In Turkey and in the remote countries of the East such freedom as we have is practically unknown. Every traveler to that country is aware of the suspicion which attaches to every printed page and every printed book they carry, and many as they enter Mohammedan countries eliminate carefully from their luggage all printed matter as probably bringing upon them suspicion and it may be the confiscation of such property. The attitude of the press, therefore, in a free country like ours is very significant.

In Christian countries the subject of missions is one of its profoundest interests, and the view which the secular press takes of it cannot be overlooked or treated lightly. There is a widespread impression that the attitude of much of the secular press is hostile to the missionary work. This is shown by the readiness with which criticisms of missionaries and missions are admitted to their columns, and also by the apparent recklessness with which statements hostile to Christianity are made. Our attention has been called to this matter by a statement in one of our most esteemed and influential newspapers.

The New York Tribune of January 16 has a report from Washington headed "Generous to China," in which it speaks of the remission of thirteen millions of dollars of Boxer indemnity which, it declares, had been unjustly demanded, and was therefore remitted, and very properly so. But it contains one paragraph which is a serious arraignment of the missionaries of the various churches, a paragraph calculated to do immense damage to the missionary cause, for it is an attack not only on the integrity of the missionaries but also upon their character as self-denying workers for Christ. The statement is as follows: "It has been asserted that the most exorbitant claims were preferred by the missionaries, who constituted the chief sufferers from the Boxer uprising. As a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations said, 'the wardrobes of the wives of those missionaries must have far exceeded in value those of the most extravagant actress on the stage today. Taking their claims at this face value, their diamonds alone must have been worth as much as the entire stock of the largest diamond dealer in New York city.'" This statement is calculated to do damage to the cause of missions and should be corrected as publicly as it is made. It is only a specimen of reflections on missionaries which are published in the press, and which many men and women are likely to receive, therefore, as correct. We believe it is entirely destitute of truth and the papers that make such assertions should be forced to give the authority for their statements and to recant that which they have stated so injurious to the Church of Christ and to the character of its devoted missionaries. Exactly how this should be done the writer does not know, but such a declaration by a responsible newspaper, purporting to represent a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, is calculated in the various denominations to lessen the missionary collection by hundreds of thousands of dollars, and to that extent newspapers making such assertions are guilty, unless they can sustain their charges, of a great wrong to truth as well as to the cause of missions. That any portion of the press would deliberately set itself to oppose those missionary labors which have elevated nations, bringing them from barbarism into civilization, changing the life of the family and all the institutions of the country, we cannot imagine. The influence of missions for good has been acknowledged by the greatest publicists and the profoundest students of humanity, and that any section of thought, representing so large a constituency as the press does, should strike a blow at these things seems incredible, and yet instances as those we have just mentioned are occurring constantly, and it would seem that a reputable journal before making an attack, even under the caption "It is said," should inquire into the truth of that which is calculated to do so much injury to what thousands and millions of people believe to be a cause calculated to bless the world. The secular press would do well, we think, to ask themselves whether this attitude is becoming in the journalism of a Christian country, and the church should in its turn see what can be done to correct these false impressions which are thus being given such a wide circulation.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

LATE DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT

THE past year has been one of more than ordinary success in Egyptian archæological discoveries. This accounts for the very rich finds in several quarters. Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, as was to be expected, reported new treasures from Oxyrhyncus. Of these might be mentioned: a vellum fragment of an uncanonical Gospel, in which is given a conversation between Christ and the Pharisees on the subject of purification; an ode of Pindar, hitherto unknown, extolling the virtues and advantages of the simple life lived by the islanders of Coos; then a most valuable fragment of eight hundred lines, from the pen of some unnamed historian, discussing the events of the period about B.C. 400.

Just as we are writing these lines the papers discuss the discovery of a manuscript—shall we say manuscripts? for it seems to be made up of four parts. The exact dates cannot be given. They were evidently written at different times between the third and sixth centuries of our era. Every portion, certainly, antedates A.D. 639, or the Moslem conquest. The first part contains Deuteronomy and Joshua—the first four books of the Pentateuch are missing. The second, which seems to be the oldest manuscript, contains most of the Psalms. The third is the one having the Gospels; of this we shall speak further on. Then, there is the fourth division, which at one time must have contained the Acts and the Epistles, but not Revelation. Though the manuscript is in a bad state of preservation, it will no doubt when thoroughly studied prove valuable in textual criticism. The greatest thing, so far discovered, in connection with this manuscript, is an addition to the Gospel of Mark. This is to be read immediately after the fourteenth verse of the last chapter. It is well known that the genuineness of the last twelve verses of Mark has been disputed by many critics. It may be that this new paragraph, which follows, may throw light upon the question: "And they answered saying, that this age of unrighteousness and unbelief is under the power of Satan, who does not permit the things which are made impure by the (evil) spirits to comprehend the truth of God (and) his power. For this reason, reveal thou thy righteousness now, they said to Christ. And Christ said to them: The limit of the years of the power of Satan has been fulfilled, but other terrible things are at hand and I was delivered unto death on behalf of those who sinned in order that they might return to the truth and sin no more to the end that they might inherit the spiritual, the indestructible glory of righteousness (which) is in heaven." It will be seen that, whether this addition be genuine or an interpolation, it fits perfectly with what precedes and follows. At the same time, it is of no great value, since it contains nothing that is essentially new. The manuscript was purchased in Egypt, by Mr. C. L. Freer, of Detroit, and those who have examined it pronounce it genuine. Professor Petrie, who

has been excavating in the interest of the British School of Archæology in Egypt, has had a most successful season, and has found many objects which throw light upon the wide extent and great antiquity of Egyptian civilization, from which he concludes that kings of the first dynasty, about B.C. 5400, ruled from Abydos in Upper Egypt to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and that at this early time there was a uniformity of laws, ideas, and customs. His principal work was in the vicinity of Gizeh, where he discovered an old cemetery and examined more than fifty graves with specimens of ancient pottery, artists' material, exquisitely carved ivory, and slender gold needles. This veteran archæologist, in an article in the Scientific American, December 14, 1907, reports a unique find at Rifeh, near Assyut, where, from an old graveyard, which had remained hidden under the sands of five millenniums, he unearthed a large number of what he calls "soul houses"—something quite unique in Egyptian archæology. They are miniature models of dwelling places, varying in style and costliness, representing the habitations of poor and rich. These "soul houses" were built on the surface of graves and were intended for protection to the soul of the deceased, when it came up from the grave in quest of food and rest upon its long and dreary journey to the "Islands of the Blest." Some of these models are very simple, showing a gradual development from the simple "tray of offerings," with its inexpensive covering, to the elaborate edifice and its costly furnishings. The finest consist of two or even three stories, with a veranda or portico. The room over the veranda has a chair, and the one below, a couch where the soul might rest at night. In one of these "soul houses" is the image of a slave making bread, while several of them had receptacles for food and water, so that the soul might not want on its arduous pilgrimage. These models are very valuable, since they furnish us some idea of the houses of the various classes in Egypt five thousand years ago. It is gratifying to know, though but few museums possess models of this kind, that specimens of these will be sent to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. This is made possible by the liberal donations made by Americans to this Fund. It must also be added that Professor Petrie discovered here a number of exquisitely painted coffins or outer cases, made about B.C. 3300. The decoration on these is so artistically done that the painting unless closely examined might easily pass for inlaid work. These outer cases, rectangular in shape, are unusually large. Nor are the inner mummy cases less artistic. They, too, bear clear testimony to the decorator's skill in the fourth millennium before our era. The sepulchral furnishings were of the usual order, including many styles of pottery and statuettes varying in size from six to eleven inches in length. In this same graveyard were unearthed models of two boats, such as may still be seen on the Nile, in a splendid state of preservation, with figures representing the usual crews and furnishing.

Professor Garstang, excavating under the auspices of the University of Liverpool, has brought to light a large number of objects from the period B.C. 2000 to the second century of our era. Among these are two fine statuettes of Osiris, one of them gilded and with inlaid eyes. He

also found a number of small models, chiefly in wood, representing persons and various animals. One of these statuettes, that of a woman and child, deserves especial attention, since it is of the Negroid, rather than of the usual Egyptian, type. The most artistic object discovered is an ivory seal, on which is engraved the face of a beautiful child. Several of the objects discovered here prove conclusively that the art of feminine adornment had reached a high degree of perfection during the twelfth and thirteenth dynasties.

By far the most important discovery of the past year in Egypt is that of an Aramaic papyrus. It was found by German excavators on the island of Elephantine, at a place now called Jezirat Aswan, a little below the first cataract, just across from the old city of Syene. Bible students need not be told that there was from remote times more or less intimate connection between Egypt and Palestine. This is perfectly natural, for Palestine was on the public highways connecting the southern and northern countries, and whenever this little territory was oppressed by Babylonia or Assyria it instinctively fled for aid to Egypt. It will be recalled that when Gedaliah, the man appointed governor by Nebuchadnezzar, was assassinated by Ishmael, of the blood royal, a large number of Jews, including Jeremiah, went to Egypt and settled at Tahpanhes. From this time onward there were numerous colonies of Jews in various parts of Egypt. This newly discovered papyrus establishes not only the fact that the Jews had a colony on the island of Elephantine, six hundred miles up the Nile, but also that they had built for themselves not merely a synagogue in which they could pray but a temple wherein sacrifices could be offered to Jehovah the God of Israel, just as was done by their brethren in Jerusalem. It has been tolerably well established for several years that the Jews had a settlement in or near Syene, for from time to time fragments of papyrus with contracts, oaths, and so forth in the Aramaic have been discovered here. On these were found a number of Jewish proper names, among them, that of Yahve, or Jehovah. These belonged to about B.C. 470-410. In November, 1906, M. Clermont-Ganneau commenced excavations in Elephantine and discovered more Aramaic inscriptions; the contents of these have not yet been made public, except to say that the name "Jehovah" occurs in them, though in a modified form, that is, Yahve.

It remained, however, for the German excavators on the island to bring to light the most important Aramaic inscription yet found in Egypt. This is a long document in the nature of a petition from the Jewish high priest of the temple of Jehovah (or Yahve) in Elephantine to Bagohi (the Bagoas of Josephus), the Persian governor at Jerusalem. The letter was written in the seventeenth year of Darius Nothus, or B.C. 408. Translations of this famous inscription have already appeared in German, French, and English. We can do no better than to subjoin that of Professor Driver, of Oxford. It reads:

"To our Lord Bagohi, Governor of Judah, thy servants, Yedoniah and his companions, the priests in the fortress Yeb (Elephantine);

"May our Lord, the God of Heaven, grant thee peace abundantly, at

all times, and give thee favor in the eyes of King Darius, and the sons of his house, a thousandfold more than now, and give thee long life! Mayest thou be happy and in good health at all times!

"Now thy servants, Yedoniah and his companions, speak thus: In the month of Tammuz [July] in the 14th year of King Darius, when Arsam [the Persian governor in Egypt] had departed and gone to the king, the priests of the god Chnub in the fortress Yeb gave money and goods to Waidrang, who was chief in command here, saying: The Temple of the God Yahve in the fortress Yeb shall be removed thence.

"Thereupon this Waidrang sent letters to his son Nephayan, who was commander of the garrison in the fortress Syene, saying: The Temple in the fortress Yeb is to be destroyed.

"Thereupon Nephayan led out the Egyptians with other forces: They came to the fortress Yeb with their . . . they entered into the Temple, and destroyed it to the ground, and broke in pieces the pillars of stone that were there. The seven great gates also, built of hewn stone, that were in the Temple, they destroyed, and their tops they . . . ; and the bronze hinges of the doors, and the roof which was wholly of cedar wood, together with the stucco [?] of the wall and other things that were there, all this they burnt with fire. And the bowls of gold and silver, and whatever was in the Temple they took and appropriated to themselves. And already in the days of the kings of Egypt had our fathers built this Temple in the fortress Yeb. And when Cambyses [B.C. 529-522] entered Egypt he found the Temple built; and though the temples of the gods of Egypt were then all overthrown, no one injured anything in this Temple, and since they have done this, we with our wives and children have put on sackcloth and fasted and prayed to Yahve, the Lord of Heaven who gave us knowledge of [that is, punished] Waidrang. The chain [of office] was removed from his feet, and all the goods which he had acquired perished, and all the men who wished evil against this Temple were slain and we have seen our desire upon them.

"Also before this, at the time when this evil was done to us, we sent a letter to our Lord Bagohi and to Jehohanan, the high priest, and his companions the priests in Jerusalem, and to Ostan, his brother, who is Anani and the nobles of the Jews, but they sent us no answer.

"Also from the Tammuz day of the 14th year of King Darius to this day we have put on sackcloth and fasted; our wives have become like widows; we have not anointed ourselves with oil or drunk wine; neither from that day to this day of the 17th year of King Darius, have meal offerings, frankincense, or burnt offerings, been offered in this Temple. Now, therefore, thy servants, Yedoniah and his companions, and the Jews, all the citizens of Yeb, say thus: If it seem good to our Lord, think upon this Temple that it may be built, because we are not permitted to build it: look upon the recipients of thy goodness and of thy mercy who are here in Egypt. May a letter be sent from thee to them concerning the Temple of the God Yahve, that it may be built in the fortress Yeb, as it was built in former times. And we will offer meal offerings and frankincense and burnt offerings upon the altar of the God Yahve in thy

name. And we will pray for thee at all times, we and our wives and our children, and all the Jews who are here, if thou doest thus, until the Temple is built. And thou shalt have a portion before Yahve, the God of Heaven, from every one who offers to him burnt offerings and sacrifices, in value equivalent to . . . And so concerning the gold, concerning that we have sent we made known. We have also sent the matters in a letter in our name to Delaiah and Shelemiah, the sons of Sanballat, the Governor of Samaria. Arsam also has no knowledge of all this that has been done to us.

"The 20th of Marcheshvan [November] in the 17th year of King Darius."

The discovery of the above document proves clearly that the Jews, shortly after the captivity, had a place of worship, where sacrifice could be offered to Jehovah, outside of Jerusalem. Now, if they had one, why not a dozen in different parts of Egypt and Babylonia? This discovery may aid in settling or unsettling the date of Deuteronomy. The critics have argued that this book could not have been written prior to about B.C. 620. One of their chief arguments for this date is that Deuteronomy explicitly prohibited more than one place where sacrifice could be offered to Jehovah. From this inhibition they assert that, since sacrifice was offered in several places besides at the temple in Jerusalem, before the reign of Josiah there could not have been any law against the practice. Now, if, notwithstanding Deuteronomy and its explicit command, sacrifices were offered in another temple, after the age of Josiah, why could this not have happened previous to his time? The fact that a law is violated is no proof that such a law does not exist. The future historian of America may argue with great plausibility that the state of Illinois had no law for Sunday closing as early as A.D. 1908 because Chicago kept its saloons open on the Sabbath day as late as that year. Finally, if this letter has been dug out of the ruins in Elephantine, may we not hope that the very copy of the law read in its Jewish temple, "laid away in some secret geniza," may yet come into the hands of some fortunate excavator?

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

G. Wobbermin. When Adolf Harnack delivered his addresses on "What Is Christianity?" a few years ago he probably did not suspect how they were to affect the thinking world. Among the writers who have been stimulated by Harnack is Wobbbermin. He issued in 1906, from the press of J. F. Lehmann, in Munich, the tenth in a series of *Beiträge zur Weiterentwickelung der christlichen Religion* (Contributions to the further development of the Christian Religion). It bears the same title as the German edition of Harnack's above-mentioned book, *Das Wesen des Christenthums*, which should, perhaps, have been translated "The Essence of Christianity," instead of "What Is Christianity?" Harnack treated Christianity entirely from the standpoint of the historian. He attempted to show that historically it is a fact that Christianity has always and everywhere, under all its forms, recognized certain factors as its very essence. Wobbermin undertakes to say, and we think with entire truth, that, while the historical method suffices to show that up to the present time Christianity represents the highest actual religious life, that method cannot assure us that nothing higher will some time emerge. Such a result can be reached, if reached at all, only by the method of the philosophy of religion. He defines religion as, in all its stages and kinds, the relation of a human being to the unseen world. He groups religions according to their nature and inner harmony with the two great factors of the religious life—the revelation and the benefits any specific religion offers. Judged by this standard he finds the nature religions and the national religions to be the lower forms, and the religions of law and the religions of redemption to be the higher. He classifies Christianity as the highest among the religions of redemption. Its peculiar characteristic is the significance it attaches to the person of Jesus in the religious development of mankind—a significance which has no analogy in the whole realm of religious history elsewhere. Applying the test of the two previously mentioned factors of any religion—its revelation and its alleged benefits—he affirms that the essence of Christianity consists in the belief in a spiritual-personal God and the destination of man to permanent communion with him. Considered from that standpoint the Eastern, or Greek, Church represents the lowest form of Christianity, because it least emphasizes the ethical, and most emphasizes the natural. The Roman Catholic Church represents a higher stage, because it gives a purer expression to the ethical aspect; but while it does not regard the revelation as a natural process it does turn the relation of the soul to God into a legal one by regarding Christianity too much as an institution. The evangelical Protestant form of Christianity is the highest yet actually

attained, because it, in its conception of faith as personal trust, regards the revelation and the benefits of religion as mutually conditioned ethical factors. Concerning the world view of Christianity he says that it is idealistic and optimistic, though not in the sense of a thoughtless disregard of dark experiences, but in the sense that the world can and should become ever more perfect, life ever more worth living. The great end and the real purpose of the world is the production of spiritual-moral personalities and their guidance into and in communion with God. This conception of the world cannot be demonstrated in the strict scientific sense; for, like all general views of the world, it lies outside the domain of science. Still it can justly claim to be in harmony with the facts, and hence reasonable and satisfactory. The conclusion of the whole discussion of the essence of Christianity is that, as Christianity represents the highest actual development of religion up to the present time, so a higher development in religion than that made possible by Christianity is unthinkable. We agree, of course, with this conclusion, and we believe that only those will expect a higher religion who have failed to catch and appreciate the real significance of Christianity as taught by Jesus Christ.

Arnold Meyer. It is the fate of the theological student to discover that just when he supposes that he has reached a satisfactory conclusion on some debated question a new voice is heard raising doubts or else putting some discarded theory in a light so plausible as to demand attention. Such is the case at present with the doctrine of the resurrection of Jesus. Theologians had about settled down into two camps—one holding to the actual bodily resurrection from the grave and his appearance to his disciples in the very same body which was buried in the new tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa, the other holding that while the body of Jesus did not rise from the grave, God did so work upon the consciousness of the immediate disciples of Jesus that they had the distinct impression of having seen him risen from the grave. Of these two general views the former seems to this writer the only one tenable. But now comes Arnold Meyer in *Die Auferstehung Christi. Die Berichte über Auferstehung, Himmelfahrt und Pfingsten, ihre Entstehung, ihr geschichtlicher Hintergrund und ihre religiöse Bedeutung* (The Resurrection of Christ: The Reports concerning Resurrection, Ascension, and Pentecost, their Origin, Historical Background, and Religious Significance, J. C. B. Mohr, 1905), and carries us back to the long-discarded theory of subjective visions. And certainly it is easier to think of the report of the empty grave as a legend which arose too late for detection than it is to think of the removal of the dead body of Jesus from the grave which the theory of objective visions demands. Neither can it be denied that, were the reports of the appearances of Jesus less circumstantial, we could see how the judgment might have been formed that, notwithstanding his shameful death, Jesus still triumphed. For Meyer supposes that Jesus made upon his disciples so powerful an impression that it could outlive

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the apparent catastrophe of his crucifixion. This is especially true if we suppose that he claimed and they firmly believed him to be the Messiah. Meyer supports his contention with the usual array of subjective, illusory visions, and with the usual attempt to show that the disciples were in a condition of body and mind to have just the kind of visions he thinks of. But none of these considerations can lift the supposition that instead of real appearances of Jesus to his disciples we have to do with subjective, illusory visions above the plane of the possible. They in no wise prove that this supposition represents the actual fact. It is customary to call attention to inconsistencies in the record; and we have no purpose to dispute their existence. Nevertheless, the records do show that the disciples could have experienced only real appearances of Jesus, or if they did not have this experience then they must have willfully misrepresented what did occur. It is impossible that those mentioned by Paul in 1 Cor. 15. 5-8, could all have had only subjective visions, and all have believed that they actually saw Christ alive in the body after his burial, unless they did see him thus. This number, which Meyer himself allows, is too great for universal deception, such as Meyer's theory supposes. This is especially certain when we consider the form which, according to the gospel reports, the visions must have taken. For it was not only by the eye that they are reported to have recognized him, but by his voice also. And according to hypothesis these visions occurred several times, sometimes when a disciple was alone, and sometimes when several were together. Furthermore, there was evident unwillingness, or perhaps, unreadiness to believe in the actual resurrection of Jesus. So much was this the case that the disciple demanded and Jesus granted, according to reports, a careful examination of his body to see if it were real. Plainly, the disciples of that day knew how to guard against deception, and they profess that they did guard against deception. We are reduced, therefore, to the alternative: Either they did see Jesus in the flesh, risen from death, or they made up the story which they palmed off on the public as veracious. It is not easy to believe that the latter supposition is the true supposition.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Das Messianische Bewusstsein Jesu. Ein Beitrag zur Leben-Jesu-Forschung (The Messianic Consciousness of Jesus. A Contribution to the Study of the Life of Jesus). By H. J. Holtzmann. Tübingen, J. C. B. Mohr, 1907. It is a very able book by a very able man; and especially is it a book by means of which one can get the clearest idea possible of the controversy relative to the Messianic consciousness of Jesus. Here we have a clear and fair account of the numerous recent attempts to eliminate the Messianic element from the consciousness of Jesus altogether. At this juncture interrogation points are frequent in the minds of students of the Gospels. Where did the idea of the Son of man come from? Was it an idea of Jesus himself, or did the followers of Christ attribute it to

him after his death? How are we to regard the Gospel according to Mark—as an attempt to write an account of the ministry of Jesus, or as a dogmatic construction similar to the Gospel according to John? If we take the second of these alternatives in either question, we reduce the Messianic utterances of Jesus to the lowest point. Still, even so, we have enough of the Messianic left in the words, and especially in the underlying presuppositions of the words of Jesus, to account for the strong hold that idea had on the men who wrote the documents constituting the New Testament. But we have here also a very clear putting of the reasons for holding to the strength of the Messianic consciousness of Jesus, and of the various interpretations of that consciousness. Some place the dawn of that consciousness early, others late, in the course of his life. Some hold that he regarded himself as the Messiah in the Jewish sense; others maintain that he did not regard himself the Messiah in the Jewish sense at all, but only in an accommodated sense. Some place the Messianic work of Christ wholly in the future. Holtzmann is clearly of the opinion that Jesus held himself to be the Messiah. He bases this conclusion on a general study of the words of Jesus under all the changing circumstances of his ministry, which cannot be explained except on the theory that he regarded himself as Messiah, and of his deeds, which also are inexplicable on any other supposition. Particularly is this true of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem and of his conduct in his trial. But when it comes to the question of the idea of the Messiahship which Jesus had in his mind Holtzmann thinks we can only settle it each for himself by the use of the power of insight. In no other way can we determine the dawn of the Messianic consciousness—whether it was at his baptism, during his temptation, or at the time of the transfiguration—the motives which caused him to hide from the public his Messiahship, and the meaning of the titles "Son of man" and "Son of God" as applied to himself or accepted by him. Nor can we determine by any but psychological methods the question whether Jesus thought of himself as the Son of man prior to or only subsequent to the confession of Peter at Cæsarea Philippi. The fact that Jesus probably presupposed in his hearers a knowledge which we do not possess and by which they understood the meaning of the term "Son of man" as we cannot only illustrates the necessity we are under of being content with such conclusions as our insight may give us. And the singular fact that in almost every case where Jesus applies to himself the term "Son of man" it is when he is speaking of his sufferings and death or of his second coming can only be interpreted in the same way. These thoughts of Holtzmann are unquestionably correct, as anyone can see for himself who undertakes by purely philological or historical means to understand the questions at issue. About all we can do is to show that if he regarded himself as Messiah at all, he did not think of his Messiahship under Jewish forms. For the rest, and as to what he did mean by the Messiahship, no absolutely certain answer is forthcoming. Fortunately, it can also be said that this loss of definiteness does not entail any religious loss; though from the standpoint of apologetics and biography it leaves us in uncertainty.

Das Evangelium Jesu und das Evangelium von Jesus, nach den Synoptikern (The Gospel of Jesus and the Gospel Concerning Jesus, according to the Synoptics). By Erich Schaeder. Gütersloh, C. Bertelsmann, 1906. The book deals in a broad way with the question whether we can trust the reported teachings of Jesus as his real teachings or whether we must regard them as essentially modified by his disciples after his death. Schaeder holds that the estimate of himself which Jesus had was the source of the estimate which his disciples placed upon him, and that there is essential unity between the two. The opposite opinion he holds to be both unsupported, historically, and religiously dangerous. Schaeder rejects all attempts to support the Synoptic portraiture of Christ by appeals to experience, and maintains that the starting point of all our Christology must be Christ's own self-consciousness as revealed in the Gospel records. In the examination of this self-consciousness he finds Jesus regarding himself as having power coextensive with the world. His kingdom is as comprehensive as the world. But if Jesus knew himself as possessed of a saving, controlling, creative power as wide as the world—if he knew himself as filled with the Spirit and life of God, then he knew himself as the Christ of God. We must confess our inability to see the necessary connection between the premise and the conclusion in this case. Another equally interesting, but, we think, untenable, theory is propounded with reference to the well-recognized desire on the part of Jesus to hide his Messiahship from the masses. It is generally supposed that this was due to the feeling that the people could not understand his conception of the Messiahship and that disaster to his cause would therefore result from his public proclamation of himself as the Messiah before the people were prepared for it. But Schaeder holds that Jesus was moved by an entirely different motive from this. He thinks that Jesus knew that the world would reject him and that as a result judgment would come upon his persecutors. This judgment he wished to delay as long as possible. He wished to have time to teach, help, and suffer, in such a way as to gather to himself those who would enter the kingdom of God. It is hardly necessary to point out the defects of this hypothesis. More satisfactory is his argument against those who affirm that Christianity cannot be the absolute religion when it is itself a structure within and from history. To this he replies that Jesus declared himself Master of the world, and by so doing proclaimed himself in possession of absoluteness. And his natural limitations do not destroy this absoluteness. He did not look upon his limitations as an iron law from which he could not escape. He could at any time have applied in his own interest the power he exercised over nature. He who could walk upon the sea could, had he wished, really cast himself down in safety from the pinnacle of the temple; and he could have come down from the cross. The only objection we can see to these illustrations is that Jesus himself felt that the first would have been wrong; while it is plain that to have done the second would have prevented his being the Saviour of the world. But in principle it is true that the limitations which he felt were voluntarily assumed. His treatment of the declaration of Christ, "There is none good

but one, even God," is interesting. He thinks that when the young ruler came to him with the question: "Good Teacher, what good thing shall I do?" Jesus felt that he had passed by the Father with a sort of neglect, so he called his attention with all energy to the Father; but that after he had given God the glory due he claimed moral absoluteness by calling the young man to follow him that he might have eternal life. This is certainly ingenious; though it is exceedingly doubtful whether it was the real thought of Christ. At any rate, we have here an extremely suggestive and thought-provoking book.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

Christian Activity in Belgium. There are in Belgium two Protestant denominations: The Belgian National Church and The Belgian Mission Church. The latter, as its name indicates, is more aggressive in its methods than the former. The two bodies, however, are on the most friendly terms, and unite in some forms of Christian effort. For example, they are working together to advance the Young Men's Christian Association which is making very rapid progress in Belgium. The Mission Church is working also in the interest of temperance reform, for which there is great need. Every seventh house is a tavern, and for every ten guests at taverns there is one tavern. On an average, each inhabitant of Belgium, young or old, male or female, drinks four and one half liters of wine and two hundred and nineteen liters of beer, which costs 500,000 francs per day. It is interesting to note that in Belgium the temperance societies flourish rather than the total abstinence societies.

Ministerial Students at German Universities. In the twenty-one universities there were in the summer semester of 1906 a total of 2,329 students of Protestant theology, as compared with 2,286 in the summer of 1905; but while this shows an increase, the falling off since the summer of 1888, when the number was 4,799, is very remarkable. Tübingen is now the most popular resort for theological students; then follow in order, Halle, Leipzig, Berlin, Erlangen, Marburg, Göttingen, Greifswald, Bonn, Königsberg, Giessen, Heidelberg, Strassburg, Breslau, Rostock, Jena, and Kiel. While in general there has been a loss of theological students, some universities have gained, Heidleberg having doubled its numbers. On the other hand, Jena has fallen thirty-seven per cent, Leipzig, Erlangen, Königsberg, Breslau and Kiel more than twenty-five per cent, while Berlin remains comparatively steady, her loss being about one and on half per cent.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

In the Contemporary Review (London and New York) for January, the two items which hold our attention are "A Study of Shakespeare's Cymbeline and The Tempest, and of Milton's Samson Agonistes," by J. Churton Collins, and a short article on "Christ in English Literature." The Shakespearean study begins with a reference to Browning's poem "Hugues of Saxe-Gotha" which the writer regards as an allegory, its symbolism being as follows: the Fugue is life, Hugues is what Sir Thomas Browne calls the first great composer, the student of the Fugue is the man who believes that harmony and wisdom are implicit in the scheme of things, although he cannot clearly discern them. A point of interest is that, as an effect of the ripening experience of life, the student of life, as his candle is near flickering out, begins, as Coleridge said in his latter years, to find things "wonderfully clearing and harmonizing." Mr. Collins finds in Milton's Samson Agonistes and in Shakespeare's Cymbeline and The Tempest, written when their lifework was done, their final message or, rather, gospel to the world. He notes that when Milton, in the misery which filled his last days, was desolate, companionless, and tortured by foul disease, with many hard and bitter memories, his last words were not of perplexity, weariness, despondency, but of patience and trust, as when he writes that "Patience is the exercise of saints, the trial of their fortitude which makes each his own deliverer and makes him victor over all the ills that fortune can inflict"; and again, as when he writes: "All is best which Highest Wisdom brings about, and though we often doubt, is found to be best at the close; and though oft he seems to hide his face, he unexpectedly returns." This is blind Milton's final philosophy and faith as declared in Samson Agonistes, a poem manifestly autobiographical in large degree. Mr. Collins shows that Shakespeare makes similar self-revelation in The Tempest, which he thinks was his last written drama. Contrasting Cymbeline and The Tempest with Shakespeare's previous writings, he says: "The philosophy of the tragedies barely escapes being pessimistic; Cymbeline and The Tempest are positively optimistic. Optimism can only come with the faith that the moral government of the world is a system tempering justice and righteousness with mercy and benevolence. The note of these two plays is pure optimism; and it is the optimism of Christianity. They show that Shakespeare, whatever his religious creed may have been, was struck with the sublime beauty of the Christian conception of life and of the government of the world. In previous years his themes had been life on its darkest and saddest side; the note of his work had been stern and almost fatalistic; and his theology had been that of classical paganism. All this is changed in Cymbeline and entirely transformed in The Tempest. Shakespeare, in Mr. Collins's understanding, is an illustration of the effect of the ripening experience of life, as was also Coniston who was heard to murmur in his last hours: "Now the vision

is complete—this is the way they see it in heaven." Comparing the presentment and interpretation of life given in Shakespeare's long series of somber tragedies with the way life and the world are read and interpreted in these two divine last dramas, Cymbeline and The Tempest, it is apparent that these were composed in the light of such a vision as Coniston had. And that is the light that falls on the culmination of the most comprehensive survey of life ever given by man to man. An indescribable and irresistible charm pervades The Tempest, a play which is full of joyousness. Its nature is spiritual. "This spiritual charm," says Mr. Collins, "comes in a large measure from a suffusion of purely Christian sentiment. There is nothing to indicate that Shakespeare accepted Christianity on its dogmatic and metaphysical sides as a creed, but as a philosopher it must have appealed to him; indeed, it did appeal to him in its ethics, and as a poet and artist he did not fail to realize the beauty and sublimity of the solution it afforded of the problems of life. Had his last legacy to the world been the gospel deducible from the tragedies, that gospel would indeed have been a cheerless one. But on the Shakespeare of The Tempest and Cymbeline fell at last the light that had fallen on the Milton of Samson Agonistes, and the two mightiest geniuses who have glorified our poetry left the world with the same optimistic message on their lips, with this difference only, that pious submission, touched with hope, was the note of Milton, and faith, absolute and uncompromising, the note of Shakespeare."————————An article which interests us yet more is entitled "Christ in English Literature," of which the following is the gist: "Within every great literature a vital, evolving force exists, which determines the limits, the form, and the spirit of that literature. It may be, but is not necessarily, a religious force. It may be a philosophic determinism, coupled with a vivid sense of beauty and congruity, as in Greek literature. It may be the sense of morality as a power making for national greatness as in the best Latin literature. But some such force there must be, determining phase after phase of literary effort, working often through agents unconscious of the spirit that moves them. In so far as a national literature is a living thing, there is in it a secret soul, an inner self that was with it from the beginning, fashioning its growth and formulating its spiritual tendencies. English literature is no exception to such a rule, and it may be boldly claimed that Christ—the Christ of the Gospels and of the Fathers and of the churches—in all his infinite manifestations to the mind and imagination of man is the evolving force and secret soul of English literature. This claim will be contested, possibly with bitterness; but it is a claim that meets the necessary conditions as no other explanation can. The genius of English nationality is essentially religious, and not the less so that its forms are not prescribed or writ in marble and its religious expression revels in variations. A national literature is a national fact, playing its part both in the spiritual development of the race and in its mental and material advancement. In the case of English literature, its informing spirit has brought the Christian ideal into national life. In Hebrew literature the presence of God was the ceaseless source of inspiration; and as the particular forms of that religion

fell away that inspiration grew more and more intense until at last the pent-up flower-bud broke its sheath and burst into the full flower of Christian revelation and literature. Consider English literature in its successive stages. In its dim origins sound the far-off voices of Cædmon and Cynewulf. We find them weaving into the heathen chorus of the West the subtle influences of Christ. For Cynewulf earth was crammed with heaven and every common bush afire with God. It was a fit beginning for a famous forthfaring. Passing on to the great Bede, the only supreme writer of the period before Alfred, we find the Christian spirit developing more fully with him. Christ to him is all in all, and from his cell that spirit gathers strength for its work in literature through subsequent long, fruitful centuries. He describes that wonderful scene in which Edwin of Northumbria takes counsel with his nobles as to the acceptance or rejection of the gospel preached by Paul. Having given us the unforgettable simile which likens man's brief, transient life to a sparrow flying out of the winter night into the brightly lighted hall, and out again into the dark, he speaks in his last hours in a more Christian way, saying: 'The time for me to be set free is at hand, for indeed my soul much desires to behold my King Christ in his beauty.' In those two expressions, first of the soul as a bird passing from the firelight of life into the dark, and next from the firelight into the sunlight of Christ's presence, we note the progress in one mind to increasingly Christian expression. Coming on to Chaucer, the chief glory of mediæval literature, and always an immortal light to all literature, we note how intimate is his acquaintance with the Gospels and the Epistles and how tenderly he touches the secrets of true religion. His ideal is that of Christian love and charity. He turns from jests and scoffing and merriment to set forth the ideal Christian minister in those deathless lines,

> But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
> He taught; but first he folwed it himselve.

But Chaucer is the lilied height of mediæval literature, and below him are fields flowering, slope after slope, with the same thought of Christ as the motive power of all that is best in personal and national life. In so far as literature was a national force before the Reformation and the Renaissance, it was a Christian force. But does the force of Christ as the secret soul of English literature fail when we reach the adolescence of Western Europe, as manifested in the Renaissance or the Reformation? There can be but one answer to such a question. If Shakespeare may be taken as the representative and glorious leader of that whole choir of singing birds who had their flight of song in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we see at once that Christ in English literature was manifesting new power with the new birth of learning, and was broadening and ennobling national life and aspiration. Although Shakespeare does not disclose in his writings his personal creed nor any definite, peculiar, or local variation of Christian faith, yet he projected what was most vitally Christian from its mediæval environment into that of the New Age. The old forms and ancient splendors of religion all appealed to him, and its real force underlay the

magic of his writings. His work was to take the principles of Christianity and weave them into the other forces visibly at work in the depths of the human nature which he observed with such a searching and penetrating eye. His plays are instinct with Christian forces and are adorned with literary forms drawn from the formulæ of the church or from the very words of the Gospels. Hence it is that his works have become national forces making for personal and national righteousness as such righteousness is understood in Christian lands. This being true of Shakespeare, the greatest man in all literature, the whole claim for Christ as the secret Soul and evolving Force of English literature must be admitted. It is scarcely necessary to mention the great names of Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, and the endless list of writers in prose and verse who, since the end of the seventeenth century, have been the agents and channels of this Christian force. It is nothing against our claim for Christ as the inspiring force in English literature that there have been writers like Gibbon and poets like Shelley, who revolted from the forms of religion. They failed to understand the forces that were molding society and guiding the nation in their own day and generation. Even their revolt from accepted forms and ideas was the effect of revolutionary forces that were the natural results of the ferment caused by an awakening Christianity. It was no mere chance made Tennyson choose the Arthur of mediæval times as the central figure of his great epic for the New Age. In the Idyls of the King he represented afresh the Christian ideal of personal and national life, and so English literature once again reacted on English life and made the Christian ideal a dominant part and power therein. One other word remains to be said: If Christ has been the secret Soul of English literature from the beginning, he will be with it to the end. In that fact lies the hope of any anticipated revival in literary power. Some observers are pleased to declare that English literature has reached its appointed bound. The same thing might have been said in the late fifteenth century when the New Learning had almost come. Another Renaissance, another impulse in the fields of life, religion, and literature is at hand. We feel it dimly on every side. The world is quite other than the world where men now middle-aged were born. The New Science has transformed the outlook as the New Learning transformed it four centuries ago. We have today new mysteries on every hand and after all it is *mysteries* that inspire literature. The poet looks forth from his lone peak and peers deep into the future; the prose writer pens his periods in praise of the new world looming into sight beyond the mysterious bounds of mist that encompass this present age. The spirit that has all through inspired English literature must still inspire it. The perfect stature of our literature is not yet attained; the evolving force has not spent itself; Christ, the secret Soul of it, has manifestations still to make that shall not only glorify the form of literature, but intensify its power as a vivifying, purifying, and uplifting influence on the English-speaking race, and among all nations of men." We think that no successful gainsaying of this writer's claim concerning English literature is possible, and it is as true of the life of English civilization as of its literature—Christ is its one powerful and

powerfully saving force.————In a notice of Dr. Illingworth's latest book, The Contemporary says: "Man is a mystery to himself, coming he knows not whence, going he knows not whither, and surrounded all his life by countless mysteries as impenetrable as his whence and whither. Atoms of consciousness as we are, we think we know something, namely, that the universe, so far as we can discover or conceive, is a rational progression of things, that it is orderly in structure and phenomena, and that like causes in like conditions are followed by like effects. But *why* are we here? *What* does it all *mean?* Is there a goal? These are questions not answerable by any process of logic or any investigation of things. Dr. Illingworth puts the matter pointedly from the Christian standpoint as follows: 'Why do we exist? Human nature as it pursues what we call its ordinary course from generation to generation has always this question at heart. It so essentially and inevitably rises within us, from the very make and constitution of our minds, that we may reasonably say that *we were created to ask it.* And *if, in a rationally ordered world, we were created to ask it,* we must conclude that *we were created to be answered.* And that answer, by its very character, must come from outside ourselves. Since, therefore, it is natural for us to ask this question, and natural to expect its answer, we cannot call the question unnatural merely because it comes in what we think an unusual way. On the contrary, if the incarnation is the answer, as Christians believe it to be, it may be every whit as natural, to a wider view, as the natural question which it meets, both alike being parts of one ordered whole.'"————In his recent volume, The Church and Modern Men, W. S. Palmer says: "It is not good policy for the church to defer to the weaker brethren and check and alienate the thinkers. This will leave the strong men outside the fold. Only the thinkers, the strong men armed with weapons, can fortify and successfully defend the Faith." "The leaders of the church should lead," he says: "How can you continue to be apostles and ministers unless you lead? We ask you to learn once more to lead, as Saint Paul led, as Saint Augustine led, as Athanasius led, even *contra mundum.* . . . We want hundreds of pastors and teachers to make clear to us, for instance, the very necessary distinction between, on the one hand, the religious and theological statements that are 'of faith,' because they have roots in the depths of human experience, and stretch out branches and leaves and flowers to the expanding limits of its growth; and on the other hand, those other matters which are products of reflection, statements of historical testimony, guesses of devout speculation, or interpretations by theological science aided by the philosophy of each particular age, and expressed now in terms of a vanished or vanishing manner of thought."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

As Jesus Passed By, And Other Addresses. By Gipsy Smith. 12mo, pp. 224. New York & Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

From President Eliot of Harvard to the newest worker in the Salvation Army, we doubt if there is any religious worker bearing the name of Christian who would not be bettered for his sacred business by reading this book. It is so simple, so sincere, a glorious divine-human poem but loaded with reality, as full of indestructible facts as any book of science. It would be good medicine for Frederic Harrison and Goldwin Smith. "Don't believe in miracles?" How do you explain Gipsy Smith? Isn't he, and isn't his whole life, a miracle, a divine miracle, a miracle of transforming grace far more astonishing than changing water into wine? An unspoiled Child of Nature is Gipsy Smith, and the message of salvation from his honest lips is so direct, so homely, so racy, so penetrating, so realistic, so powerful, that human nature feels itself touched in the center of its soul and succumbs. He is a messenger not to a class, but to all mankind. All the great ones of the earth might well sit at the feet of this humble gipsy and learn of him, so manifest is it that he has been with Jesus and has learned of him. And if any minister feels that there isn't enough of Jesus in his own preaching, let him learn from this book how to fill himself and his ministry with Christ and the power of an endless life. An intelligent man who heard Gipsy Smith in Brooklyn last year, said to a venerated judge who sat beside him, "That man is a genius, an orator, a gentleman, and a Christian." Here is a glance at Gipsy Smith's origin: "Look at this picture—a gipsy tent; in it a father and five little motherless children, without a Bible, without school. Nobody wanted them. Who does want a gipsy? They were outcasts, ostracized, despised, rejected. But God looked on that poor father and those five motherless little things and saw them in their ignorance and heathenism, hungry for God. And he looked again, and he said: 'There are six preachers in that gipsy tent.' And Jesus put those arms that were nailed to the tree round that father and his children and saved them all; and I am one of them. Jesus sees more in you, my brother, than anybody else can. And if nobody else wants you, he does; and if nobody else cares for you, he does; and if nobody else loves you, he does. And he says to you, 'Come to me, follow me, and I will save you for this world and the next.'" This world-wide gipsy evangelist has rescued multitudes who were far gone in sin and vice and crime; but hear what he says. He was in a meeting where ex-drunkards, and ex-prizefighters, and ex-gamblers, and ex-burglars, and murderers were testifying how Jesus had saved them, lifting them out of a horrible pit. Gipsy Smith sat still as long as he could, and then he rose and bore this testimony: "Men, listen! God has done wonders

for you, but he did more for me, a poor little gipsy boy, than for all of you put together. You were snatched back from the very gates of hell; *but he saved me before I got there.* Prevention is better than cure. A fence at the top of the precipice is better than an ambulance and a hospital at the bottom." That is the lesson this wise evangelist cries to the churches—"Save the children, the little children, from ever going astray!" Hear what he says about the new birth: "It is mysterious to you? So is everything. You must have it explained so you can understand it, before you will go ahead? Well, then, don't use the incandescent light or ride in a trolley car, until you can explain to me how electricity does it. Tell me how God kisses the black earth in your garden with lips of sunshine until it blooms with primroses, or else stop quibbling and questioning about the mystery of the new birth. It is just as easy for you to tell me how Jesus came to my gipsy tent before I could spell my name, and before I had ever heard his name. Tell me how he got hold of my father when he was rough and raw and ignorant, wild, drunken, profane, and lion-like. Tell me how God in Christ got hold of us all in that wandering gipsy-tent, and saved us all, and made these eyes, the eyes of my soul, see him and know him as my Saviour. If you'll tell me how the primroses grow, I'll tell you how Jesus saved us. I cannot tell how, but I know he did it." Hear what he says about the malignancy and blasting curse of Sin: "If there had been no sin there would have been no disease. Suffering comes by violation of law. Give me three letters and I will spell all the misery and pain and agony and woe—S-I-N. Why, you cannot speak the word without hearing the hiss of the serpent. Take Sin up into the world of glory, let it climb the streets of light, let it enter the fair fields of everlasting life where flowers unfading bloom forever; and you will start a graveyard in heaven, for the wages of sin is death. Sin is the worst disease this world ever knew and the root of all diseases. But Jesus can cure it and heal its running sores, as he healed the suffering woman who touched his garment in the throng." Hear this gipsy talk about being hid with Christ in God. At one time, not long after his conversion, the father of the young brood in the gipsy-tent was away for six weeks holding meetings; and that seemed a long, long time to the motherless group. They got word that father would be home on a certain day, and they were up early in the morning to welcome him; but it was night before he arrived; and this is what happened: "When father came into the old tent we all made way for the baby girl to go to him first, and he sat down and put his arms around her and kissed her and caressed her. She was his baby and he had not seen her for six weeks. My father kept her a long time, too long for the rest of us who were waiting. It was my turn next, and my boyish heart was so impatient for the clasp of my father's arms, that I could scarcely endure to be kept out so long. When I could stand it no longer, I cried to my little sister, 'Come out, come out, it is my turn.' And she rolled her bright black eyes at me, and said, 'You get me out of my father's arms if you can.' And I cried out, 'Well, I cannot do that, but there is room for me, too, and I'm coming in.' And I crept in

beside her, and Oh, the comfort and feeling of safety when I felt my father's strong loving arms around me. My brother, my sister, your heavenly Father's arms are waiting for you. There is room for you, too. Come in, come in! Hide your life with Christ in God!" If moral essays or metaphysical disquisitions are wanted, they are not in this book. Nothing here but the warm blood-red Gospel of Salvation, and the glory of the Only Name given under heaven among men whereby they can be saved. And the glow of it strikes up into one's face from these pages as from a bed of live coals. If any heart is cold, let it come here and get warm.

The Supreme Conquest, and other Sermons Preached in America. By WILLIAM L. WATKINSON, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 244. New York & Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

Two great Methodist preachers from England visited America in the same year, and spent months of almost constant traveling and preaching in many states. Though very different in training and in style, they were alike loyal to the gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ and suffused with the passion of the cross. Gipsy Smith and Dr. Watkinson are in some things as unlike as possible, yet in things central and fundamental as like as possible. Both are gifted with that rare and brilliant something which we call genius. The commonplace is impossible to them both. Each plays a different instrument, but both play the same tune—the Song of Redemption. Dr. Watkinson's sermons are the finished product of the finest and richest culture. Those in this volume were preached in America and are dedicated to Dr. S. P. Cadman, whose love and management made Dr. Watkinson's last visit to this country possible. In that matter America is as much indebted to Dr. Cadman as is his friend the preacher of these sixteen sermons. Fortunately, our readers are familiar with Dr. Watkinson's style. Extracts from the present volume follow: "The love of God manifest in Christ never fails. Niagara stopped once: owing to an ice dam across the river the waters failed, the rainbow melted, the vast music was hushed. But there has been no moment in which the love of God has failed toward the rational universe, when its eternal music has been broken, or the rainbow has ceased to span the throne. There never will be such a moment. The crystal tide flows richly and flows forever." On the text "More than conquerors," is this: "When shall we once understand this glorious truth, that life's strife is evoking the latent faculties of the soul, bringing out its strength and beauty, making it fit for sublime flights and felicities which dreams cannot picture? The best things of heaven are wrought on earth. Its finest gold was purified in earthen vessels; its crown jewels were ground on wheels of worldly circumstance; its fairest faces were washed into beauty with the salt spray of the tempest; its purplest robes are dyed sackcloth, and the heart-strings which down here were stretched highest to the breaking make heaven's sweetest music. 'I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to usward.' Not long ago I visited a flower show, and, following the crowd, found myself amid a

delightful host of orchids. It is needless to say what wonderful shapes and colors were displayed; masters of language need the wealth of poetry to describe the grace and magnificence which they unfold; they epitomize the perfection of the world. They are strangely privileged plants, gorgeous children of the sun, and they show what can be done under blue skies, in depths of safety, in balmy air, with brilliant light. But before leaving the exhibition I wandered into another department where the Alpine plants were being exhibited. Not expecting much this time, I was surprised and delighted by triumphs of form and color. They did not suffer in comparison with the tropical blooms. Delicate, curiously beautiful, inexpressibly elegant, vivid in color, of manifold dyes, perfumed with subtle scents of sweetness, they charmed and dazzled eyes that had just been satiated by the butterfly colors of Eastern beauties. And the Alpine gems owed all that they were to what they had suffered. Their sparkle is the gleam of the ice-age, their whiteness that of the eternal snows on whose border they sprang; they caught their royal blue whilst dizzy peaks thrust them into the awful sky; they are so firm because the rock on which they grew has got into them; they are so sensitive because they trembled so long on the precipice. They are the children of night and winter, the nurslings of blizzards; cataracts, glaciers, and avalanches perfected their beauty. In a vast, savage, elemental war they won the glory which makes them worthy to stand by the picked blooms painted by all the art of perpetual summer. Thus the sanctified sternness of human life blossoms in great, pure, beautiful souls which adorn heaven itself. 'And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, These which are arrayed in the white robes, who are they, and whence came they? And I say unto him, My lord, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which come out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' The elder would not allow John to miss *this* spectacle. Angels, principalities, and powers are the orchids of the rational world; they spring into being in the sunlight of God; they never felt a breath of storm, and we may be sure they are beautiful to look upon. But the Alpine spirits redeemed from the terrible sphere of trouble, anguish, and death shall be 'presented faultless before the throne,' and shall be found worthy to stand, and serve, and sing with the firstborn sons of light. Wherefore comfort one another with these words, which are true and faithful." Setting forth that in God's works everything is good for its purpose and in its place, Dr. Watkinson says: "The Old Testament is a favorite object of attack on account of its alleged coarse, human, imperfect contents. Critics ask in disdain what relation such archaic documents bear to our modern civilization. Surely we can only look askance at these outlandish scenes, childish conceptions, obsolete laws, and cruel, superstitious customs. But, fully and impartially considered, are not these alleged imperfections of revelation analogous with the alleged imperfections of nature? Regard the Pentateuch in its place as an educational system for an ignorant, sensualized race, and in its limitations lies its admirableness. It has proved so helpful, not in spite of its defects, but by virtue of them. Had God sought to train mankind through a system or by an oracle that was

theoretically faultless, such an instrument as would have satisfied modern knowledge and taste, it would have been to the primitive tribes to whom it was given unintelligible and useless. In the Old Testament we see how marvelously God condescended to human infirmity and taught by worldly parables, symbols, and ceremonies when scientific and æsthetic mediums were impossible; how skillfully through rude ages by gracious concessions he insinuated the purest kingdom of all; and how by a carnal dispensation he prepared for the advent of the final spiritual age, as in nature the most delicate blossom unfolds from the roughest sheath. Contemptuous critics of the Old Testament are lacking in imagination as in gratitude. Are not these very books the source of our great ideas, purest inspiration, and reigning civilizations? It is scarcely becoming for a rose glowing in the sun to look down and gibe at the root which bears it, because that root lacks grace, color, perfume. The root is perfect after its kind, perfect as a root, and its supreme vindication is the flower on its top. Thus is the Old Testament perfect as a root, perfect in its place and function; and it may justly chide its present-day superfine mockers, 'If thou gloriest, it is not thou that bearest the root, but the root thee.' And this order of remark applies to the whole range of revelation. Certain sections of God's Word may be called imperfect, just as some parts of nature are similarly described; but a wider outlook shows that when duly considered in their place and service they are alike elements of a larger perfection. Considered in their relation to the thought and usage of successive generations, in their relation to the various stages in the history of the race and the whole scheme of saving truth, these primitive Scriptures must be acknowledged to be necessary, indispensable, and beautiful as everything is in its season. Everything is good for its *purpose*. We have seen that when men complain of the imperfections of certain natural structures, they forget the purpose of such structures; and, complaining of the imperfections of revelation, critics too often seem to forget the end proposed by revelation. What, then, is that end? To teach geology, astronomy, political economy? Surely not. The aim of God's Word is to bring men to God, to illuminate them concerning his character, to make known to them his will, to reveal the way of salvation, to melt them by his mercy, to purify them by his grace, to show them the way to himself. A metaphysical treatise which gave satisfaction to a few literary artists would have been useless to the race at large; it would have failed because of its very intellectual perfection. God's Word, however, does not fail. At various points it may fall short of a literary or philosophical ideal, yet it does its glorious practical work, and that, not in spite of its defects, but by virtue of them. No instrument could appear more rude and unpromising in moral service than the cross. Another 'blundering contrivance,' cries the idealist; and age after age the rude sign has provoked contempt. Yet the moral effect through twenty centuries has been most powerful and delightful. He who best knows the inherent truth and relevancy of things divined the fitness of the cross for an unparalleled exigency; and the scorned symbol, disclosing the depths of eternal wisdom and love, has gone on from age to age, from clime to clime,

captivating men, filling them with rich comfort, working in them a living righteousness, kindling in them a burning charity, inspiring them with boundless hope. 'For I am not ashamed of the gospel: for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.' 'For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God.' 'For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.' 'Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men.' Here is a great truth for the times. We dare not have spoken of the 'foolishness of God' and the 'weakness of God'; yet the Spirit has used this language, and it has for us a direct and profound signification. The imperfection of man, the unnatural imperfection, has rendered inevitable many other imperfections in his ways who governs to redeem, and these imperfections may be acknowledged with awe and gratitude. But the concessions of God are passages in a prevailing diplomacy; his crooked lines are the master strokes of a supreme artist; when he appears to strike a false note, we are surprised by a richer harmony; and whenever he seems to stoop beneath himself it is only the prelude to a fuller revelation of his glory. When we discover the foolishness of God it is still wiser than the wisest of us; when we charge him with weakness it is yet stronger than the strongest. The potter knows more than the clay. 'Be still, and know that I am God.' 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!' "

Studies in the Gospel of John. First Series. By GEORGE P. ECKMAN, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Pp. 303. Price, $1. net.

ONE is pleased to notice that the author calls this book the "First Series" of his Studies. An interest well sustained from the first page to the last justifies a demand for as much more work of a similar nature as Dr. Eckman can give the church. "For nearly a year," we are told in the author's preface, "he accompanied his people in an analytical, expository and devotional study of John's Gospel." This book is simply the "outgrowth" of such work, in twenty-six "analytical studies." The first twelve chapters of John's Gospel furnish the subject matter. An introduction—a brief statement as to the place in the narrative of the event to be studied; an analysis—clear, concise, and full of suggestion; a personal question or two, and a "homily"—a modest term for a sermon strong and strikingly original, make up each chapter. Every event is assigned to its fitting place in the record of our Lord's activity. "The Manifestation of Christ's Glory through Words and Works Connected with His Public Ministry," is presented in four sections: "Initial Testimonies," "Period of Undisturbed Activity," "Period of Conflict," "Period of Judgment and Transition." The first section comprises two "studies," the second six, the third eleven, and the fourth four. Three introductory chapters dealing with the author,

the Gospel, and the prologue prepare the reader for what follows. Such work gives this book a decided worth and would make for its author a place among the scholars of the church even if there were nothing more than the careful analysis that furnishes the basis for much satisfactory and systematic study. The modesty of Dr. Eckman's scholarship, as well as his sanity as a commentator, are shown in a characteristic sentence in his interpretation of the story of "The Good Shepherd." "It is wiser not to press any point too far in an interpretation of the allegory but to confine the mind to essentials." His essentials, let us gladly say, are those accepted by conservative Methodism. In a homily on the text, "The Master is come and calleth for thee," he says: "Had you been present on the occasion when Christ uttered these words ("I am the resurrection and the life"), you would have said: 'He who speaks thus is either God the omnipotent or the earth will now open and swallow him down as the deadliest blasphemer for whom the jaws of perdition yearn.'" Surely the pastor of Saint Paul's Church utters no uncertain word regarding our Lord's deity. His loyalty to the great Head of the church makes him loyal to his friends as well. Possibly as sympathetic and appreciative a study as we find here is that of John the Baptist—"The Man Who Discovered Christ: He was no lily-fingered prophet, coddled in luxury and schooled in conventional felicities of speech and conduct. Absorbed by one great passion, he had no time nor disposition for politic address or studied action. He did not indulge in equivocal generalities, but spoke stalwart truth in tones vibrant with emotion. . . . To men of his ilk the world owes its deepest debt —the shaggy-raimented Elijahs, the burly Luthers, the roughshod Cromwells, who beneath an uncouth exterior hide a starlike soul." His subjects for his homilies are most attractive: "Caring for the Crowd," "Wanted—By the World," "The Center of Gravity" ("And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me"), "Salvation Through Sympathy," "An Explanation of God," "Divine Extravagance." His treatment of familiar incidents in the gospel narrative is always original. Who, for example, would expect a sermon on the relation of money to the work of Christ from the story of the feeding of the Five Thousand! But who does not see it and remember it after reading the homily on "Caring for the Crowd"? Says Dr. Eckman: "Whenever an emergency arises in the work of Christ's disciples, money is not a consideration of the first importance, if Jesus is in the company. Philip apparently did not understand this. . . . Nevertheless, if financial expenditure should prove to be the method of meeting any emergency arising in the work of Christ's disciples, it must be employed, if Jesus is in the company. Perhaps Philip would have balked at this proposition. One can fancy him saying: 'We cannot afford to spend thirty-five dollars on bread for this mob'. . . . In meeting an emergency which may arise in the work of Christ's disciples, calculations are not to be based on the extent of one's personal resources if Jesus is in the company. . . . There is no emergency arising in the work of Christ's disciples that he has not anticipated if Jesus is in the company." As with the sermons, so with many unpretentious paragraphs in the body of the analysis; for example, a paragraph on our Lord as a conversationalist: "Sometimes in the smaller

circles he appeared to be taking an inferior place, but it will be noted that he really guided the conversation without seeming to do so." Dr. Eckman has read widely and chosen wisely. Hardly a page can be scanned without some great name catching one's attention, and, associated with the name, a most pertinent quotation or telling illustration. There is, however, no mistaking the place the quotation holds; 'tis to confirm or beautify some truth clearly presented by the author. It is not introduced to finish a page or brighten up a bit of arid thinking. One can read the sentences before the quotations or those that follow and see so much brilliancy and epigrammatic power as is in that Dr. Eckman brings to us from much study of other men of the kingdom. It may be noticeable to many that there is little quotation of poetry and none from fiction or feeble men of passing name. "Charles Kingsley," we are told, "asked a young preacher who was to occupy his pulpit at Eversley to allow him to read two or three of his sermons in manuscript. When he had finished he chose one by no means the best written but containing an honest presentation of Jesus Christ and said: 'Preach that. There is a poor soul who will be in church whose sins it may touch and whose sorrows it may heal. God help us all.'" "At daybreak on the summit of Snowdon some quarrymen asked Newman Hall to preach to them. He replied that God was preaching to them through the wonders of nature around them and that it was better for them to listen to his voice. He simply offered prayer. Two years later a man who had been present informed him that fifty people were converted as the outcome of that season of worship. Newman Hall replied that he had only offered prayer. "Yes," was the answer, "and as they only spoke Welsh, they did not understand a word you said." It is indeed a positive delight to read such a book, though a tantalization not to own the book you read. You surely cannot read the book without a pencil in hand, and a temptation to mark with personal approbation the margins of its many pages. No man can read the book and not use it, and no man who loves the gospel according to its interpretation by the beloved disciple but will thank Dr. Eckman for the careful and inspiring study he has given to it.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling. 8vo, pp. 375. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Price, cloth, $1.80, net.

On dit, man sagt, that Kipling's work shows declining power; and one declares that for his fame's sake he should have died when ill of pneumonia in New York city in 1896. Some years ago Professor Edward Dowden, of Dublin, said: "Rudyard Kipling ought to be satisfied with the acoustics of the globe; his voice fills the building." All the literature which justified that striking statement is still in existence, and much of it keeps on selling. The Jungle Books sell continually, like Robinson Crusoe, year after year; they are now in their seventy-third thousand: Plain Tales from the Hills is in its fifty-seventh thousand. Of later works, Kim has reached sixty-eight thousand; The Day's Work sixty-four thou-

sand. Recently Bliss Carman, being asked who is the most significant and powerful of living poets, replied: "Kipling, without doubt." Since the time when it is said he had better have died he has added much not inferior to the literature that first made his fame. No living writer began so brilliantly, so startlingly, and none has better sustained his initial level. He is one of the few men alive capable of producing a masterpiece. That he is liable to do it at any time and that the world is expecting it from him is one reason for the feeling of disappointment and impatience when a considerable period goes by without a Kipling masterpiece. In any year we do not chide other men for not furnishing us with something great; we are not listening expectantly in their direction. Kipling still has the ear of the world. Men want more of him at his best so badly that they cannot wait for him to get it ready. Hence the grumbling. In an age of rasping criticism Kipling has had his share of it, thriving quite finely on it. He is disparaged as "a bugler of the barracks"; but his exploitation of the British soldier as subject-matter for prose and verse is unique and masterly, and Tommy Atkins is as striking, fascinating, and imperishable a figure as this generation has seen in the pages of current literature. More of Kipling sticks in the heads of all sorts of men today than of any other man now writing. Mandelay, Fuzzy Wuzzy, Danny Deever, Gunga Din, and the like are simply unforgetable. He is accused of coarseness for letting rough men use, in his pages, the common language of their kind. But mark you, there is not a single touch of salaciousness, not one poisonous or inflammatory line. He is, in truth, a febrifuge, an antidote to the heating virus of that beastly brood, the "fleshly school." His work makes for mental and moral health, never for disease. William Archer says, "There is something of the brass band and the swaggering drum major about Kipling's manner, that makes one yearn for music of a smoother and subtler strain," and quotes from William Watson: "How welcome, after gong and cymbals' din, the continuity, the long, slow slope and vast curves of the gradual violin!" Yet Mr. Archer admits that the literary brilliancy of Kipling's poetry and prose is beyond dispute. Alfred Austin furnishes enough "long, slow slope" to meet the market demand. Ferris Greenslet says that Walter Pater's work "lacks energy, speed, and carrying power," and that "at times his style is gelatinous." The very opposite of that is Kipling's work. A bilious critic speaks of "Mr. Howells's canarylike peckings at the English language." None of that in Kipling. A Calcutta critic limits the value of Kipling's Indian stories by saying that they are not Indian but Punjabi, that their theme and their world are not India but only that corner of the Punjab which he knows; and that his pictures of even that are not literal, but stand in the sunshine of his splendid imagination, transfigured by the charm and the power and the fascination of his genius. That is criticism turning into eulogy. The pictures are all the better for not being literal. Of photographs and plain narratives we have plenty; as precious as it is scarce is the illuminating and transfiguring touch of genius. Undeniably originality, sincerity, spirituality, power, and brilliancy blend in Kipling; and that is a combination that happens not often in a century. Englishmen

ought to love and praise Kipling. It was silly for the royal court to be sensitive over Tommy Atkins's referring to the queen as the "widdy of Windsor," when Tommy was ready to lay down his life for the queen or her children every day in the year. Kipling is the real laureate of the British empire. No man in a hundred years has sung its greatness and its glory more powerfully, or with more passionate patriotism. Yet he is no flatterer; he does not prophesy smooth, soft things to his country. A prophet he surely is. With Wesleyan preachers for his grandfathers on both sides, the preaching strain is in his blood and lends moral force to his faithful reproofs and admonitions. To the two great English-speaking nations he addressed, with all the dignity of a genuine prophet, speaking in the name of the Lord, messages of warning and of duty most majestic and commanding. In the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign, no loftier or timelier strain was sounded anywhere than his "Recessional"; and no nation ever received from uninspired lips a more solemn or more instructive summons to high, hard duty than his White Man's Burden, addressed to America as she took up the strange and undesirable task, the heavy responsibilities of caring for her new insular possessions, with their "new-caught, sullen peoples, half devil, and half child." If any man in our day is among the prophets this Methodist ministers' grandson surely is. On the whole, his mind and his message are spiritual. Rightly understood, his glorification of Britain's imperial greatness is not of mere material empire. Over every foot of its territory and over the splendor of its pageants he sounds every now and then the moral law. His "Recessional" is worthy of the stateliest, loftiest, and most devout service ever conducted in Westminster Abbey; and its prayer is one which kings and statesmen and warriors and nations may well offer on bended knees with bowed heads to the end of time. Numerous and various feats of Kipling give token of the magic power of genius. Dr. W. L. Watkinson wrote years ago: "'Arms and the Man I Sing' makes a glorious epic for the Homers, Virgils, and Miltons, but the poet is unborn who can create an epic out of Carlyle's 'Tools and the Man I Sing.' The agents and instruments of honorable toil are admirable; they cannot, however, be set to music." But has not Kipling come near to doing it in McAndrews's Hymn? In utter contrast with this is another achievement quite as extraordinary entitled They, so different from anything previous from his pen that the New York Independent said on its appearance: "Kipling never strikes twice in the same place. When he has made one reputation he sets out to make another." For delicacy and subtlety, for tenderness and sweetness, for mystery and unearthly magic, for rare blending of the vivid and the vague—all this intertangled with, and swept through by, the swift-rolling wheels of a whirling automobile—what living writer has surpassed the mystic interlacing and interfluttering of the real and the imaginary found in They? One interpretation of it is as follows: "The bereaved poet, mourning the loss of his child, goes upon a solitary journey in a motor car. His way lies through familiar English scenery, the beauty of which strongly impresses him, until he finds himself in an unknown wood, which clearly belongs in the realm of fancy, as does the

Elizabethan mansion, with its ancient lawns and gardens, by which the lost motor car and its driver emerge. This mansion is presided over by a beautiful woman, a spinster and blind, and is peopled with the souls of dead children. She is possessed of a great love for children. She once believed that these were the souls of children that might have been hers, but they are of no nearer kinship than love makes them. Among them is the lost child of the wandering poet. There is mystery in They, but it is no deeper than the mystery of The Brushwood Boy and The Finest Story in the World. The charm of this tale appeals strongly to those persons who mourn the loss of children. It has no practical significance." It has well been said that Kipling's sea pieces, his marines one calls them, are among his finest. For example, no one who has sailed up the English Channel on the east or Saint George's Channel on the west, can help acknowledging the exquisite aptness of the verses in which he makes the lighthouses along the coast of England which beacon in and out the ships of all the world say:

> Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed is on our knees:
> Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking seas.
> From reef and rock and skerry—over headland, ness, and voe—
> The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of England go!
>
> Through the endless summer evenings, on the lineless, level floors;
> Through the yelling Channel Tempest when the siren hoots and roars—
> By day the dipping house-flag and by night the rocket's trail—
> As the sheep that graze behind us so we know them where they hail.
>
> We bridge across the dark, and bid the helmsman have a care,
> The flash that wheeling inland wakes his sleeping wife to prayer;
> From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in burning chains
> The lover from the sea-rim drawn—his love in English lanes.

At twenty-three years of age Rudyard Kipling was famous. At forty-three his rank is so confessedly preëminent that the directors of the Nobel Institute confer upon him the distinction and the reward of the Nobel Prize for Literature, with its forty thousand dollars. And his fame, at least among English-speaking peoples, is equal to any of the seven other men upon whom, since 1901, that prize has been conferred. the previous recipients being Sully-Prudhomme, Mommsen, Bjornson, Mistral, Echegary, Sienkiewicz, and Carducci. The volume before us containing the collected verse of Kipling naturally raises afresh the question of his place in literature and has prompted the comments we have made.

The Woman in the Rain, and other poems. By ARTHUR STRINGER, Author of The Wire Tappers, Phantom Wires, etc. 12mo, pp. 263. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

"THE Woman in The Rain" is sixteenth among seventy-six subjects in this volume. A more pitiable and hideous figure than this withered, worthless, rainbeaten woman would be hard to imagine. From a miserable and shameless old hag, mumbling unsheltered in the rain past midnight on the

city street, the poet's thought harks back to the soiled women of many sinful centuries. To his imagination the midnight lamps of cities long dead glow around her, and out of history the sight of her brings back

> Spices of Sodom, and strange musks of Troy,
> The fumes of Karnak, and the myrrhs of Rome,
> The sultry nights of laughing Hamadan,
> The golden glooms of Corinth, dark with sighs,
> That down regretful ages echo still.
> For Thais and bold Phryne breathe in her,
> Aspasia and Delilah, Jezebel
> And Agrippina from her pallid eyes,
> Look forth with Lydian madness, and she hears
> The plashing fountains of grey Babylon,
> The breathing music of lost Nineveh,
> Still steeped in golden moonlight and in sin.

And out of the flood of tainted history, he cries to the "stooping Christ," the son of white-souled Mary, and the cleanser of Magdalene: "O thou who hast been called the Saviour of the world, must such things ever and forever be?" Just so, in the poem, "A Woman Sang," he hears in her singing echoes of all the ages, and says the world is a haunted house filled with the voices of the past. One poem speaks the faith in immortality, saying: "Though I face many storms that fling me back, and thread a course unbuoyed and black, yet I'm sure my bark will somehow crawl to the Port where, battered and broken but unappalled, I shall know I am stronger than my sea." Another belief is that to human kind, slow creeping up the slopes of time, each aspiration is a divine prompting. From the lowest beginning to the highest heaven, God and Aspiration stand as one. The anarchist is described as a maddened dog outside the palace of Fortune, howling, and foaming at the mouth, and grinding his teeth upon the iron gate. The poet says he has sought beauty and knowledge and meaning and music in life, but has found little beyond one sure truth, namely, that "Love alone can make earth beautiful and life without regret." This he calls "The Final Lesson." Another poem shows the freedom of man's wild will over against God's control and final judgment. A reckless man says: "I have thrown the throttle open and am tearing along God's track; 'Tis my arm controls the engine though Another owns the rail." Along the road God hangs his signals out—green lights, red lights. Slow up here! Danger there! "'Tis true Man owns the engine, and can do as he has done; but how about the Final Word when he ends his run?" The reckless man says:

> From yard-lights on to junction-point now I shall have my day,
> I will stop to read no orders but I'll take the right-of-way.
> On the grade I thunder downward, on the curve I race and swing,
> For *my* hand is on the throttle, and my heart shall have its fling.

Soon out of the ditch his voice cries, from the wrecked engine: "Flag, O flag the others back!" Then "there creeps into the Terminal the man who took his fling and had his day; but I wonder, O my soul, just what his God will say!" Here is "An Epitaph":

O woman-soul, all flower and flame and dew,
Thro' your white life I groped up once to God
In happier days: you lie beneath his sod,
And now thro' him alone I grope to you.

Here is what one man now says to God: "Time was when I teased thee to reveal thine unknown face to me; yet grant me not that foolish prayer. Leave me thy nights, all gemmed with stars, and thy glooms to grope through; for in the dusk of Doubt the nightingales of Hope can sing." Here in a nutshell is the history of many wars: "Great ones sit in council and ordain war; then hordes of common men, who have no stake in the fight, drunk with the sound of drum and trumpet, go reeling down the bloody road to hell." As for such poems as "The Passing of Aphrodite" and the long drama of "Sappho in Leucadia," we doubt if they should ever be written. The latter, which fills half the volume, seems to us for the most part unprofitable, notwithstanding occasional passages of power and literary splendor. Sappho is the legendary voluptuary of pagan sensuality, such as a Christian age and modern literature ought not to revive. Even classic studies might give us true pictures of "the glory that was Greece and the splendor that was Rome" without painting into the picture the contaminating vice which damned them both. The one robust and wholesome figure in the drama is Pittacus, the rugged and practical man of affairs, who resists and reproves the self-indulgent and luxurious æsthetes, and when they chide him for his contempt of the æsthetics which they are unbalanced by and exclusively devoted to, he protests that he has felt no need of such soft and weakening things in his life. Hear his wise and manful speech:

I had my Work,
My work that led me on by paths austere
And walked beside me with its patient eyes
And seemed in youth so mirthless. Yet when life
Grew wise and hard and empty and the friends
Of youth all fell away, 'twas in this Friend,
'Twas in this comrade with the quiet eyes
And solemn brow I found my final peace.

In Mr. Stringer's volume we find nothing better than this simple verse which finely tells the dearness of home:

What bird that climbs the cool dim Dawn
But loves the air its wild wings roam?
And yet when all the day is gone
But turns its weary pinions home,
And when the yellow twilight fills
The lonely stretches of the West.
Comes down across the darkened hills,
Once more to its remembered nest?

A bit of lusciousness are the verses which tell what this poet thinks of Keats:

All over-thumbed, dog-eared, and stained with grass,
All bleached with sun and time, and eloquent
Of afternoons in golden-houred Romance,
You turn them o'er, these comrade books of mine,
And idly ask me what I think of Keats.

But let me likewise question you round whom
The clangor of the market sweeps and clings:
In summer toward the murmurous close of June
Have you e'er walked some dusty meadow path
That faced the sun and quivered in the heat,
And as you brushed through grass and daisy-drift,
Found glowing on some sun-burned little knoll
One deep red, overripe wild strawberry?—
The sweetest fruit beneath Canadian skies
And in that sun-bleached field the only touch
Of lustrous color to redeem the spring—
The flame-red passion of life's opulence
Grown oversweet and soon ordained to death!

And have you ever caught up in your hand
That swollen globe of soft deliciousness?
You notice first the color, richly red;
And then the odor, strangely sweet and sharp,
And last of all, you crush its ruddy core
Against your lips, till color, taste, and scent
Might make your stained mouth stop the murmur:
"This is the very heart of summer that I crush!"
So poignant through its lusciousness it seems!
Then what's the need, Old Friend, of foolish words?
I've shown you now just what I think of Keats.

Pragmatism, a New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking. Popular Lectures on Philosophy. By WILLIAM JAMES. (Retired Professor in Harvard University.) Pp. xiv, 309. New York, London, Bombay, and Calcutta: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

THE doctrine of "Pragmatism," as recently formulated and promulgated by Professors John Dewey, of Columbia, F. C. S. Schiller, of Oxford, and William James, of Harvard, has an interesting and important bearing on the evangelistic work of Methodism. It is a method of dealing with truth which it claims is derived from the consideration of facts in process. Professor James has delivered recently in Lowell Institute, Boston, and in Columbia University, New York, a series of eight lectures on the subject, which are embodied in this book which has already passed through three editions. The reputation of the author of the famous work, Varieties of the Religious Experience, suffers no loss in this recent publication. Pragmatism is defined as "the attitude of looking away from first things, principles, categories, supposed necessities; and of looking toward last things, fruits, consequences, facts." It is averse to rationalism or empiricism which insists that the truth has always existed full-grown, and it is our business to accept it. The ground for presup-

posing free will is pragmatic, and implies a world in the making that may be possibly better. This method of philosophy is not favorable to monistic views, but it is not committed, either, to pluralism. It regards perfection as an ultimate. A vital question is, What effect has truth on life? and truth to be of value must be verified by actual experience, though there are many facts that must be accepted simply as verifiable, such as that a clock has works. For practical purposes it may be said that "'the true' . . . is only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as 'the right' is only the expedient in the way of our behaving." Of course the word "expedient" is used in the broadest and best sense. "Men's beliefs at any time are so much experience funded." Truth, to be of service, must relate to the situation. An answer to a question on time must not be in terms of space. The personal attitude determines the meaning of a condition. Waterloo signifies one thing to the English, something entirely different to the French. Twenty-seven may be 3×9, or the cube of 3, or 26+1, or 28−1, or 100−73. In pragmatism reality is still in the making. Rationalism claims categories fulminated before nature began, while pragmatism accepts them as gradually forming themselves in nature's presence. Perfection as possible may be a necessary principle, the end toward which things are moving, but this is "a world the perfection of which is conditioned on each several agent doing its own level best." The pragmatic view rejects pessimism, and prefers meliorism to optimism. Progress is constantly possible if the melioristic hypothesis is accepted. By looking at nature in this fashion, seeing things as they are, man is nerved to struggle which is an essential element of conscious life, and while life is serious, we are not afraid of its extension, as appears in the ultra rationalistic philosophy. Our present experience is not the highest, and "the various overbeliefs of men, their several faith-ventures, are, in fact, what are needed to bring the evidence in." This view of philosophy affords encouragement to the advocates of free agency, allows that "the evidence for God lies primarily in inner personal experiences," accentuates the sense of responsibility in the human soul, spurs Christian believers in the work of evangelization, and makes it clear that they are "God's fellow-workers."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Life of George Matheson, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. By D. MacMillan, M.A., D.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 369. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, cloth, $2.00 net.

The well-written, instructive, inciting, beautiful story of the gifted and eloquent blind preacher of Scotland. In youth his eyesight gradually failed and at nineteen he was hopelessly blind. His case illustrates the advantages of blindness—its intensification of the intellectual life, its empowering of the memory, its vivification of the imagination, its seclusion of the mind in the unseen, its spiritualizing effect on the whole nature. Greece had one supreme poet—Homer. His blindness gave the world

the Iliad and the Odyssey. England had one lofty and stately singer—Milton. If he had not been blind, there had been no Paradise Lost nor Paradise Regained. Blindness and extraordinary pulpit eloquence have gone together in our time in George Douglass, of Canada, William H. Milburn, of the United States, and George Matheson, of Scotland. When the tragedy of certain blindness first overwhelmed him he sank for a short time into deep despondency. His soul had its agony and bloody sweat over the bitterness of his cup. Why should his career be blasted at its beginning? Why should unmerited calamity befall him? Why should he be denied the vision of the beauty of earth and sea and sky, and the faces of his friends? "Let this cup pass," he cried in his Gethsemane. But he won his Christly victory through submission. His struggle ceased. He bowed his head, and said patiently, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt," and rose from his knees "more than conqueror." Thenceforth he triumphed over obstacles, pursued his studies, led his class in scholarship and eloquence, while his laugh was the biggest and healthiest and heartiest ever heard in the college quadrangle—a laughter unrestrained and full of exuberant delight. There is joy among the angels in heaven over one afflicted saint that triumphs into such laughter more than over ninety-and-nine complaining saints (so-called) that have not triumphed over their own self-will and self-love. In the Divinity School George Matheson was most impressed by the strong teaching and the enkindling fervor of Dr. John Caird, whose all-dominating doctrine was the supremacy of Christ, "Of him, and through him, and to him are all things" being the text that rang loudest and longest in his lecture room. Caird burned into his students with powerful intensity that in all things, One was their Master, even Christ. So much did the blind student take on the likeness of his teacher that one observer said: "Matheson will be the Caird of the next generation." Shortly after Darwin's startling book appeared Matheson, still a divinity undergraduate, preached a sermon of great eloquence on spiritual evolution, in which he said: "Death is evolution into a higher state, with larger work and nobler joys. Here on earth everything ripens except man. The fruits ripen every year. A longer season would make them no bigger and no better. But what man ever came to full maturity on earth? Even in the noblest there are some faculties not fully developed. Are these never to ripen? Is there no sphere where the good and the gifted and the aspiring shall come to their full perfection and power? There must be, there is! Those who have striven well and have grown in grace and wisdom are as plants of promise here, and are lifted by death into conditions more favorable and congenial, where they expand and grow in beauty and in strength, with perfectly developed powers finding a larger range and fulfilling nobler functions. Life, long or short, is but a waiting to be born into a higher sphere, and death is the birth-angel opening the gate thereto. This is spiritual evolution from one state into a better." Young Matheson wrote several poems, one of which, entitled "A Blind Girl's Retrospect," probably gives us glimpses of his own inner experience. Touching on human nature's power of getting used even to severe afflictions, he makes

the blind girl say that, as one on whose ear the ticking of a clock has fallen long becomes insensible to the sharp sound, so she has become so habituated to the darkness that she no longer feels the horror it involves. Besides John Caird, two others put their deep and lasting impress on George Matheson, namely, William Pulsford and Dr. Macduff. Of one he wrote: "Macduff gave me my first sense of literary beauty, my first impression of oratory, my first idea of sanctity, my first real conviction of the beauty of Christianity." Of the other he wrote: "The man who, above all others, shaped my personality, was Pulsford. I met him only once, but I heard him preach oftener, and I never heard a man who so inspired me. He set me on fire, and, under God, he was my spiritual creator." What leaps to light at this point is that not books but persons have the power to create and inspire and mold character in the young. Few great men say, "I owe myself to a book"; a host declare, "I owe myself to a man." What our schools and colleges sorely need in their faculties is not so much teachers highly equipped to make technical *scholars*, but, rather, noble personalities morally powerful enough to make MEN. One of the surest tests for discovering the most potential, magnetic, and commanding personality in a board of instruction or a board of bishops is to notice which of them is casting his spell over the largest number of students or young ministers so that all unconsciously they copy him in expression, voice, delivery, and general bearing. Every now and then we come upon some fine, sensitive, keenly alive young fellow, in whom we notice somebody's likeness, and, as we watch him, we ask ourselves mentally, "Whose image and superscription is this?" This is not mimicry nor slavish imitation, a sign of weakness; it is the being transformed by the working of spiritual forces into likeness with some one greater than himself, by self-surrender to those potent forces. This is that divine hypnosis by which the Master, working through his strong disciples, takes possession of young natures to resemble them to himself. As illustrating how much little things sometimes count in a man's favor, the following story is told in The Life of Matheson. A representative farmer in an Ayrshire parish gave as the reasons why the new minister had been called: "In giving out hymns and psalms, he repeated the number and chapter twice; we liked that. In the middle of his sermon an old woman was coughing badly and he stopped until she was done; we liked that. When the congregation scattered, and he passed us on the road from the kirk, he did not hold his head in the air, like some of the other young upstarts, but he bowed, lifted his hat, and had some kindly words with us; we liked that. And for these three reasons we voted for him." While young Matheson was minister at Innellan, his theology suffered at one time a sudden collapse. Of this he afterward wrote: "With a great thrill of horror I found myself an atheist. I believed nothing. Through a friend I tendered my resignation to the Presbytery, but they would not accept it. They said I was a young man; this was a temporary experience; I would change and come about all right. I did change. I worked my way back, though by a different route, to the old faith, but on new and stronger foundations.

And now I preach, without hypocrisy, all the old doctrines and use all the old forms honestly, but with deeper, fuller meaning. My theological sympathies are in favor of breadth, but not negation. I am broad, but broad positive. I deal in affirmations." Thenceforth he stood fast to his profound belief in Christianity as being from all time and for all time. The "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," the sacrificial element in Christianity, was, he was convinced, the idea which God had from the beginning; and upon it the plan of the whole universe, the course of history, and the life of the soul were based. Christ in the flesh was the revealer and interpreter of all this. With joy unspeakable did he rejoice when he clearly saw all this and out of temporary darkness his lost faith was restored in new and living and immortal form. With these convictions he published in later years many articles intended to commend Christianity to the times, to show that modern science and criticism had in no way impaired its foundations; but that, on the contrary, every fresh discovery, in the world of matter or of mind or in the field of history, simply revealed its inherent wealth, its boundless resources, and its eternal adaptability to the needs of man. In his devotional volume, Leaves for Quiet Hours, Dr. Matheson says that worship and devotion are liable to two dangers: the danger of becoming formal and uninterested, falling into a sleepy routine, and the danger of becoming artificial, fanciful, petty, indulging in the unchastened flow of feelings and words or sinking into effeminacies and affectations of sentiment and language. Probably George Matheson's hymn, "O Love that wilt not let me go," found in our Methodist Hymnal, will outlive all else that he wrote. Like many other holy and precious results, that hymn was born out of pain. It was written on a June evening in 1882. He was alone in the manse at Innellan. Something distressing had happened to him which he could not tell to anybody and which caused him severe mental suffering. In his secret silent anguish, his soul poured itself out to God in the words of that wonderful hymn, which seemed to utter itself without any effort on his part. Just as it was written swiftly on that summer evening, by a soul alone with its trouble, we have it now. It is a tear turned into a pearl. Read it and realize afresh the hallowed glory of the Christian creed. An American woman gifted with musical talent married a distinguished musician of England. They had much joy together in sacred song. When she lay a-dying, she asked him to sing to her Matheson's hymn, "O Love that wilt not let me go," "O Light that followest all my way," "O Joy that seekest me through pain," "O Cross that liftest up my head," and to that brave and rapturous music she passed through the valley of the shadow up to the hills of everlasting life. Two years passed before the bereaved husband dared attempt to sing it again; and then one morning in church, when it was given out as the closing hymn, he took the organist's place and played and sang it with such overwhelming power that many in the audience, though not knowing who he was, were moved to tears and convulsed with emotion, and one woman, a consul's wife, standing beside her husband, fell on her knees and covered her face with her hands. In the words of the hymn was the

pathos of George Matheson's suffering; in the music was the pathos of the singer's sorrow; both together made a flood of feeling in the listeners. Turning the leaves of the Life before us we come upon Professor Flint's concise and gemlike statement: "The essence of the gospel is God's love to man, and the supreme dynamic for Christian life and work is the answering love of the soul." Dr. Matheson solved the riddle of the name and number of the "Beast" in the book of the Revelation by declaring that its name was "Selfishness," and its number "No. 1." Hearing talk about Anglican preachers being "high" or "low," he remarked that there was something worse than either—the preacher who is "thin." This blind minister was an indefatigable visitor in his great Edinburgh parish, visiting the poor in sunken areas of the city and climbing to the highest attics to comfort the afflicted. In church he always remembered the sick and the sorrowful, praying that to them might be given "that grandly irrational and wholly incomprehensible peace which the world can neither give nor take away." This blind man thought it probable that Paul's "thorn in the flesh" was defective eyesight. One of the points he emphasizes in his book on Saint Paul is that Paul's first conception of Christianity was absolutely different from that of the other apostles. Paul's first vision of Christ was in the air; theirs on the earth. He knew him at the start, in his resurrection glory; they as the Man of Galilee. His first glimpse was of his divinity; theirs of his humanity. Hence the development of Paul's spiritual life was a descent, a coming down from heaven to earth, from the divine to the human, from the conception of a glorified Christ to an incarnate Saviour of the world. Matheson was always much annoyed if interrupted during his hours of study. A servant bringing somebody's card up when he was at work was like bringing a bombshell. "The Rev. Melchizedek Howler of Kamschatka," he would exclaim. "It is really *too* bad. I simply *must* be allowed time for my work." But shortly his great laugh would be heard sounding up from the parlor, indicating that he had immediately forgotten his annoyance. He disliked to have his study meddled with; the maid might dust every other room in the house, might dust the roof and the cellar if she wished, but not his study, at least not when he was about. Preaching on Job, he said that the world's literature holds four typical notes of despair: first and deepest that of Omar Khayyám, next that of the book of Ecclesiastes, then that of Pascal in his Thoughts, and finally that of the book of Job. When Matheson retired from the pastorate of Saint Bernard's Church in Edinburgh this was part of his farewell to his people: "Have I not been with you in sunshine and in shadow?—and the sunshine has been more than the shadow. Have I not caught the spray of your baptismal fonts? Have I not heard your marriage bells? Have I not seen your courtships and your courtesies? Have I not brought the grapes of Eshcol to your hours of sickness? Have not your children in my presence flowered into manhood, into womanhood? I have been with you in your Canas, in your Nains, in your Bethanys. The cord between us has been an unbroken cord and it is still undissolved." This blind man's life was heroic. Blocked by obstacles,

he refused to give in. Overtaken by the night, he was yet confident of the morning. By his own toil and God's great help he hewed his way up the face of the cliff and put his feet on the summit. He lived a hindered and circumscribed life, but a life of boundless hopefulness and exultant courage; and that in spite of the weariness which sometimes oppressed him, so that he said once: "Often when I wake in the morning I wish I had not wakened here, but in the better world."

The Spirit of Old West Point. By MORRIS SCHAFF. 8vo, pp. 289. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, illustrated, $3, net.

THIS is not a history. It is not even a connected narrative of events for a limited period. It is made up of the incidents which seem to General Schaff most memorable during the years of his cadetship, 1858-62, incidents which show most vividly the spirit which flamed in old West Point just before and after the outbreak of the Civil War. It reveals the life of West Point lit with the fires of patriotism in a red-hot national crisis; and a healthy, manly life it seems to be. The literary style is not beyond criticism, yet the book is eloquent and splendid with heroic and epic passion. Many figures of national renown move across its pages, and some glimpses are given of the awful experiences of battlefields. The heart of a poet and a patriot beats in the valiant breast of General Schaff, and the throb and thrill of it make the spirit of old West Point contagious to the readers of his pages. He makes high claims for the disciplined manhood produced in the National Military Academy, saying: "West Point is a great character-builder, perhaps the greatest among our institutions of learning. The habit of truth-telling, the virtue of absolute honesty, the ready and loyal obedience to authority, the instant response to the call of duty, the considerate bearing of the gentleman, the display of that regal virtue, courage—to establish these elements of character is the aim of all West Point discipline. It is exclusively a military post, completely isolated from social ferment and from the adventitious standards of commerce and trade." In the years just before the war when Schaff was a cadet, young O. O. Howard was instructor in pure mathematics at West Point. He organized among the cadets what was known as "Howard's little prayer meeting," which met shortly after supper once a week. From ten to fifteen usually attended. Howard conducted the services which consisted of a hymn, a selection from the Bible and a prayer led usually by Howard, sometimes by a cadet, all kneeling. Among the cadets who attended were Ramseur, of North Carolina, Benjamin, of New York, Moses White, of Mississippi, and Edmund Kirby, who was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville. "All these," says General Schaff, "I heard lead in prayer with their hands palm to palm in deep reverence; and I am sure that when death came to Ramseur and Kirby it found their hearts pillowed on the Bible. Religion has worn many beautiful garbs, yet those few young men in cadet gray, who had the courage to kneel and humbly make their prayer right out of the heart for help to meet the duties of life, stand apart in my memory encompassed with a heavenly light." Little Ed Kirby received two bullets in the awful battle of Chancellorsville. President Lincoln, learning of his

conspicuous gallantry, visited him in the hospital and cheered the boy's last hours—he was only twenty-three—by making him a brigadier-general. "And now," writes General Schaff, "as I see him across the years on his bended knees with hands clasped before him and leading in prayer in Howard's little prayer meeting, I believe that wherever the throne of God may be, little Kirby is not far away from it. How much that little prayer meeting accomplished may never be known, but it surely played a divine part in the life of old West Point. Whether religion as an instinct be a lower or a higher thing than scientific knowledge based on ascertained properties of matter, I cannot in either case conceive a greater splendor for mortals than a union of the qualities of the gentleman with the humility and trust of the Christian. And, moreover, I cannot conceive an institution of learning whose ideals are truth and honor and courage, moving on to its aims without rising to those higher levels where imagination, and faith, and conscience, and holy sentiments have their eternal empire." Concerning General Howard in these present years, General Schaff says: "His hair is almost snowy white, and his armless sleeve tells its story; yet when I saw him last there was the same mild, deeply sincere, country-bred simplicity in his face as when I used to recite to him forty years ago at West Point. His voice, too, has scarcely changed at all; it is still pitched in the same rich, mellow, clerical key, and accompanied, in humorous moods, with the same pure boyish smile lit by his earnest blue eyes—eyes always filled with the light of a holier world than this—the fair land of the Christian's hope." It is good to read, among the lively stories of boyish pranks, and fights, and exuberant fun, this story of "Howard's little prayer meeting," and to know that there were no braver, manlier soldiers than the boys who prayed and had clean lips and pure lives. One incident of the Civil War illustrates what a strange strife it was in which brother fought brother, and friend slew friend. Custer and Pelham were fellow-cadets and friends at West Point. Custer entered the Northern army, Pelham the Southern. At the battle of Fredericksburg, Pelham was publicly praised by General Robert E. Lee for his "glorious courage." Custer having learned of this after the battle, availed himself of a flag of truce that was going to the Confederate lines to send this message: "I rejoice, dear Pelham, in your success." A singular war, surely, in which a brave and loyal officer on one side rejoices in the enemy's success! Over the chancel in the chapel of old West Point was a painting of a Roman soldier, grasping a sword for the defense of the state, his face grim, firm, and resolute. Of it General Schaff says: "I saw Grant's face at Spottsylvania when three lines of battle were moving up under General Upton, and it wore that same determined Roman-soldier look." The mention of Upton's name recalls the most thrilling, intensely significant and prophetic incident in General Schaff's cadet days. When Emory Upton entered West Point, and was asked by his fellow-cadets where he had been at school, he answered: "Oberlin." Now, Oberlin was detested by the Southerners because of its pronounced antislavery attitude and its admitting Negroes as students. Upton was the first entering cadet that ever had the temerity to declare himself on his arrival an abolitionist. This made him obnoxious to the

whole Southern contingent. When John Brown and his daring band charged on slavery at Harper's Ferry in October, 1859, the Southern cadets gave vent to their hatred of abolitionists. One of them, Wade Hampton Gibbes, of South Carolina, talking with his fellows, made intolerably offensive remarks about Upton's association with Negroes at Oberlin. Gibbes did not expect that his insulting and slanderous words would be repeated; but they were quickly carried to Upton who promptly confronted the Carolinian and demanded apology. The result was that they fought in a room upstairs. Excitement ran high among the cadets who packed the stairs, the halls, and the pavements outside, while the battle was going on. When the fight was ended, and the excited cadets outside were yelling fiercely, John Rodgers, Upton's roommate who had acted as his second in the bloody encounter, came out of the room, stood at the head of the stairs, and with eyes glaring like a panther's called out: "If there are any more of you down there who want anything, come right up and we'll give it to you." General Schaff says that nobody wanted to go up, and that "the South then and there beheld what iron and steel there was in Northern blood when once it was roused." Southerners had cherished the delusion that Northerners dared not fight and had bullied them accordingly. The author tells us that Upton was the first Northern cadet at West Point who fearlessly faced, beat down, and chastised the long, aggressive domination and dictatorship of the South. General Schaff sees in this encounter between Upton and Gibbes the prelude of that coming gigantic and terrific collision between the states, which rocked our continent and nearly destroyed our nation. In the Northern army there was no finer manhood than that of Emory Upton, and Robert E. Lee did not surpass him in spotless and knightly Christian character. Men who lived with him in camp and saw him in battle say that he was as modest, pure-minded, and clean-lipped as a girl, as fearless a soldier as Sheridan. One man who does not profess to be a Christian, said to the writer of this book notice: "Upton was the most reverent and devout-minded man that I saw in the army during the war." Upton's Tactics superseded Hardee's as the Manual of Arms. The Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania, as terrific a fight as the Civil War saw, bore witness to Upton's splendid valor and soldiership. A shining name on the pages of American history is that of Emory Upton. General Schaff closes his christianly noble and delightful book with the following worthy tribute to the school which trained him: "And now, dear old Alma Mater, Fountain of Truth, Hearth of Courage, Altar of Duty, Shrine of Honor, with a loyal and a grateful heart I have tried as well as I could to picture you as you were when you took me, a mere boy, awkward and ignorant, and trained me for the high duties of an officer, unfolding to me views of those ever-during virtues that characterize the soldier, the Christian, and the gentleman. All that I am, I owe to you. May the Keeper of all good preserve you; not only for the sake of our country's glory and high destiny, but for the sake of the ideals of the soldier and the gentleman!" That is the way every loyal and honorable man ought to feel toward his alma mater. There is something base in the man who is incapable of such feelings.

METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1908

Art. I.—THE BOOK OF RUTH

There are many beautiful stories, but one than which there is none more beautiful is the book called Ruth. It was written long ago. Its author is unknown. It is hid away from the eyes of many who love noble books by being in the Bible, that library of thoughts and sayings and doings which make those both great and good who translate them into life. If the book of Ruth had been printed in a volume by itself, and had passed from hand to hand as the writing of some sweet, unknown genius, people would have raved over it; as the matter now stands, few know it as a literary masterpiece. Few have considered how perfume-sweet the story is nor how beyond moonlight shines the light upon its barley fields. But not the less there stands the touching, idyllic story named Ruth. Its pages are full of witchery. Whatever stories fade and pass like moaning of autumn wind, this story will abide. It has in it love, and fealty to duty, and the quiet wonder of the harvest field and the sky, and the sound of sobs, and the sound of gentle laughter, and the wistful face of one dear woman, on whom to look is to have procured a picture whose loveliness abides forever.

Sad enough the sight is. All about Bethlehem is parched and bare. The time for harvest is past, but no sickles rang and no gleaners laughed among the sheaves of wheat and on the outskirts of the sunny field. A succession of famine years has baked the soil and cracked the ground till the naked feet of hungry children

crowd down the crevices as they run. The sky is cobalt but glows as if on fire. The well at Bethlehem's gate is dry, and blowing dust foams at its mouth. The sheep upon the Bethlehem hills are lean, and pant even in the shadows. Bethlehem folk gather in tired knots and talk only of the drought. The one theme of these once thrifty villagers is drought, drought, drought. Families once opulent landowners are now reduced to beggary; for of what wealth-use is a land baked like a potsherd—a land whipped with the bitter flails of famine? They are land poor. Servant and master alike are at starvation's brink. They look down this chasm, deeper than the Kidron's as it deepens toward the Dead Sea's brim. Famine—grim, surly, pitiless—is here, and as some somber spirits think and say—for somber souls are swift at saying—the dearth is perpetual. It cannot rain. Are not the heavens burned out? Are not the rain bottles withered with the fervent heats? At night there is no dew. You lie out the hot night through but cannot sleep. Night is hot as day, the sleepless think. The sick die at night. No breath of wind from the hills of Ephraim breathes down like the wafting of a prayer. Men and women and children haunt the sunset to see if some dim cloud shall not shadow the sun's going down. They watch in vain. The glow of sunset is as the glow of noon, only a sun like a huge coal, red as blood, lies on the hearth of the west and fairly melts the hilltops with its ardency. Sunset is hot as sun-noon; and midnight is hot as midday. So the panting, sleepless folks say each to the other as they walk the midnight streets or fields fainting for a breath of air. A citizen of Bethlehem, Elimelech, has sold his land for a song. His wife has grown haggard with the famine and the heat—and his two sons—likely lads, but weakly from their birth—are all but dead. They can scarce stand even in the shadow. Their parents have had hard work to bring them through the ailments of childhood to this rim of manhood. They are in their teens, but pale at the best and never strong like other lads. They are like to die. And Elimelech and his wife, Naomi, had sobbed and prayed and hoped against hope through famine-smit nights and days; but now they see, or think they see with their parent hearts, that there is no alternative. If they tarry in Bethlehem till another Sabbath, Mahlon

and Chilion will be too weak to walk to the land of plenty, and those Ephrathite farmer folk are so poor they have no money to hire a passage to a better country. And so with much sobbing, heard by the neighbors in the night, they rise early and begin their pilgrimage to the hoped-for plenty. Long before sunrise they have looked sadly on the home they left. Naomi has kissed the wall where her little child lay when she died and has left the rain of her salt tears to dry there like a libation. Early as the morning is, Orientwise the village folks are on the streets and rolling hills. And those who stay and those who go give kisses and embraces, and sob aloud: "Shall we meet again?" And this once wealthy family has trudged slowly over the hills, stopping to take a last tearful and pathetic look at Bethlehem, dear Bethlehem. Naomi watches longest; and those stayers at home in the famine village, waiting beside the well before the gate see a last waving hand of farewell—the tear-wet hand of Naomi—and the family has vanished from the sight of such as loved and valued them. Elimelech has heard that in south Moab the crop is good and laborers are wanted and drought is not thought of. He thitherward journeys. He cannot haste. Mother and children stagger at times, and must rest, pathetically often, beneath the burning shadow of the rock. And Naomi faints betimes with homesickness and hunger but, mother-like, thinks only of her sons. In her garments, tied up like jewels for preciousness, she has a few handfuls of parched corn which the kindly neighbors took from their scant store and thrust into her hands at parting. These she doles out to the fainting lads and the husband, who helps in turn wife and sons in the fatigue of the sad exodus. The road leads downhill. That is a mercy, and for that mercy when the day is done they four render thanks to God, who, though he seems not to hearken to their petitions, they still in heart believe has not forgotten them; he is angered with them, but will not hold his anger forever. They have no luggage. They are past that. Famine has taken all they had save a garment for each to serve at night for mantle and coverlet. They are so tired the first night that they fall by the wayside like wounded birds before the evening star has set its quiet light. So tired! And then comes the blessing of dreamless sleep, and when they wake the sun is up

and the ground glitters as fire. Downhill, downhill, the tired, famished family falters. At last the Jordan shimmers before their wistful eyes. The Jordan, thank God! Water, water! Their water cruse is empty, and shrunk with the heat, and once the Jordan reached they run breast-deep into its murmuring waters with a cry of delight, and they lean and drink and drink, and life begins anew. Thence onward it seems but a step to fruitful Moab. Their hearts are gripped with hope once more. Life looks glad as a ruddy day. "Plenty and home," Elimelech says to wife and sons, though truly his saying has the sound of a song. They eat the last scant grains of parched corn when they cross the surly mountain whose top fronts Moab's wheat fields, flashing gold against the sun. Then they fall on each other's neck and kiss each other's cheek and fall on their knees and call out together, like a single voice: "Praise ye Jehovah, whose face shines upon us and gives us peace." Famine was behind them, plenty was before. God's hand rested upon them like a caress.

All this sad story is shadowed in the witching telling of this old holy literary artist in these scant words: "When the judges ruled, there was a famine in the land. And a certain man of Bethlehem of Judah went to sojourn in the land of Moab." Such beauty, such brevity, belongs to the artist souls of men.

"And they came to Moab and continued there." They felt at home. Plainly they found the Moabites humble but wholesome folk, peaceful, neighborly, and given to quiet friendliness. When these starving refugees from Judæa's famine hills came tottering into the Moabitish borders the welcome they were accorded won their hearts. You may set this down as explanation why Elimelech stayed in Moab. The kindness to travelers, strangers, brought strength to their hearts, and often on summer evenings, when neighbors met in groups on the streets ruddy with sunset, Naomi with woman's volubility, would rehearse, with laughter and tears, how when they were strangers these good neighbor folk had taken them in and dealt with them not as intruders but as friends. And so they tarried and their hearts were quiet. Naomi had grown strong, the lads grew like reeds that lined the Jordan's brim—and of course the father was well. He was so strong. Nobody gave

heed to him or thought that he might have ailment. He had been health to the household, and his stout arm had been sufficient strength to help their feebleness from Judæa to Moab. But on a sudden he, the man of strength, fell sick, and lay, cheek hot with fever, all the summer's day, and with the evening died. Then Naomi knew she had never known sorrow and had never tasted the bitter water of calamity. She thought of famine as it had been a rugged dream and no disaster. Here was famine for her heart. She held her husband's head upon her lap and sobbed his virtues forth to all the neighbors who came in to weep with her. "So sweet, so sweet," she sobbed, and when at last they buried him in spite of her entreaties to have him yet a little longer, she said her cup was running over-full. Then for her lad's sake she tried, as women do, to be brave. Her tears were in secret; and the boys saw only a smiling face when their mother welcomed them home from work and wooing. Some heartless woman neighbor said, "She is soon done with grieving," but she kept her heartache, and the weariness of it almost made her die. And she was seen often, now, standing upon the Moab mountain looking northward and westward, always looking northward and westward. And her sons said, with a tug at the throat, "She is looking toward Bethlehem." But she lived in her boys. Their work and play were her work and play. "I live for you, my children," she would say, as all the widowed mothers since the first sunset of sorrow have ever said. "You look so like your father," was her sweet reiterant to her sons. Then they would kiss her fondly and reply: "You always say that, sweet mother."

Then the lads were men! How that came like a surprise to their mother! They were babes, fairly babes to her, little tots clinging to her hand or garment. Men! Why, no, not possible, surely. But each son brought to their home, to greet the gentle mother, a sweetheart, then a wife. Chilion wedded Orpah, Mahlon wedded Ruth. And to them in their honeymoon Naomi flowered out into the poetry of telling of when she was first called wife by the dearest husband woman ever had. Now, Naomi had the faculty, infrequent among mothers, of loving and enjoying her daughters-in-law. She took them to her heart for daughters and was glad, for

had she not always had a longing for a daughter of her own? Ofttimes she was not found at home, and came back at last with tears warm and wet on her cheeks, and the family knew she had been weeping at her husband's grave. Sometimes slow-traveling news came that at Bethlehem golden harvests grew again, and the well at the gate was full of water, and the land laden with sunny harvests had forgotten it was ever harvestless and parched with drought. And Naomi wondered, if they had stayed the famine out, if her husband had not still been with her. Then her eyes could not discern the near and could only see the far. But she was happy, for all, with a sort of Indian summer happiness. The joy of seeing her happy sons and daughters gave her lips a song sometimes when she knew it not. But the young men, like their father, grew wan and weak, and no physician could stay their disease. They had been weakly all their lives, even as babes, for "Mahlon" meant "sickness" and "Chilion" meant "consumption." Their cough was incorrigible. Day and night they wasted away till there were two funerals; and the grave of Elimelech at the village edge had companions. Three women wept there where one woman had been sole mourner, and Naomi of the widowed heart, and now of the sonless heart, sobbed her way along: "I am all alone, all alone." And then she would stumble in her tearful speech, falter to her knees, and pray: "The Lord Jehovah help me or I die." And the Lord heard her and helped her. Her bitterness was not all gall. The touch of honey was in the sullen drink. God had been her help in many years. She had not forgotten him. Elimelech, her husband, had died with the names "Naomi" and "Jehovah" on his lips; and Mahlon and Chilion each had died whispering: "My hope—is—in—God; the living—God. My hope—." But for God she had died in her day-dusk of sorrow. With God she was not utterly bereaved. No one is. God is a very present help in trouble. The sobbing centuries have confided this secret to their broken hearts. Over her heart comes a great wave of loneliness and longing for home. If she could be in Israel once again among her kinsmen, and see familiar fields and faces, her grief might be assuaged a little, so she fondly dreams. Naomi was very poor. Poor they had come from Bethlehem to Moab.

Poor she must make her return from Moab to Bethlehem. But her sore heart hungered so for Bethlehem and its gray hills that she could tarry no longer. Afoot and alone, trusting only in God, she would make her weary way back to the land of her girlhood and the cradle where she had sung lullabies to her babes. The Bethlehem hills tugged at her heart as receding tides tug at a boat swung at its chain. The good-bys were all said. The neighbors have lovingly piled in the path of her going all the impediments they could conceive, but finding all unavailing bid her farewell. And her sons' widows go with her to the hilltop to see her on her journey, mayhap to go with her all the way. With sweet unselfishness she dissuades them from going. They are young, she is old. Their life is before them, her life is a shadow falling eastward. All we see in Naomi makes us feel an exceptionally fine nature. Sorrow is prone to selfishness and thinks little, or less, or none, of others, but all of itself; Naomi's grief does not obscure her sense of the rights of others. Though swayed with grief as willows by the wind, she is thoughtfulness itself. To the young widowed women the old urges: "Stay; you are young. Love will visit you again. It is morning in your day. Tears shall dry from your cheeks, though not from mine. I love you now, and shall love you till I die. I go to my old home, heartsick as I am. You are in your own land. Abide here, where your own tongue shall make music in your ears. My land will speak a language strange to you. Go not, beloved; stay; though to part from you is bitter as the grave." And Orpah kisses her mother and goes, weeping, back to her own mother's home, a sweet woman figure given over to the abandonment of grief. We shall not hear her name or voice again nor see her evermore. She has vanished utterly. Ruth, entreated, will not be entreated. Her lonely heart is such a loyal heart. She has fallen in love with her husband's God. The Infinite has got her by the hand and she must pilgrim toward him. "Thy God shall be my God," is a sounding from a deep as well as from a very true nature. Orpah kisses Naomi and leaves her, but Ruth kisses her and will not leave her. Her husband's mother is dearer to her than all Moab's land. Her mother's God answers to her broken heart. She will not let her mother wander out sad, bereft, alone. And

Ruth said: "Entreat me not to leave thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." "So they two went until they came to Bethlehem." Sweeter things than that are not written. Scant wonder Ruth has gotten into poet hearts wherever her story has been rehearsed. You cannot forget a woman like this. The return of Naomi, bereaved of sons and husband, had been made utterly alone but for Ruth. To Naomi's anticipation the journey was to have been made without company: a sole woman making slow journey toward her fatherland with steps that faltered, with eyes that sometimes could not see for weeping. Going home! "Good-by," she said; "good-by!" Ruth clung to her. Her return is not companionless. She shall weep but she shall not weep alone. Commingled tears are less bitter than solitary tears. So these two take their journey. They are pathetically poor, yet they are more pathetically alone. Their loneliness drowns their penury. Along the valley they walk, talking. Talk eases a woman's heart. The blue mountains of Moab stand off at lonely removes. The more distant mountains are purple. Ruth looks at them wistfully. She shall not see them any more. And she was born to them. Morn and noon and night, how they filled her heart and sky since she knew to remember! At night their purple heights had glided solemnly into darkness to wake again with morning light and walk out into proud blue splendor. She had loved them all her life, but never as she loves them now. Naomi talks of Bethlehem, dear Bethlehem. Ruth thinks of Moab, dear Moab, but says no word of the loss she feels. Silent tears fall swiftly, and she wipes them hurriedly away with her lithe brown hand. There are sterner loves than the love of native land. Women, by custom, leave native land for a lover without the farewell of a tear. Ruth leaves her land in tears for she is loverless, but she goes with her mother and her mother's God. Ruth is a pilgrim of love and of faith. She, like another, walked "as seeing him who is invisible."

They made their journey alone. It was not over safe, but

they were too poor to attract robbers and too sad to think of fear. They ate of the ripening wheatfield in Moab, for there the wheat was billowing gold along the plain. The harvest there outran the northern harvest of Bethlehem mountain lands. As they walked they caught the golden ears and rubbed the yellow kernels out between their hands and so satisfied their hunger, and they slaked their thirst at a clamoring mountain brook which hasted from the Moab mountains far away toward the Dead Sea's silent sullenness. As they sat beside the brook, in the shadow of the rock, Naomi thought how she and hers had crossed that self-same stream: then the pain and loss overwhelmed her and she sobbed aloud—and looked toward the land of Bethlehem. Ruth sobbed in unison—and looked toward the hills of Moab's land. Then once more they took their way. Down deep ravines, stooping to drink out of the rushing brook; past steep places where shadows lurk till noon has almost come, up gentle acclivities which seemed meant for tired feet and tired hearts—and then Naomi caught Ruth's hand with a cry and sang out like laughter: "The Jordan!" There it lay, a line of smirched silver far below. Beyond, the yellow hills of Israel climbed to a sky all amethyst. Southward, there lay the all-but-level Moab mountains, so blue and beautiful, built like a straight partition wall against the sky. North and east a mountain towered, a perpendicular wall of rock, looking blackly down on the Jericho plain. Westward, Bethlehem! That night they slept in the plain of Moab. They were timorously brave—women yet, and needing lover and husband. From a not remote mountain came a wolf bark. Then they drew close to one another in woman fear. They were very weary. "Lord, watch till dawn be come." The waters murmured soothingly like a caress—on, till dawn. The stars lit their white lamps. The shadows deepened. Quiet clothed the land and sky with peace. Even their tears stopped. In the evening murk they could hear the winds whisper through the thickets of thorn. Then when night was fully come they built a camp fire and roasted some wheat heads over the perfumed flame. They talked of their dead beloved and of the living God; and to him they made their evening prayer: "O God of widowed women, be our shelter and our peace. Do not foresake us, lest we die of

heartache. Amen." And the fire burned low. The last flame expired. The glowing coals lay like a neglected sunset, then gray ashes whitened the glowing coals, and then—it was sunup. Morning skies shone in their faces. And both women laughed aloud—and wondered why they laughed. They crossed the sparkling stream margined with zukkim, splashing across it with their naked feet with a touch of glee, like happy children. They kneeled and washed their faces and dusky bosoms in the limpid waters and then they drank of the fountain of Jericho. With the quiet of the dreamless night, and the coming of the sunrise, and the touch of the cooling waters on lips and breast, comfort came and they took their journey with a song, a psalm of gladness. Life was sweet once more. God had heard their prayer. God's peace was their recompense. The road was familiar to Naomi; not only because she had trod this way in her journey to Moab, but because now, in sight of Jericho and its plain, she was on her own ground. She was Israelite. She was about to ford the Jordan where God had made a dusty road amid the flood for Israel to troop upon. So her words flow fast. She is telling Ruth what glorious things happened here. She spoke with pomp, as if she were in truth a king's daughter—seeing such a God was hers and Ruth's. The Jordan passed, the slow ascent began toward Bethlehem. In a scant six hours a horseman might ride from Jericho to Bethlehem, but these women had eager feet. They were going home. A lonely home, a bereft home, and yet, for all, a home. Dear Bethlehem! They climbed the yellow hills. They looked backward and saw Nebo and Pisgah's height. And these women, whose only property was graves, talked of that funeral where God buried him he loved; of how no one saw Moses after he climbed the lordly hill, for God had him to himself. The women stood and watched the stately mount, wonderful because from that brave height Moses, the mountain soul, had with hungry eyes scanned the Promised Land and with eager lips had prayed, "Let me go over this Jordan," and God had put his hand across his servant's lips and had hushed his prayer, but had loved him utterly, and had let no one come to sob at his funeral; for why should there be sobbing when a man who is greatly loved of God and has wrought greatly now lies down

and falls asleep, head fallen on the breast of God? God smiled him to sleep and kissed him into awakening. What need for funeral pall and mortal sobbing? God was with Moses; and now Moses was with God. Naomi and Ruth sat and watched brave, lonely, sacred Moab, and then rose and climbed their hill. They hasted by the gorge of the brook Cherith, with its wild and desolate beauty. The slow vultures swam along the sky. The ground burned hot against their naked feet. Their little remnant of corn was exhausted. Their lips were parched with climbing and with thirst; but they were coming toward beautiful Bethlehem. When Naomi saw before her the yellow shoulders of a mountain silver-green with olive trees, her heart chimed like a psalm: "Near Bethlehem!" And when their tired feet stood on the hilltop, there stood, grim and majestical, Mount Moriah, and past it, like love realized, stood on its gray hills precious Bethlehem. Then their sad feet ran. They seemed to those who saw them in that springtime afternoon to be like romping children, care-free and very glad. O Bethlehem! Home Bethlehem! And as the sun was lowering a little to watch the ripening barley fields, these two, spent with journey, footsore, heartsore, and yet strangely heart glad, came past Rachel's tomb and at last knelt beside the curb of the well at Bethlehem's gate and with quiet laughter drank its cool waters; and Naomi said: "No water is sweet like the waters from the well of Bethlehem's gate." And Ruth nodded and smiled acquiescence. Hearing of these lonely travelers,

> From street to street the neighbors met.

Then Naomi's loss and homesickness and emptiness came on her like a drench of rain and she sobbed: "Call me no longer gladness, but bitterness. Call me not Naomi, but Mara."

Hear the sacred narrative record: "And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi, call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty." This is sorrow and great bereavement finding tongue and voice. Famine was nothing. She went out hungry: she comes back now with the famine-hunger of her heart and thinks she then went out full. Now for the first time is she

hungry. Women's hearts are the same—a sea of love and, in consequence, a sea of sorrow. No, woman with thy sorrow, thou hast Bethlehem and the Almighty and thy daughter Ruth. Her company must be computed in any reckoning. Thou hast not come back quite empty. While she is beside thee and holds thy hand thy heart need not count itself desolate. And, once come to Bethlehem, Ruth goes out to glean along the edges of the barley field of Boaz! for "they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest." In Ruth is such modesty, such chasteness, such fine reserve, such womanliness, such worth, as that others do as Boaz did—love her. Once seen she is loved, and never forgotten. Ruth herself has cast her spell on Keats; and Keats stands for the substance of poetic mind. He is compact of dreams. In his "Ode to the Nightingale," listening to her song he,

> Half in love with easeful death,

half sobs:

> This is perhaps the self-same song that found a path
> Through the sad heart of Ruth when, sick for home,
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

Ruth, after such a song as this, has definitely passed into eternal poesies.

Suppose we do this: match Paul and Virginia, Rip Van Winkle, The Vicar of Wakefield and Lorna Doone with Ruth, and see how this far-away Hebrew idyl fares. These later day stories all have that indescribable thing called atmosphere. We see and feel the landscape of them. We see Rip Van Winkle losing himself among the blue of distant hills. Paul and Virginia, the springtime of sweet love is on them evermore. The Vicar of Wakefield brings home-hurt and home-help to all hearts which mingle in the homely family life of that dear vicar. Lorna Doone brings springtime with its willowy song into the breath of all who company with Jan and Lorna. What these stories have in common is atmosphere and immortality. Let the book of Ruth walk into this midst. We feel the hush and share the heartache and the homesickness and heartsickness; we see the harvesting, and the clean summer landscape, and the rising of the hot noon air, and house us in the comfort of the shade at noon beside the reapers and

the gleaners where Ruth alone sits solitary among the throng. We see her brown lithe fingers gleaning golden ears; we see the shadows of the nighttime call the harvesters to sleep, and one lone woman wends her way along unaccustomed paths to a lone mother's lonely door. The stars arise. The reapers sing among the sheaves, the lover comes; and love, old as earth and new as morning, has her way. And lonely Ruth is lone and sad no more, for in her arms a baby coos and calls. And Moabitess Ruth is ancestress of David, poet-king. Herself was poetess; and before her shine harp and sword—Poet David's harp and brawn David's sword. And, come to think of it, who among the singers of that elder day could have writ this prose poem, Ruth, save Poet David—of the sheepfold, and the dawn, and the wistful quiet of the sunset and the dawn of stars where,

> Like a drift of faded blossoms
> Caught in a slanting rain,
> His fingers glimpsed down the strings of his harp
> In a tremulous refrain.

In an age which had scant notion of the value of woman is written a poem to womankind. The two chief characters of this story are women, one old, one young, both widowed. The other character is a man, Boaz, a widower, rich, generous, manly, affable, clean, pure in thought and behavior, broad-minded, religious. You must like Boaz. Across the rippling barley fields you can hear his blithe salutation ring out like a quail's whistle over a field of growing corn. You see him, you feel him, you wish you had been his neighbor. His is a hearty face. His eyes are keen and miss nothing. They run over the faces of the harvesters and scan them thoroughly at a look. This is not the look of an inquisitor, but of a friend. He sees a new face among the gleaners. She, he opines, is not native to Bethlehem. He knows all the Bethlehem folk, girl and boy and woman grown, and gray beard. And this face is not one of them. The girl is very poor. She gleans a few handfuls of barley, meant to be her wages for the day. On inquiry Boaz finds her name to be Ruth, a Moabitess, talked of in the village because of her fidelity to her dead husband's mother. Boaz

shows himself much the man in that Ruth's beautiful fidelity appeals to him. He gives strict orders that she be not molested. He speaks to her kindly, and his words warm her heart like sunlight. He is not abrupt but frank, and she feels that she has found a friend. She is lonely, and so sad, and a kind voice brings her comfort which is like to strength. A man's voice has in it a courageousness to a woman, and with woman's intuition and divining Ruth knows here is a man. She tarries gleaner in his fields while barley harvest passes to wheat harvest, and comes to feel herself in part at home. In Ruth lying at the feet of Boaz at the threshing floor at night some prosaic souls have professed to find something lacking in modesty and womanliness. Apologies are wasted words to such. Those who cannot see the simplicity of a pure heart are so remote from the fair fields of poetry that a moonlit night would have to explain itself to them. Boaz did not misunderstand Ruth; neither should we if we were possessed of that poetry which was in him. He knew Ruth: he was a man; he was a poet: he loved the moonlight and the smell of the new-reaped barley; he slept out of doors, under the drench of dew and balm of starlight and wonder of the night. Ruth appealed to him as not doing a questionable thing but a beautiful thing. Nobody but poets should write commentaries on some of the Bible books. King David would not have misunderstood Ruth, and we must not. She was simply a maiden heart, wise only in sorrow and poverty and chastity, and did those accustomed things as lovers betroth each other with a kiss. No word was on her lips. She lay at his feet awake, obedient to her mother's admonition, and rose at dawn while the early morning light stammered along the east. Ruth, daughter of chastity, how fair thou art! You can see her in the early light, with garment weighted down with measures of barley, bringing home a happy and pure heart and bread for impoverished Naomi and Ruth. I pity anyone who cannot see in Ruth chastity, worth, faith, love, loyalty, and hope, wrought into all-but-incomparable womanhood. The scene at Bethlehem's gate makes the world young again. Leisure and neighborliness are neighbors now. The hale voice of Boaz is breezy as the breath from Ephraim's morning hills. The colloquy, the results.

the public announcement of genial Boaz that the sweet Moabitess is to be his wife—all this we hear and see. Nothing escapes the eyes of this quaint narrative. Bethlehem is at song. The reapers' sickles and the threshing flails make not such cheery music as the songs on Bethlehem's streets. Boaz sings. Ruth sings. Naomi sings. Bethlehem sings. The song is a marriage hymn. O happy, happy Bethlehem!

And as Ruth sang baby Obed to sleep at twilight when earth walked out unwittingly into summer and lovely Bethlehem was strangely adjacent to the set of sun and the rising of the stars, may we wonder if ever before her happy mother eyes there came a vision of a throne, and a king, and a cross, and another mother holding another babe and he "the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, the only Wise God"? And did she think as she sang her happy mother lullaby that she, Ruth, the Moabitess, was ancestress of David, king, and David's King, the Christ Messiah? At Bethlehem asleep in the hay the King, Ruth's King, our King, but her son! O Ruth, sweet Moabitess, knew you that, in any happy moment of maternal vision far-seeing as the gift of prophecy? I hope she saw across the crowding years, dim as a dream yet certain as the sun, upon a windy hill a gaunt, grim cross with arms spread wide and on the cross a Form whose face makes murky midnights light. I think she saw; for as she crooned her lullaby one springtime evening, when the barley harvest smell was in the air, her voice ached and her lullaby emptied in a sob; and her tears ran and spilt hot on baby Obed's face so that he wakened with a cry, whereat she held him close and sang: "I saw what seemed a sword huge as an oak tree and nailed on to the sword a face like thine, my babe, like thine grown into manhood—like thine and God's. My babe, my babe, sleep, sleep."

W. A. Knight.

Art. II.—HENRY DRUMMOND

"He died too young for his full fame, but not too young for that love which is better than fame." So Mr. Gladstone wrote of Arthur Hallam; and the words apply with equal force to the subject of this paper, Henry Drummond. For he was a quarter of a century short of the allotted span of man's life when his career was cut short by death. And those twenty-five years doubtless would have been the most fruitful and eventful of all. Ten years have passed since his death, and we may now view his life in a truer perspective than was possible at the beginning of the decade. We must be some distance from a mountain before we can take in its true proportions, and appreciate its beauty of form and color. So also of men's lives. It is the purpose of this essay to briefly trace the career of Henry Drummond and notice the peculiar value of his life and message for Christian workers, and especially the ministers, of our own day.

Henry Drummond was a Scotchman. He grew up in that most independent and virile of all the British churches, the Free Church of Scotland. Perhaps no other denomination in the world has produced thinkers who have fertilized the thought of so many preachers of Anglo-Saxon speech. What other church can present such a group as Marcus Dods, George Adam Smith, Alexander B. Bruce, A. B. Davidson, David Patrick, W. Robertson Smith, James Stalker, Principal Rainey, Hugh Black, Alexander Whyte, W. Robertson Nicoll, John Watson, and Henry Drummond? Of these, Drummond, Stalker, and Watson were classmates at New College Divinity School, Edinburgh. Half a dozen of these men were members of a club which met once a year for the discussion of the latest thought, although it went by the title of the "Gaiety Club," from the building in which it met. I cannot withhold the tribute of my unqualified admiration of a church that without the state patronage, or lofty pretensions, or parade of titles—"Very Reverends" and "Right Reverends" and "Most Worshipful Highnesses," of the great ecclesiastical body to the south—has quietly pushed its way to the front of the world's religious thought. In

casting about for the causes of this church's remarkable success in developing strong thinkers and theologians I venture to suggest that it lies in three things: first, the Scotch brain—patient and thorough as the German, but with a better sense of proportion, and with a Celtic wealth of poetic feeling; "granite base, fluted column, and lily work at the top"; second, proximity to the sources of continental scholarship, of which they have made more effective religious use than the continental scholars themselves; third, a certain independence and individuality as a result of the church's traditions—the fact that sixty-four years ago their fathers, with Thomas Chalmers at their head, marched out of the state church, and the comfortable livings it afforded, and cast themselves upon the people and upon God for support. How magnificently the Scotch people responded, and how wondrously has God honored their heroic faith! It was in this church that Henry Drummond grew up, and its independent and evangelical spirit he imbibed. His college course was taken at Edinburgh University, and his course in divinity—although he never considered himself a clergyman—at the Free Church Divinity School, New College, Edinburgh. It is an interesting psychological and spiritual fact that during his entire college and theological course he was in doubt as to what his future vocation should be. The thing that caused him more pain than aught else during his early manhood was the thought that while his friends were preparing themselves for this or that professional career, with confidence in the wisdom of their several choices, he was wholly at sea. Only after his first great contribution had been made to the world's thought, and its value fully recognized by the general public, did he come to see that God had been leading him all the time, and that toward a place of singular usefulness and power—the work of a religious pathfinder for that large number of men and women who had been unsettled in their religious convictions by modern scientific progress. The way Natural Law in the Spiritual World came to be written is an interesting story. He had been appointed to a lectureship on natural science in the Free Church Divinity School of Glasgow. Afterward he became the full professor of this chair. At the same time he took up a mission in Possil Park, a suburb of Glasgow.

And his book on Natural Law came from the fusing of these two fields of thought. But we will let him tell the story.

He says: "For four years I had to address regularly two very different audiences on two very different themes. On week days I have lectured to classes of students on the natural sciences, and on Sundays to an audience consisting very largely of workingmen, on subjects of a moral and religious character. . . . They lay at opposite poles of thought; and for a time I succeeded in keeping the science and the religion shut off from one another in two separate compartments of my mind. But gradually the wall of partition showed symptoms of giving way. The two fountains of knowledge also slowly began to overflow, and finally their waters met and mingled. The great change was in the compartment of religion. It was not that the well there was dried; still less that the fermenting waters were washed away by the flood of science. The actual contents remained the same. But the crystals of former doctrines were dissolved, and as they precipitated themselves once more in definite forms I observed that the Crystalline System was also changed. New channels also for outward expression opened, and some of the old closed up; and I found the truth running out to my audience on the Sundays by the week day outlets. In other words, the subject matter of religion had taken on the method of expression of science, and I discovered myself enunciating spiritual law in the exact terms of biology and physics."

These addresses were published first in an obscure paper, and attracted almost no attention. Later he gathered them together under the title by which we know them, and offered them to a London publisher, but they were declined with thanks. He tried another publisher, and again the manuscript was sent back. So he laid away the papers—buried them, he thought; but Mr. M. H. Hodder, of Hodder and Stoughton, happened to have read some of them in the fugitive form in which they first appeared, and offered to republish them. Mr. Drummond agreed, although he had little expectation of their amounting to anything. Almost immediately afterward he left for an exploring expedition in East Central Africa, and almost forgot the whole transaction. But five months later, while he was in camp near Lake Tanganyika, at midnight, one night in November, a bundle of letters from home—the first he had had since leaving in June—was thrust into his hands. These letters told of the immense sale and popularity of the book. His thesis was that the laws of the physical and spiritual world are identical. The style of the work was so clear and simple, its power and charm of illustration so marked, its happy phrases so numer-

ous, and its religion lessons so beautiful and apparent, that it came like a new evangel to multitudes, especially to those who had had just enough scientific study to raise many questions, and not enough of theology or religious experience to thoroughly ground them in the faith. The book grew in circulation by leaps and bounds. It was translated into a dozen foreign languages. In America and England, especially, it was talked about by everybody that was in the habit of reading on religious themes at all. Later, there came some clear, strong attacks on its fundamental position, the justice of which Mr. Drummond himself came to recognize. So that a short time before his death he expressed the wish that it might be withdrawn from circulation. In this he was too sensitive; for, notwithstanding its faulty fundamental thesis, the practical value of the work was so great—in suggesting the unity of the kingdoms of nature and grace, and in illuminating spiritual processes by the countless analogies that exist in nature—that it would be a real misfortune to blot it out, if such a thing were possible, as, happily, it is not. It has given to thousands a new standing in religious faith. Dr. George Adam Smith was an unsparing critic of the philosophical errors of the book, while at the same time one of Drummond's warmest friends. Yet he says of it:

> The effort of the book to reduce the phenomena of the Christian life to reasonable processes under laws—whether or not these laws were what the volume alleges them to be—constitutes, of itself, a valuable contribution to religion. Their analysis and orderly arrangement of the facts of Christian experience, their emphasis upon the government of the religious life by law, their exposure of formalism and insincerity, conscious and unconscious, in the fashionable religion of the day, their revelation of life in Christ; their enthusiasm, their powers of practical counsel and of comfort, and their atmosphere of beauty and of peace, must have made these addresses to the hundreds who heard them, as well as to the hundreds of thousands whom they reached in the volume, an inspiration and a discipline of inestimable value.

The book called forth twelve books in reply, besides numberless magazine and newspaper reviews, friendly or unfriendly. Many booklets—chiefly addresses—followed from Mr. Drummond's pen. Of these The Greatest Thing in the World is easily most popular, with Pax Vobiscum, First, and Baxter's Second In-

nings, following. Tropical Africa is a clear and interesting account of Mr. Drummond's travels in central eastern Africa, and is his only original contribution to physical science. His last work, and in the minds of scholars his ablest work, was The Ascent of Man. Of it Mr. Drummond himself says in the Preface: "All that the present volume covers is the Ascent of Man, the individual, during the earlier stages of his evolution. It is a study in embryos, in rudiments. . . . . Tracing man's rise as far as family life, this history does not even follow him into the tribe." The standpoint of the book is that of theistic evolution, "as the theory," to use again Mr. Drummond's own words, "with which at present all scientific work is being done." Its main argument is occupied with showing that "love, or the struggle for the life of others, is a law deeply imbedded in the heart of the universe," that there are ethical forces at work in animal as well as in human life, that altruistic factors modify the processes of natural selection. Perhaps in the enthusiasm of the new-found analogies Mr. Drummond applies the terms of moral life too confidently to the instincts of animals. But it is certainly true that he finds abundant and striking analogies of altruistic impulses in the lower creation. And if it be admitted that humanity ascended to its present eminence by the animal stairway, we have in these altruistic instincts of animals the adumbrations and the potential soil of the altruistic impulse and principle in man—only in man, of course, illuminated and intensified by reason and by the example and influence of the Divine Man, Jesus Christ. George Adam Smith characterizes the book thus:

> In Natural Law Drummond had attempted to carry physical processes into the realm of the moral and the spiritual; in the Ascent of Man he essayed the converse task, and succeeded in showing the ethical at work in regions of life generally supposed to be given over to purely physical laws—or, at least, he succeeded in exhibiting among the lower stages of the evolution of life bases and opportunities suitable for the action of moral feelings and for the formation of moral habits.

Dr. Gardiner, Fellow of the Royal Society, and Professor of Medicine in the University of Glasgow, compares the two books as follows:

The earlier book, while full of suggestive and finely expressed thought, did not convince me nor appear to me a permanent forward step in the Eirenicon between Religion and Science. The latter book has, to my mind, a far wider sweep and a much more permanent value in its marvelously lucid and at the same time profound exposition of the root principles of altruism, as evolved in the wide field of nature. Nothing that I have read on the subject of ethical theory has appeared to me to go so deep or to be so convincing as this.

An unprejudiced and thoughtful mind cannot follow the argument throughout without having the suggestion borne in on him with much force that God's universe, to use Drummond's fine phrase, "is woven without seam throughout"—that it is the garment of God. And it tends to produce the conviction that the Saviour's enunciated law of spiritual development, "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear," applies not only to spiritual things, but has its abiding place in the physical world from which the Master took the figure, and is the key that will unlock the mystery of the method of building the physical universe. But Henry Drummond's greatest work as a mediator between evangelical orthodoxy and scientific unbelief—that scientific world which spelled Universe with a large "U" and God with a small "g"—and his principal achievement as a pathfinder to the confused multitude of semiscientific, semireligious people lying between, was not what he wrote but what he was. Drummond went on writing all these things from the standpoint of an evolutionist, yet believing as profoundly as the most ultra conservative that God was in it all; and all the time he went steadily forward in a soul-winning career that has had few equals since the days of John Wesley. Neither flattery nor criticism, neither the lionizing nor the misrepresentation and abuse to which he was subjected, especially during the last ten years of his life, swerved him a hair's breadth from his work as a loving, enthusiastic preacher of the gospel and personal worker for souls. He was not spoiled by the one nor soured by the other. Perhaps the Master, with whom he seemed to be on good terms throughout, saw to it that the proportions were properly mixed. He did not fall into the error of a celebrated evangelical leader who had written a tract on "Come to Jesus." This was replied to in bitter fashion by a nonevangeli-

cal, and was so abusive as to arouse the ire of the tract-writer, whereupon he answered it in kind, but, before publishing, submitted his manuscript to a judicious friend, asking him to suggest a title. "I suggest," replied his friend, "that you call it 'Go to the Devil,' by the author of 'Come to Jesus.'" Drummond showed that it was possible to hold the views he held as to science, and the views of Scripture involved in them, and remain a loyal follower of Jesus Christ and a most effective winner of souls to like precious faith. Drummond's life demonstrated this. Hence I call him a pathfinder. Other eminent evolutionists were also theists, and some of them professing Christians—such as Joseph Le Conte and John Fiske, and, during the last year of life, George J. Romanes. But they were not active Christians—what we are in the habit of calling "soul-winners." Drummond was. Drummond was an evangelist, a good deal of his time, up to the end of his life. He was the bosom friend of Moody. He was an accepted guest at that hotbed of evangelism and conservative orthodoxy, Northfield. And to the large number of cautious people to whom the scientific theories of the day looked inviting, but who almost feared to adopt them because of the fear that they might undermine their religious faith, Drummond's course was a revelation. It was a concrete interpretation to them of the truths of both science and spiritual life, it was a *demonstration* of the harmony between science and religion.

Drummond's evangelistic work began under Moody during the visit of that peerless evangelist to Scotland in 1873. At first it was such personal dealing with inquirers as any Christian worker might be expected to do. But as his rare gifts of leadership and public address became known he was drafted to supply a vacancy now and then where the great evangelist was expected but could not go. Thus before Drummond left college he began to speak to students on religious themes, and from the start was successful in leading many to Christ. Seven years later, when Mr. Moody again visited Great Britain, Drummond accompanied him, and was a chief lieutenant. But his labors were by no means confined to the times of Mr. Moody's visits. Again and again he conducted series of services for young men in colleges, and also for boys.

He threw himself into the Boys' Brigade movement, and was largely responsible for its wide popularity. He was invited to London to give series of addresses to the *élite* of the fashionable West End. In the ballroom of the Duke of Westminster, holding six hundred people, he gave Sunday afternoon sermons for several weeks, to the profit and blessing of many. Later he held services for ladies in the mansion of the Speaker of the House of Commons. These were especially directed toward the social and moral betterment of the poor. Many society women, hitherto uninterested, gave themselves to this form of Christian activity as a result of the meetings. The Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor) tells how he heard Drummond address a meeting for men in Edinburgh at which some eight hundred were present:

> Tall, slight, full of grace and perfectly at ease, he stood before the audience looking straight and steady into us out of his large, clear, blue eyes, the eyes of mesmeric power. . . . His words were simple Saxon, but chosen with exquisite exactness and arranged with almost poetic grace. . . . It was the most luminous and light-giving speaking I ever listened to. He was commending Christ to the men as a Friend worth having. With what gentle, firm, quiet insistence he made us feel our need first, and then a longing for that Friend of his! With what respectful urgency he appealed to the men who had not yet discovered this Friend to seek his acquaintance! And above all and through all, how dear and well known this Friend seemed to him! He made us feel as if he had met him on the street that day, as if he would meet him round the corner when he left that hall, and would take him home with him. . . . When the address was over he stood looking at us with those marvelous eyes of his with a kind of yearning look, and then in the frankest—I had almost said indifferent, but it was not indifferent—manner, he invited any man who would like to have a little private conversation with him on the matter to step into one of the side rooms. By some strange tact of his own he gave us the feeling that it would be the most natural and perfectly manly thing for anyone to go and speak to him about this Friend.

And then followed the description of the scene which ensued when many men yielded to Christ.

For ministers the greatest lesson of Mr. Drummond's life was the uniting of culture and evangelism. Those two characteristics which have been so persistently set over against each other, and which have divided ministers into hostile camps, were beautifully blended in Henry Drummond. It is sadly true that the attitude of most men of culture, including the ministers of

culture, toward the evangelist or the evangelistic pastor has been for many years an attitude of sneering criticism and belittlement—the pharisaism of the intellect. The attitude of the evangelist and the evangelistic pastor toward the enthusiastic student and devotee of culture has been too often that of denunciation and "holier-than-thou-ness"—the pharisaism of the conscience. Henry Drummond proved in his own personality, in this generation, as John Wesley proved in his day, the perfect compatibility of the highest culture with the most thorough spirituality and evangelistic fervor. And the man with a message of compelling power for our age is going to be the man of his type—who keeps a hospitable mind for new truth, from whatever source it may come, who accepts and rejoices in the highest achievements of the human intellect, and who at the same time transfuses all with the fire and passion of a sanctified heart in its supreme devotion to the work of saving a lost world. Drummond's whole career might fitly be called a ministry to the elusive classes—the classes which are ordinarily so difficult for the church to reach. First, to the young men of the colleges; to boys, also, especially the boys of the street; to the fashionable society people, the most difficult—I was about to say the most hopeless—class on earth, either in pagan or Christian lands, to reach with a real Christian message; and, last, to the devotees of science. Undoubtedly Mr. Drummond's personality had much to do with gaining him a hearing. His bearing was graceful and his manner gracious. He was always courtesy itself. With this went a thoroughgoing manliness—indeed, he was a fine representative of the best athleticism of the day. The heart life of Drummond is revealed by an incident in one of his American trips. By "heart life" I do not mean his relation to the other sex, for, while he labored long on The Ascent of Man, he seems never to have sought the assent of woman, but remained a bachelor to the end of his days. I refer to the things which had the deepest hold on his affections. When he had finished his journeyings in the Rocky Mountains he found two days at his disposal before his ship sailed. In his hands was an invitation from Longfellow and Holmes to be their guest in Boston. He had admired them from his boyhood, and this was his first

opportunity to meet them. On the other hand, Mr. Moody was holding meetings at Cleveland, and he had not seen him for several years. His decision was made. Sending a courteous note of regret to the poets, he hied him to the Ohio city and burst in on Moody and Sankey like a boy let loose from school! And what a day of precious fellowship they enjoyed! Of Moody, Drummond said only a short time before his own death: "Moody is the biggest human I ever met." For the associate of dukes and dignitaries of church and university to say this shows how profoundly the principles of the great Nazarene had infiltrated both his mind and heart. When at the early age of forty-five

> Sunset and evening star
> And one clear call

came for Henry Drummond there was no mourning or repining on his part. Wheeled about in an invalid chair, at a time when each mail was bringing fresh news of the reception of The Ascent of Man, he playfully attached to his chair a card bearing the inscription, "The Descent of Man." A day or so before his death he asked for some music, and joined feelingly in singing:

> I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
> Or to defend his cause;
> Maintain the honor of his word,
> The glory of his cross.

The hymn over, he said to a friend: "There's nothing to beat that, Hugh." And when at his request the New Testament was read he said: "That is the Book one always comes back to." When the last hour arrived he whispered a message to his mother, and closed his eyes to the earth that had always been to him the beautiful vestibule of heaven.

Wilbur F. Sheridan

Art. III.—DIVINE—HUMAN LAWGIVING

Moses.—According to Paul, the Gentiles, who do not have the law of Moses, in which the Jewish people were wont to read the explicit commandments of God, may, nevertheless, do by nature the things of the law, are a law unto themselves, and show the work of the law written in their hearts, their own moral sense and conscience bearing witness in the case (Rom. 2. 14, 15). As a matter of fact, we find no historic nation or people without laws, and it is a matter of record that the great lawgivers of antiquity received their commandments and statutes from the Deity. We are most familiar with the biblical record of the giving of the law at Mount Sinai. Nothing in all the literature of the world is more sublime and impressive than the description, in the book of Exodus, of Jehovah's descent upon the smoking and quaking mountain, his promulgation of the Ten Commandments, and the subsequent approach of Moses unto the thick darkness where God was, and his receiving from the High and Holy One the ordinances which were given through him to the children of Israel.

Hammurabi.—But we have an older record than that of the Mosaic legislation. Among the most important of all recent discoveries in the Orient is the Code of Hammurabi, founder of the old Babylonian empire and probably identical with the Amraphel mentioned in Gen. 14. 1, a contemporary of Abraham, who lived about B.C. 2250. The laws are graven on a huge block of stone nearly eight feet in height and about seven feet in breadth. On one side of the monument, in bas-relief, appears the sculptured image of the king standing reverently before the sun-god, Shamash, who is seated on his elevated throne. The deity is represented as wearing a flounced robe, holding a rod or scepter in his hand, while rays of light stream out behind his shoulders. The obvious significance of the picture is in its showing that the King Hammurabi received both his kingdom and his laws from the God of light. The laws are graven on other portions of the stone and consist of 282 statutes, of which 35 have been obliterated. The king himself is nowhere recognized as being subject to these laws.

He seems to have stood above all his subjects as their lawgiver and absolute monarch, but in the prologue and in the epilogue he acknowledges his dependence on the Deity who made him ruler, and "called him the exalted prince, the worshiper of the gods, to cause justice to prevail in the land, to destroy the wicked, to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, and to go forth like the sun over the black head race, to enlighten the land and to further the welfare of the people. . . . The great gods proclaimed me, and I am the guardian governor, whose scepter is righteous and whose beneficent protection is spread over my city. It is noteworthy that a considerable number of these Babylonian statutes are substantially identical with those of the Mosaic legislation. The law of retaliation is "eye for eye, bone for bone, tooth for tooth." The hands that strike a father shall be cut off. The 282 laws relate to a great variety of subjects and show that at the time of their compilation the administration of justice in Babylon had reached an advanced stage of civilization. Courts of justice had already been established, and the bringing of a matter to the open place of judgment, whether at the gate of the city or at the door of a temple, was bringing it into the presence of God. As all righteous laws originate with God, so also their righteous administration is a matter of his oversight and care. But in reading these Babylonian laws we notice especially the barbarous severity of penalties for all sorts of crimes. In the Mosaic legislation not murder only but smiting or cursing of parents, stealing and selling men, blasphemy, idolatry, witchcraft, adultery, defiling the Sabbath, and carnal self-pollution were treated as capital crimes. In the Code of Hammurabi a great many other crimes, as theft, perjury, receiving stolen goods, selling lost property, and procuring the escape of fugitive slaves, were also punishable with death.

Confucius.—Quite different in cast and character are the sacred books of China known commonly as the five King. The oldest of these is the Shu King, a book of historical documents and traditions relating to a period of more than seventeen centuries, that is, from about B.C. 2357 to B.C. 627. The Shih King is a book of poetry, the psalter, so to speak, of the Chinese scriptures. Its hymns and songs relate to customs of the ancient times and may

be used on great state occasions. The other three collections treat of the changing customs of the world, and the rituals, rites, and regulations to be observed by officers of the government. These five King, which we may here call the Chinese Pentateuch, are not religious books, and put forth no claim to divine inspiration or supernatural revelation. Confucius was not the author or founder of the system which bears his name. He was not the founder of a religion, but he did claim to be a reformer and a teacher. He was a deep student of Chinese antiquity and aimed to transmit to the generations after him the records and customs of the past. "It is an error," says Dr. Legge, an eminent authority on Chinese matters, "to suppose that Confucius compiled the historical documents, poems, and other ancient books from various works existing in his time. Portions of the oldest works had already perished. His study of those that remained, and his exhortations to his disciples also to study them, contributed to their preservation. . . . No other literature, comparable to them for antiquity, has come down to us in such a state of preservation." Perhaps the greatest saying ascribed to Confucius himself is his enunciation of the Golden Rule. When asked if he could furnish one word which would indicate an abiding and comprehensive rule of human conduct he replied, *"Reciprocity."* "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others." On another occasion, when asked what constituted the superior man, he said: "He acts before he speaks, and afterward speaks according to his actions. The superior man is catholic and not partisan. The mean man is partisan and not catholic. Another noteworthy saying of Confucius is the following: "When I was fifteen years old I longed for wisdom. At thirty my mind was fixed in pursuit of it. At forty I saw certain principles clearly. At fifty I understood the rule given by Heaven. At sixty I easily understood everything I heard. At seventy the desires of my heart no longer transgressed the law." Other interesting and remarkable sayings might be cited by the score from the Confucian books. But this great sage and teacher failed during his lifetime to obtain the honor to which he thought his labors entitled him. He is said to have died in disappointment and to have declared among his last utterances: "No intelli-

gent monarch arises; there is no prince in the kingdom who will take me as his master." But his body had scarcely turned to dust when temples were erected to his honor, and now there are more than 1,500 such temples in the empire. Chinese civilization is permeated with the spirit and ethics of Confucianism. The great reformer did not claim to have received his precepts from the Deity, but from antiquity. He was nearly contemporary with Buddha in India, Cyrus in Persia, Zerubbabel in Jerusalem, and Pythagoras in Greece. But centuries before that period, 2,300 years before Christ, and long before Abraham moved westward out of the land of the Babylonians, China was governed by the good King Yao, of whom it is written in the Confucian Pentateuch: "He was reverential, intelligent, accomplished, thoughtful, and sincerely courteous. The bright influence of these qualities was felt through the four quarters of the land, and reached to heaven above and earth beneath. He united and harmonized the myriad states; and so the black-haired people were transformed. The result was universal concord."

Manu.—Passing from China to India we find the name of Manu as closely associated with the most ancient laws of the Hindus as is that of Confucius with the Chinese classics, or that of Moses with the lawgiving of Israel. In the Rig-Veda (i, 80, 16; ii, 33, 13) he is called "Our Father Manu," and in Vedic mythology the name appears to be employed as an eponym of the human race. According to one commentator on his laws he was an incarnation of the Supreme Soul of the world, and so belonged by nature both to gods and men. According to other traditions there was a succession of Manus, lawgivers of the same name, each in some way introducing a new dispensation designed to rejuvenate the world. The Institutes of the Sacred Law, as given by Manu, were translated from the Sanscrit into English by Sir William Jones more than a century ago, but other translations have followed, the latest and best, perhaps, by G. Büler, and published as Volume XXV in the Sacred Books of the East, edited by the late Max Müller. We are told at the beginning of these books of the Sacred Law that the ten great sages of antiquity came reverently before Manu and prayed that he would deign to tell them in an

exact and orderly way all the sacred laws and ordinances which ought to be made known. The great lawgiver graciously honored their request, and thereupon follows a record of the story of creation and of the numerous laws, or institutes, which all together comprise twelve chapters and 2,685 paragraphs. The first chapter records the mythical concept of creation and tells how the universe lay in darkness, and, as it were, in a deep sleep, when the Self-Existent One appeared in irresistible power, dispelled the darkness, and shone forth according to his own will. Desiring to produce many kinds of beings from his own substance, he, first of all, created the waters with a thought and placed within them a divine productive seed, which became a golden egg, brilliant as the sun, and in that egg Brahma himself was born, or, in other words, the Self-Existent One himself was born as Brahma, the progenitor of the whole world. After dwelling in the egg a whole year he divided it by his thought into two halves, out of which he formed the heavens and the earth. "From himself he also drew forth the mind, which is both real and unreal; likewise from the mind egoism, which possesses self-consciousness and is lordly." In due time and order he produced out of the minute and perishable particles of the elements all things that appear in the world. The Brahmans are designated as the highest caste and class of men, and are to be the divinely appointed teachers of the Vedar and the sacred laws. In one place it is written that "the very birth of a Brahman is an incarnation of the sacred law; for he is born to fulfill the sacred law, and he becomes one with the Self-Existent." These Institutes go on to record the rules for the initiation of a Brahman and for his conduct in the performance of his work; the rules for making sacrifices and oblations; the laws of marriage and the duties of householders; also regulations for the matters of private life, or diet, and of personal purity; there are laws for the ascetic and laws for the king, laws touching agriculture, and divers regulations concerning debts, inheritance, and the disposition of property. There are civil and criminal laws, and rules of judicial procedure; penalties and penances are prescribed, and detailed statements are made touching the various consequences of transmigration according as such consequences are determined by the

operation of particular laws. Taken as a whole, the laws of Manu cover a wide range of matters that are common to all human legislation. In the matter of penalties for crime they are in noteworthy contrast to the Code of Hammurabi. The old Babylonian laws were terribly cruel, fixing capital punishment for almost every kind and grade of offense; but the only statute among the laws of Manu which calls for capital punishment, so far as I have found, is that against "forgers of royal edicts, those who corrupt the king's ministers, those who slay women, infants, or Brahmans, and those who serve the enemies of the king" (ix, 232). Probably the conceptions of future retribution attaching to the doctrine of transmigration tended to the disuse of the death penalty, for the criminal's inevitable destiny at death must be a transit into the form and life of a miserable beast. A minute study of Manu's Institutes soon convinces one that all these laws could not have been the work of one man, or of one generation. Many of them are mixed up with mythological fancies; many of them breathe the mystic spirit peculiar to the Hindu mind. "Important as they appear to a Hindu," says Büler, "who views the question of the Manu tradition with the eye of faith, they are of little value for the historical student who stands outside the circle of the Brahmanical doctrines."

Minos.—We turn next to the west, and passing by the Medes and Persians, and other great nations that were not without codes of law, we linger awhile at that famous island in the Mediterranean Sea which has borne from ancient times the name of Crete. The name of the first great ruler and lawgiver of this island, according to tradition, was Minos, a name so closely resembling that of the Hindu Manu that some writers incline to identify the two. Both of them stand so far back in the mists of prehistoric antiquity that myths and legends are connected with their names. It is said in Homer's Iliad (xiii, 450) that "Zeus begat Minos, guardian of Crete," and the Greek tradition is that he was brother of Rhadamanthus, and that both these sons of Zeus and Europa became, after death, judges of the souls that entered Hades. Some of the traditions, however, are so conflicting as to lead some writers to the conclusion that there were two rulers, each bearing the name

Minos. We are not able at this date to determine just what amount of historical truth attaches to the various legends. We know this much: that the name of Minos stands away back at the beginning of civilization in the great island of Crete. He is said to have subdued the barbarians of that land and to have expelled the pirates from his shores. He divided the island in three provinces, in each of which he builded a city and instituted laws and forms of government. He ruled for nine years with such wisdom and success that Crete became one of the most celebrated states of antiquity. According to Homer the Cretans were represented in the Trojan war with a fleet of eighty vessels, a force almost equal to that of Agamemnon. So far as we can now determine the various laws established by Minos, they seem to have combined a rigid military discipline with a declaration of liberty and equal rights for all. Provision was made for the annual election of ten chief magistrates, who were called Κοσμοί, and for a council of elders composed only of such men as were proven worthy to be chief magistrates. This council of state was called the Gerontia, or Senate, that is, an assembly of elderly men. Provision was also made for an equestrian order, the members of which maintained their horses at their own expense, so as not to be a burden on the state. The legislation of Minos went so far as to regulate the diet of the people, and to enjoin temperance, self-control, and habits of frugality. The young men ate together at a public table, and were trained in vigorous athletic exercises and in the use of arms. Thus they became skilled and useful in many kinds of service and were hardened to endure extremes of heat and cold. They were also trained to some extent in letters and in music. These various provisions indicate a very early and ancient form of jurisprudence, but one adapted to practical purposes. But the inhabitants of Crete seem to have greatly degenerated in later times and to have become the slaves of pernicious vices; for Paul, in one of his epistles, alludes to this deplorable fact, and cites one of their own prophets as saying: "Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, idle gluttons" (Titus 1. 12). It is, however, to be specially noted that Minos, the great lawgiver of Crete, claimed to have received his laws directly from Zeus, his father, "the father of gods and of men."

He was accustomed to consult the Deity at stated intervals in a cave, and when he came forth from the secret place he proclaimed his statutes and ordinances as the commandments of God.

Lycurgus.—We turn next to Lycurgus, the renowned sage and lawgiver of Sparta, who is said to have received no little assistance in his work of legislation by a visit to Crete and a study of the Code of Minos. He is said to have traveled also into Asia Minor, and Egypt, and other countries, and thus to have become learned in all the wisdom of his time. But he, too, stands so far back in the mists of antiquity that myth and legend are interwoven with the traditions of his career. We read that after his extensive travels Lycurgus returned to Sparta and found the government of his country so corrupt and turbulent that radical reforms appeared imperative. All parties in the state were disposed to accept him as their leader. He accordingly secured the active coöperation of thirty of the best citizens to assist him in the institution and promulgation of his laws. But the great Spartan, like other ancient lawgivers, soon perceived the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of instituting law without the sacred sanctions of religion, and so he journeyed to Delphi, on Mount Parnassus, to consult the Oracle of Apollo, the god of light, the son of Zeus, and the revealer of the divine will to mankind. And the priestess of Apollo, it is said, pronounced Lycurgus the beloved of the gods, and more a god than a man. The deity heard Lycurgus's prayer and promised him that his laws should be the best in the world. Notwithstanding all these sanctions, however, and in spite of the authority of the famous Delphic oracle, Lycurgus met serious opposition in the first enactment and execution of his laws. Among the noteworthy provisions of the new constitution was, first of all, a public and equitable division of the land among the citizens. For Sparta 9,000 lots were assigned and distributed among as many citizens. Outside of Sparta there were 30,000 assigned for all the rest of Laconia. The Gerontia, or Senate, was made to consist of 30 citizens, 28 elected from the clans, and two kings. Besides this Senate there was also a democratic assembly of the people, who were thus able to exert a powerful influence in determining matters of public policy. The kings were accorded high honors, and they

acted as priests, judges, and commanders in war, but their powers were limited and held in check by the Senate and by the more popular Assembly. The government of Sparta, accordingly, combined the element of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. But the particular statutes of Lycurgus embodied the principles of a rigid military despotism. The individual was so merged in the state that he was conceived to live and labor only for the public welfare. He was not at all his own, and could not live unto himself nor die unto himself. Society was divided into two classes, citizens and slaves, but all alike were slaves of the state. The bondmen, known as Helots, were probably the survivors of an aboriginal race that had been conquered at an early time, and had become a class of serfs, belonging to the soil, and no owner or master of them could set them at liberty or sell them to foreigners outside the borders of Laconia. The Spartans, moreover, did not permit foreign travel, except in special cases, nor did they welcome foreigners to their land. Thus would they avoid all foreign complications and corruptions. They cut off commerce with other countries, and no foreign ships were permitted to land their goods on the shores of Laconia. Domestic regulations were correspondingly severe. Only strong and well-formed children were permitted to live; the feeble and unpromising were exposed upon the mountains. This was so much a matter of law that a public examination was held to determine who should live and who should be exposed to perish. A boy was taken from his mother when he was seven years old and was trained by severe discipline for the general service of the state. At the age of thirty he was allowed to marry, but not to choose his own wife. The state had its way of doing that for him, and after his marriage he was required to live in the garrison most of the time until he was sixty years old. And yet the customs of marriage were very loose. Polyandry was common, and husbands were even permitted to loan their wives to other men. Even burial customs were regulated by statute. The bodies of the dead were buried in public places of the city, where the tombs would be the most common objects of sight and the people would become so familiar with them from childhood that they would entertain no superstitious fears of death and the grave.

The names of the dead might not be written on their tombs, except in case of some famous hero who fell in battle. Great stress was placed on physical culture, and the young women as well as the young men were trained to run in public races and to develop their muscular strength by various athletic sports in the open field. They all ate at a common table and used a common kind of food. Eating at home and indulging in luxurious food were strictly prohibited. Lycurgus introduced iron money for the currency, in pieces too heavy and too bulky to conceal without difficulty, or to run away with. Thus he aimed to check avarice and to remove temptations to theft. And so, in many ways, his entire code of laws was adapted to promote a vigorous and efficient state policy. The individual as such counted for little with him; the public weal and the security of the state were the one great end of the law. Under such a system personal and private morality becomes a matter of small concern and receives comparatively little attention. But the code of Lycurgus, inspired and approved by the sacred Oracle of Apollo, exerted a mighty influence over the ancient Spartans. During the most flourishing period of its history their capital city had no walls for its defense, for their lawgiver had taught them that the strongest wall of a city is the valor and loyalty of the citizens. Tradition says that Lycurgus exacted a promise from his people that they would make no change in the laws he had given them before his return from a journey he was about to make abroad. From that journey he never came back. Whither he went no one knew. He vanished from the sight of man, and, as in the case of Moses, "no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day."

Solon.—We now turn from Lycurgus, the Spartan, to Solon, the Athenian. His name marks a clear advance in Greek legislation, and brings us nearer to the dawn of intelligible history. Other Greek lawgivers of some note came between him and Lycurgus. There was Zaleucus, the founder of the Locrian state, who, according to Strabo, compiled from the codes of Minos and of Lycurgus the first body of written laws among the Greeks. One chief characteristic of his legislation was the extreme severity of his statutes and the attachment of a definite penalty for each specific crime. There also was Draco, the Athenian, whose laws

were said to have been written with blood rather than with ink, and who decreed the penalty of death for almost every offense. The smallest theft was punished as severely as the most atrocious murder. But Solon modified and supplanted the Code of Draco by a more rational discipline and a more humane legislation. He flourished about B.C. 550, and so was contemporary with Servius Tullius in Italy, who gave a new constitution to the Roman state, and instituted the popular Assembly known as the *Comitia Centuriata*. This was a crucial epoch in the history of Greece; especially was it a time of social, civil, commercial, and military unrest in the province of Attica. There was a great opportunity for a great leader, and Solon proved to be the man for the hour. By study and travel he had become learned in all the wisdom of his time, and also mighty in word and in deed. He also, like Lycurgus, resorted to the holy mount, Parnassus, consulted the Oracle of Apollo at Delphi, and derived inspiration from the Muses of the Castalian fountain there. When he came to his work of legislation he was in position, as first man of Athens, to assume absolute power, but he chose rather to suffer opposition and abuse for the sake of the common people and for his country's highest good. He repealed the drastic penalties of the Draconian Code, instituted the high council of the Areopagus, and discarding both monarchy and democracy, he established a *Timocracy*, a government by the most esteemed and revered classes of citizens. These "timocrats" were divided into several ranks, according to the amount of their annual income. The first class must have at least 500 measures of corn, wine, and oil; the second must have an income of 300 measures, and the third class must have at least 150 measures. The second class were knights, or equestrians. There was also a fourth class, with an income of less than 150 measures, but they could take no part in the election of responsible officers of state. Only those of the first class could elect the archous, or chief officers, and the members of the Areopagus must first have been archous. The Senate was composed of 400 men chosen from the first three classes of citizens. But the highest class of citizens might forfeit their rights, and the lowest class might, by industry and uprightness, rise to the highest place. All

classes were permitted to take part in the common public assemblies, so that no one was excluded from public life and responsibility. Thus the Solonian constitution aimed to secure the best practical legislation for all the people. It sought to establish a beautiful harmony of religion, the state, the home, the family, and private life. He enacted statutes for the regulation of marriage, punished habitual idleness, and condemned extravagance both in public and in private life. He regulated the attendance at public entertainments, and the journeys and habits of women at the places of public resort. He cultivated humanitarian sentiments, and provided for the rightful claims of the aged and infirm. He forbade speaking ill of the dead, and reviling the living in any public place. He put a stigma of dishonor upon all citizens who remained neutral in times of war. His laws were graven on wooden frames and posted up in the places of public resort.

This great lawgiver lived to be an old man—eighty years. One tradition says that, by his own order, he was cremated after death and his ashes were gathered up and scattered about the isle of Salamis. All traditions show him as a revered and cheerful sage. He is the reputed author of the lines:

> I grow in learning as I grow in years.
> Wine, wit and beauty still their charms bestow,
> Light all the shades of life, and cheer us as we go.

The learned historian Curtius pronounces Solon's code "the greatest work of art which political wisdom has produced—the clarified expression of the Athenian consciousness. When Solon himself was asked whether he had provided the best possible laws for the Athenian state he answered: 'The best the Athenians are now capable of receiving.'"

Numa.—To make this paper fairly comprehensive we should make mention also of Numa Pompilius, successor of Romulus, the first great lawgiver of the Romans. The story of the disappearance of Romulus from the world reminds one of the taking up of Elijah by a whirlwind into heaven. It is said to have occurred when many of the Roman people were outside the city offering sacrifices by a neighboring lake. Suddenly the sky became overcast with clouds and thick darkness, and there followed a violent storm

accompanied with thunder and lightning. The tempest raged in greatest fury over the place where Romulus was standing; the people fled in terror and dismay, and when the storm was over Romulus was nowhere to be found. But the rumor at once went forth that he had been suddenly caught up into heaven by the god of war, his father, Mars. This belief was strengthened by the solemn oath of Proculus, a man of high rank and the special friend of Romulus, who declared before all the people that he had seen the king in a heavenly splendor, clad in dazzling armor, and had received from him this message to the Romans: "It pleased the gods that I should dwell for a time with men, and after having founded a city which will be the most powerful and glorious in the world, return to heaven from whence I came. Go and tell the Romans that, by the exercise of temperance and fortitude, they shall attain the highest pitch of human greatness; and I, the god Quirinus, will ever be propitious to them." Such is the story as told by Plutarch. After the departure of Romulus there was disturbance over the question of his successor in the government of Rome. The Romans and the Sabines contended for the leadership and each faction had its claims, its fears, and its jealousy of a rival. But the strife was ended by the Romans, who selected Numa Pompilius, a Sabine, to be the king of the whole realm. This selection gave universal satisfaction, for Numa was already distinguished for his great personal virtues. His piety, patience, and judicial uprightness became widely known and gained for him a high place in the hearts of the people. He tolerated no luxuries in his house and abstained from sensuous pleasures and all unworthy pursuits. He was especially eminent for his piety and the worship of the gods. He often wandered in the sacred groves and in solitary places, and seemed intent upon the study of the nature of the Powers above him. Near the place now occupied by the famous baths of Caracalla there was, in the ancient time, a sacred grove believed to be the abode of the goddess Egeria, a fountain nymph who possessed the gift of prophecy. Tradition says that this grove was Numa's favorite resort, and that he prepared his laws for the government of Rome under the inspiration and instruction of the goddess Egeria. In her fellowship he seemed to

live and move and have his being for the time, and she herself was thereafter spoken of as the divine spouse of Numa. It was Numa's first concern to soften and subdue the warlike fierceness of the people he was called to govern. Hence his marked attention to the sanctions of religion. All the traditions of his work go to portray him as a theocratic lawgiver. He instituted the office of Pontifex Maximus, chief priest or high pontiff of all the ministers of religion. He established also the order of the Flamens, priests, and guardians of the daily sacrifices; also that of the Vestal Virgins, guardians of the sacred fire, and that of the Fetiales, guardians of the public faith and honor. To him also is attributed the founding of the college of the priests of Mars, called the Salii, who were to guard the sacred shield that fell from heaven into the hands of Numa at the time of a fearful pestilence. He built the first temple to Fides, to enhance in the popular mind the obligation of one's solemn oath. He also built temples to Terminus, the god of boundaries, holding that territorial limits were natural barriers against lawless power and should be honored and guarded by the sanctions of religion. In accordance with his reverence for this god of boundaries he marked out the limits of the Roman lands, and distributed them among the citizens so that the temptations of poverty and greed and oppression might be as far as possible removed. He classified the citizens also as masons, tanners, potters, braziers, goldsmiths, and musicians. He regulated the power of fathers in the disposition of their children. He also attempted the reformation of the Roman calendar, and changed the order of the months. No war or insurrection occurred during the long reign of Numa Pompilius. The temple of Janus, which he founded, remainded closed during all those forty years. He died when a little over eighty years of age, and was buried in a stone coffin under Mount Janiculum, beyond the Tiber. His sacred books of law and rites were deposited in another stone coffin near his tomb.

The world knows how Rome grew in power, and how she tried various forms of government, and became by nature, by geographical location, and by conquest the mistress of the states of Europe, of western Asia and of northern Africa. In the sixth century of our era the Emperor Justinian collected the enactments

of all previous Roman legislation, and by the help of the learned Tribonianus codified the various laws, and compiled the celebrated Codex Justinianus, together with the "Digests" and "Pandects," which became the common law of the empire and the basis of all modern European and American legislation.

Concluding Observations.—The foregoing outline of divine-human lawgiving, as reported to us by the traditions of the ancient nations and peoples, furnishes a most interesting field of study for the anthropologist. The origin, growth, modifications, and codification of such laws as we have mentioned present to the thoughtful mind profound questions of psychology, ethics, and religion. We offer the following observations:

1. The origin of these earliest codes of the nations and the persons to whom the legislation is attributed are, for the most part, wrapped in the mists of prehistoric antiquity.

2. With the exception, perhaps, of Confucius and the Chinese, all these ancient lawgivers claim to have received their codes in whole or in large part from some Deity, a God of light and wisdom, with whom they held intimate counsel.

3. There is no valid evidence that these various codes were borrowed one from another. It is part of the story of Lycurgus that he traveled widely, and derived help from Minos of Crete. Solon also may have learned something both from Minos and Lycurgus, and all these lawgivers no doubt derived material for their purpose from many sources now unknown to us. But nothing is more certain than that the different codes have not been copied from one another or from one and the same original collection of laws.

4. In no case do the great fundamental laws appear to have found their first publication or enactment with the lawgiver who codified them. The primary ethical laws are older than any lawgiver of antiquity. The work of Confucius illustrates how the laws he wrote out and magnified were a great inheritance from the past. The two tables given to Moses contained laws written in Babylon before the time of Abraham.

5. The ancient lawgiver was, in every instance, a great genius and a commander of the people. He was usually *the man* of a

crucial epoch in the life of his nation; a great sage, who combined large wisdom and moderation with a corresponding tact and sagacity for adapting means to ends.

6. In fundamental ethics all lawgivers and codes alike recognize the criminality of murder, theft, falsehood, and trespass upon the common rights of others, but each code of morals shows such stages of development and such degrees of refinement as correspond with the general conditions of the civilization. Definitions and penalties of particular crimes serve in some measure to indicate the relative degree of civilization attained.

7. This comparative study of laws and lawgiving tends to put in strong light the moral and spiritual nature of man. Our self-conscious personality and our normal relation to our fellow-beings of the same nature are matters of highest, deepest, broadest, noblest concern. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is a most fundamental commandment. All the legislation of the past, and all that is to come, if it make for the highest good of man, must concur to fulfill this great commandment of love. To what a glorious goal of human history does this concept point us on!

8. Our conception of the origin of law and the nature of its authoritative sanctions will naturally accord with our theory of the origin of man and of his relation to the invisible forces of the world. So far as trustworthy history informs us, the human race as a whole has been making very slow progress through the centuries. If we try to go back to the prehistoric times, and gather up all the facts and the hints which point to his condition centuries and millenniums before Moses and Abraham and Hammurabi, we cannot find that he made any faster progress during the most infantile childhood of the world. The modern scientist tells us quite positively that man is the product, through incalculable ages, of evolution, of some lower kind of animal, probably some lost species of a Simian form. But, according to this theory, the anthropoid ape, in his turn, was an evolution from a still more remote ancestor of a still lower type of organism. I, for one, have no controversy with this theory of the animal origin of man. To me the concept becomes more and more, as I study it, marvelously grand and sublime. Thus I behold life and intelligence slowly

but surely developing, rising higher and higher through millions of years, until they appear in the mystery and magnificence of human personality, personality capable of knowing, obeying, and violating law.

9. In accordance with this magnificent concept I now think of Law as something higher and broader than human life. I note also that men of profound research suggest that Matter and Energy are the two great factors which may account for all things. For aught we know to the contrary, this suggestion may be the statement of a fundamental fact. But this proposition, apparently so simple and comprehensive at first thought, becomes deeply mysterious when we go on to ask some questions. What is Matter? What is Energy? Matter we can see, and touch, and taste, and probe by many tests. But what and whence is Energy? It is an invisible power, which we may feel and reverence more or less, but which in the depths of its mysteries is past our finding out. We do well to be somewhat agnostic when we presume to define this invisible Energy, but is it wise or prudent to be hasty in affirming or assuming that the forces which operate the countless forms of matter in the universe are blind, unconscious, unintelligent movements of Energy? The stones, the mountains, the rivers, and the oceans, the winds, and the stars are all under law. Who knows but that law itself is, in the last analysis of our thought, a name for our human concept of an invisible but intelligent Energy that rules the visible universe? It is certain that one commanding law of human thought, from which no sane mind can revolt, is that every effect must have a sufficient cause. What sufficient cause, then, we ask—and thoughtful men have ever been asking it—what sort of a power is that unseen Energy back of all phenomena? Can it be a blind, impersonal, unintelligent force that so legislates and orders the movements of suns and moons and planets that the astronomer can tell us the certain solar eclipse of a thousand years from now, and write down the very second when that eclipse will begin and end?

10. We believe that Law, as such, has no existence apart from beings and things which have natural relations to one another. The clod, the cloud, the tree, and the flower are under law, but

with no self-consciousness or thought. Only a spiritual personality like man is capable of perceiving the nature and obligations of law. It accords with all this that, among the great peoples and nations of antiquity, law in the highest sense was conceived as emanating from the Supreme Ruler of the world. It matters not, in the present argument, what form of expression the concept or the traditions bear. Myth, legend, folk-lore, poetry, embellished symbols attach to the traditions of prehistoric legislation, and naturally so. These were but the language of the time, the outward drapery of the real facts of divine-human lawgiving. The essential truth traceable in all these forms of thought is that law and religion alike point to an invisible divine Ruler of the heavens and the earth. We can see but parts of his ways, but in our final analysis we may define law as the intelligent operation of power, and religion is a becoming respect of such law. But law and religion alike are to me unthinkable apart from intelligent personality. The ultimate ground and reason of moral obligation must rest in some moral relationship, and such relationship can exist only between intelligent beings. Such being the case, all righteous human lawgiving must somehow involve the discovery and statement of moral forces which make for the highest good of man. But these forces are essentially part and parcel of the one invisible Energy which moves and rules through all things and is absolute in its authority. So far, now, as that invisible Power is perceived by man and commands his respect and obedience, so far it becomes in fact the divine inspirer of every righteous thought and principle. Is there, then, any more rational conclusion than that this superior Energy, which is in all, through all, and over all, is the adorable Father of mankind? "We are his offspring," as the old Greek poet said, and all the reports of divine-human lawgiving are but so many versions of the manner in which through ages and generations, man has been slowly becoming acquainted with his heavenly Father and his Father's house.

Milton S. Terry

Art. IV.—OLD ROME IN NEW ITALY

In the closing chapter of Gibbon's monumental history there are two men standing on the Capitoline Hill, Roman citizens of the fifteenth century. The modern world is just emerging from the mists of the Middle Ages. Gazing upon the mournful prospect which spreads out in lean desolation before them, one thus addresses the other: "The hill of the Capitol, on which we sit, was formerly the head of the Roman empire, the citadel of the earth, the terror of kings, illustrated by the footsteps of so many triumphs, enriched with the spoils and tributes of so many nations. This spectacle of the world, how it is fallen! how changed! how defaced! The path of victory is obliterated by vines, and the benches of the senators are concealed by a dunghill. Cast your eyes on the Palatine Hill, and seek among the shapeless and enormous fragments the marble theater, the obelisks, the colossal statues, the porticoes of Nero's palace; survey the other hills of the city—the vacant space is interrupted only by ruins and gardens. The Forum of the Roman people, where they assembled to enact their laws and elect their magistrates, is now inclosed for the cultivation of pot-herbs, or thrown open for the reception of swine and buffaloes. The public and private edifices, that were founded for eternity, lie prostrate, naked, and broken, like the limbs of a mighty giant, and the ruin is the more visible from the stupendous relics that have survived the injuries of time and fortune."[1] Four and a half centuries later a pilgrim from the Western world, a world undiscovered at the time these two Romans stood on the hill and indulged in their melancholy reflections, stands on the same hill and beholds not less but more of ruin. Yet additional decay has been attended by increased reverence. The ruins were never more venerable than at this hour. Time has not ceased to challenge the staying power of column and wall, yet the regard of the historian, the antiquarian, and the patriot for these pathetic reminders of bygone splendor has an augmentation

[1] Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vi, 516.

in passing years positively fascinating to the sympathetic on-looker. Before us lie the same valleys and rise the same hills. To our left, as we turn and face the north, flows the Tiber, its nearest bank scarcely a third of a mile distant. Sweeping with the eye the circle from northeast to southwest one notes the famous hills, the Quirinal, the Viminal, the Esquiline, the Cælian, the Aventine, while in the center, southeast of the Capitoline, rises the Palatine. Between the last named spreads out the Roman Forum. If the scattered bones are so vast, how huge must have been the live giant! This reflection is most pertinent as we face the south, and overlook again the great market place, the space reserved for law courts, the center of the Roman world. The Forum runs north and south about five hundred feet, and east and west about four hundred feet. Lying on a lower level than the surrounding streets, its old paved floor appears much broken and defaced, yet one may see in spots the worn marble slabs on which the famous triumphal processions marched to the end of their glorious path, the far-off beginning of which lay in Parthia, Gaul, the Nile, the Thames.

You step down into this scene of the old renown. Hard by is the oldest known sewer in the world that is as good today as new. A longitudinal opening in the surface allows one to peer down some ten or fifteen feet into the gloom and satisfy himself that this underground conduit, the Cloaca Maxima, is as old as it is claimed to be, for a tale-bearing stench confirms after a fashion the report of history. This drain, with its roof cemented with time-defying Roman mortar, recalls the age of the kings of Rome, twenty-six centuries ago. To our left, as we face the south, is the next oldest monument or remnant of ancient Rome, the Tullianum, by some styled the Mamertine prison. Originally a well, it was in the course of time transformed into a dungeon. In the floor there is still the proof of its original use in an opening about the size of an ordinary bucket, now covered by a copper top. On removing the top, or cap, one can easily see and reach the surface of the water. Tradition has it that Saint Paul was confined here for a time, but reasons exist for doubting the fact as told. There is no denial, however, that Jugurtha, and some of the Catalinian conspirators, and others unknown to recorded his-

tory, were imprisoned in its gloom. It must have been a noisome hole in those hard and cruel days. Today its ceiling lies below the cellar floor of an old church. A narrow stairway of stone leads up from the lower depth to the church cellar. Our Italian guide, a hanger-on of the church, leading us down the steps, points to a rude intaglio of a face cut into the wall, and declares it was made when Saint Peter was being conducted down the stairs and was roughly thrown by the soldier against the hard wall. It is no matter that human flesh is softer than stone, nor that the stairs themselves were not built until several centuries later than the apostolic age. Roman Catholicism might well have earned the title of The Great Inventor of All Time. Edison is a wind-blown rush-light in contrast with her blazing impostures. Let us get out into the open air. Here even a broken stone is better company than an easy falsehood, and we shall find that when New Italy casts about in the days of her need for inspiring leadership she prefers the pathetic patchwork of a restored ruin of the old Rome to the lying lip of mediæval superstition. As we look about the Forum, lo! yonder is the spot where the dead body of Cæsar was burned; further on are the precincts of the abode of the Vestal Virgins. Late excavations have revealed old Rome's most cosmopolitan charity, for at the base of the Palatine is a row of photographic statues of high priestesses of the Temple of Vesta—and one of them has the unmistakable features of a Negress. Off to the southwest is Rome's hugest ruin, the Coliseum. Its vast oval cutting the sky has been sliced and ground and torn away by time and man until on one side it droops, like a weary eyelid, many feet downward from the original sky line. The fascinations of cruel sport are all over and gone, but the massive walls, the many portals insuring the safety and convenience of eighty thousand spectators, the subterranean caverns in which wild beasts were confined, the now visible remnants of supports for the wooden poles from which hung the widespreading curtain to shelter the crowd from the sun, all tell such a tale as the world will never hear again.

The Coliseum illustrates in itself every cause of ruin that has been so disastrous to the ancient glory of Rome: the injuries of overflowing river and raging fire, the attacks of barbarians and

Christians, the use and abuse of materials, the domestic quarrels of the Middle Age Romans. Long before its worst desolations were achieved, and when it still retained a modicum of its former splendor, even in its "naked majesty" it fascinated the gaze of Saxon pilgrims in the eighth century, and they expressed their praise and prophecy in words which Byron has framed in classic lines:

> While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls—the world!

This venerable ruin tells its story of the neglect of the thousand years following its disuse as Rome's playground. Though the inside was much damaged its external circumference, of one thousand six hundred feet, with its triple-storied elevation of eighty arches rising to one hundred and eight feet above the floor, remained until the sixteenth century still inviolate. Today the visitor at the Farnese palace on the bank of the Tiber may "curse the sacrilege and luxury of the upstart princes," nephews of the Pope, Paul III, for they made a quarry of the noble pile. Nor were they alone in their guilt. A like anathema has fallen on the nephews of another Pope, Urban VIII. The Berberini family, for their reckless selfishness, were bitterly scored by a punning poet in the oft-quoted line, *"Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecerunt Berberini."* And all is said when we note that Michelangelo borrowed from the Coliseum materials for the building of Saint Peter's.

How vastly preferable for inspiration to heroic life old Rome, damaged as it is, will ever be to young Italy is clear by a remarkable contrast. Ascend to the level of the two peaks from which we gained our first view of all the expanse of desolation. The one peak is the *Capitoline,* on our right as we face the south; the other is the *Arx,* or Citadel, of old Rome. The softer Italian makes of the latter *"Ava Cœli."* An old church crowns this peak. Its most precious, most famous possession is the bedizened wooden doll, the jewel-covered bambino. Superstition still works magical cures as it is carried out on certain holy days. In the Museum on the opposite peak is that pathetic picture of agony, The Dying

Gaul—a proud treasure of Rome, for long time styled The Dying Gladiator. As you stand fronting it, unable to fathom its eloquence, the English poet furnishes exit for feeling:

> I see before me the gladiator lie;
> He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
> Consents to death, but conquers agony.
> And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
> And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
> From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,
> Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
> The arena swims around him; he is gone
> Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

Does one say that the Gauls were the victors of the same legions who defended the Hill, and in their turn set upon its crest the standards of the Teutonic peoples? Better that than the conquest by the ignorance, or superstition, or vicious class pride, or vicar-claims of later days in whose train there followed the error that carved the Doll in the neighboring church. The contrast suggested by the wood and the marble will run on in leaping memory too far for present space. But we may well pause a moment and survey the prospect. The love of art, of education, of country, of a nobler national policy, is taking the place of a spirit which in other days laid intolerable burdens upon the heart of Italy.

Rome lies in layers: (1) pagan, (2) mediæval Christian, and (3) modern independence. The last is everywhere leaping to the front, and puts the second aside for the sake of getting at the wealth of concrete material and of genuine inspiration. I say "wealth of concrete," not meaning that the modern spade strikes golden hoards under the surface, but far richer stores in shattered arch and broken column. The modern Italian government is at war with the ravaging hand of time. On the Palatine Hill—the *Roma Quadrata* of Romulus and Remus—official supervision is preserving and restoring all it can. Even more noticeable is this fact when one enters the vast halls and apartments of the Baths of Caracalla. No clearer evidence of the preference of the modern Italian patriot and scholar for oldest Rome as against old Rome can be adduced than the fact that the government frequently and

without apology orders the destruction or removal of some thousand-year-old monastery in order to get at remains of buildings two and three thousand years old. The Dark Ages bespeak for themselves scant reverence, in the presence of a nobler appeal to the heroic hater of shams, in the shape of an armless statue or a crumbling arch emerging from their concealing envelope of dirt and ashes. The only completely preserved building of pagan days that stands intact today is the Pantheon. It is a good witness of the three layers of which mention has been made. The Pantheon was first a temple, then a church; now it is a mausoleum. Here and there the cross appears, and many tombs of Italy's great ones. Among these two are of special significance: one that of Raphael, who lavished his genius in the glorification of the papacy when art was unable to reform the church, another that of Victor Emmanuel, who died in January, 1878, after having been compelled to turn from Roman pontiff to Roman people in his noble ambition to reorganize the peninsula and solidify into one nation the scattered members of what Metternich called "a geographical expression." Coming out from the Pantheon we find ourselves wondering if this is the sum of Italy's toil—the burying of her dead in dismantled walls, and the digging up of the older dead. Is Italy's best a grave?

Mrs. Browning, a half century ago, watched the shouting crowds of Florence stream past her windows in the Casa Guidi, and thrilled with the hope that they would accomplish something for Italy's unification; so she rang the changes of her bright appeals in the first half of "Casa Guidi Windows," but when she discovered the crowds to be unheroic, and satisfied with strewing flowers on the spot where Savonarola was burned, she sang, in the last half of her poem:

> Still graves, when Italy is talked upon;
> Still, still the patriot's tomb, the stranger's hate!

Yet had she read more deeply, she would have found that Italy's very graveyard was changing to a garden spot, and that old Rome was to have its day of resurrection. Even the second layer named contained enough good soil for planting good seed which would

spring to a generous life in proper time. The most perfect illustration of papal pride is Saint Peter's. Our line of thought has preferred the concrete to the abstract, so the most glorious church on earth furnishes us a picture of the time of transition from the middle to the modern age. Its dimensions on the ground floor are not much different from those of the Coliseum, nor, indeed, from those of the Forum. Its length is six hundred and fifteen feet, its width four hundred and fifty, its height, to the top of the gold cross on the great ball, is four hundred and thirty-five feet. The interior proportions are so perfect that its magnitudes deceive the eye. It will help the eye if we remember that each one of the gigantic pillars supporting the dome is as large at the base as the similar measure of the Washington Monument by the Potomac. Imagine four such piles at the intersection of the main aisle and the transept of Saint Peter's. In its erection the church robbed the Coliseum of much marble, and for its payment money was raised by special taxes laid upon the credulity of the superstitious. It defaced antiquity, it mortgaged truth, in order to fling its dome into the blue sky. It looked not back to the simple faith of the Catacombs church, but rather enshrined the Christian belief in a maze of complicated ceremonials, and laid the burden of an imposing ritual upon a clergy already weighted with form. Yet it held in its rich interior, or, rather, in the Vatican palace hard by, and decorated by the same genius, the picture prophecy of a better day. Raphael was born in the same year with Luther, 1483. While the German lad was singing for bread under the windows of Eisenach Raphael was handling paints in Urbino with almost mature skill. The year 1511 finds Luther on his pilgrimage to Rome, where Raphael, called thither by the art-loving Pope, had begun to glorify the papacy. Among the marvels of his handicraft there is a wall painting called "The Deliverance of Saint Peter." The colors had scarcely dried when, in 1517, the Wittenberg church door resounded under the hammer of the monk as he painted not but nailed his theses to the panels. The paper is gone, and the paint has stuck, but they both preached the same gospel, and both eyed the future like true prophets. Time was long in approving their vision, for it was not until 1870 that Saint

Peter became, so far as Rome was concerned, a free-speaking itinerant of the nineteenth century. The money Tetzel collected north of the Alps enabled the Pope to pay the painter for his picture of apostolic freedom, but the liberty enjoyed by Italy today was achieved in a way never dreamed of by Pope or painter. The story of liberty and union is crammed with inspiring facts.

When Poggius and his friend stood on the Capitoline Hill and mused on the dead past, never, as they reasoned, to be recovered, a rebirth was at hand. The year 1453 marked the downfall of the eastern half of the Roman empire at the surrender of Constantinople to the Turk. The New Learning spread westward and changed the whole spirit of life and scholarship. The Greek scholars who fled from Constantinople with Greek manuscripts under their arms were the advance guard of an army under whose banners the young life of every later age has joyed to enlist. Free thought opened its eyes. Art flourished in Italy. The semipagan pontiff's tastes published his devotion to its dictates rather than to the altars of the church. The secularization of the clergy was at hand. Whether the new day should turn to the poison or to the pure water was a question. Then came the Reformation, not having for its leading foundations merely economic or political causes, but, as the late History of the Reformation by Dr. Lindsay has made clear, mental and moral causes. True, Europe had been getting ready for its metamorphosis for many years. The new emphasis upon linguistic and national differences, the failing feudalism, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, printing, the triumph of the Copernican astronomy, and the discovery of America were huge signposts of progress. Europe was steadily moving toward an inevitable emancipation of thought and will and the more perfect development of national life for several peoples. Italy was the first to welcome the New Learning, yet the last, after weary ages, to reap the ripest fruit. In Italy the New Learning was mental, artistic, æsthetic, rather than moral. The church herself encouraged a dangerous "pseudo-pagan ideal of life." Beauty, and not power, settled in Italy. Power, and not beauty, took up its abode in Germany. This is true as a general statement. Exceptions are highly significant evidences

of its sobriety. In 1491 Savonarola was elected prior of Saint Mark's in Florence, yet, after having given large proof of transcendent eloquence and power of leadership, he was burned in 1498 on the charge of heresy. He had set himself in vain against the semipagan absolutism of the papacy. But his vision fell true in God's good time. Though a reaction followed his struggle, the final result could not be forever held back. Throughout Europe two camps divided love and thought and blood. The liberal was pitted against the conservative. The Teutonic peoples went one way, the Latins another. Spain championed the latter and, backed by the papacy, checked the tide of revolution for a season. Yet all the while the Vatican held the prophecy of the painter on its walls, though no prelate had eyes to read its meaning. German and Englishman alike sum up Saint Peter's as a monumental illustration of the text, "Pride goeth before destruction." Hegel compares Saint Peter's to the Temple of Athene, "built with the money of the allies and [which] issued in the loss of both allies and power; so the completion of this Church of Saint Peter and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment' in the Sistine Chapel were the Doomsday and the ruin of this proud spiritual edifice."[1] And Lecky says:[2]

> There is none that tells a sadder tale of the frustration of human efforts and the futility of human hopes. It owes its greatest splendor to a worldly and ambitious pontiff, Julius II, who has not even obtained an epitaph beneath its dome. It was designed to be the eternal monument of the glory and the universality of Catholicism, and it has become the most impressive memorial of its decay.

After Italy awoke there was nothing to do but to go back of this stupendous arsenal of ecclesiasticism, back to a day when one banner floated from the Alps to Sicily. To an American there is no other story of struggle for "liberty and union" quite so pathetic, quite so stirring, next to that of 1776 and that of 1861-65, as the story of the winning of Italian independence.

For a thousand years before Napoleon Italy had been a patchwork of jealous cities and principalities, subject to German

[1] Hegel, Philosophy of History, p. 431.
[2] Lecky, History of Rationalism, vol. i, p. 206.

emperor, to warrior Pope, and rival princes. Napoleon came, bettered the condition of things in Italy, left it nursing a dream, then fell. With his going Italy collapsed. True, from Milan he had issued a heart-awakening proclamation; he had come "to reëstablish the Capital, to awaken the Roman people from centuries of servitude; such will be the fruits of our victory." He was a most veracious seer, but not the executor of his vision. Other men had dreamed dreams. The idea of a united and free Italy was taught by Dante, Petrarch, and even Macchiavelli. But for centuries Italy's soul was on the auction block and her freedom was sold to the highest bidder. The Congress of Vienna left Sardinia to its former king. Austria took Lombardy and Venice. Napoleon's widow and the Hapsburgs divided other principalities between them. The Papal States went to the Pope. But the new spirit of Italy could never again cower in the old dungeon. A young exile from Italy was second in command of a vessel in the Sea of Azof. One day he stepped ashore and joined a "Young Italy" club. It was Joseph Garibaldi, twenty-four years old. About the same time a young engineer of Genoa was put on garrison duty. He wrote in 1834: "In my dreams I see myself already a Minister of Italy." It was Camillo Cavour. If Cavour was the statesman and Garibaldi the knight errant of modern Italian independence,[1] Mazzini was its prophet. It was he who in 1830 started the "Young Italy" clubs, and became the chief encourager of revolutionary principles. What was most evident in the second third of the century had been brewing in 1820. In that year King Ferdinand of Naples swore a solemn oath to protect the rights of his subjects and then illustrated his perjury by the jailing, exile, and death of such as had plead and fought for what he had promised. He died in 1824 and left the kingdom to his son Francis, whose reign lasted six years, and whose final delirium echoed with the words: "What are those cries? Do the people demand a constitution? Give it to them! Give it to them!" Even then Metternich declared Italy to be "of all European lands the one which had the greatest tendency to revolution."

[1] Symonds.

Thus Mazzini, who was arrested soon after 1830 for being a member of the "Carbonari," found the way growing clearer for the "Young Italy" clubs, and before 1832 his new society ranked all other revolutionary organizations. Between 1820 and 1850 the novels and the poetry of Italy were filled with hopes of freedom from foreign domination, of the separation of the powers of church and state, and of the unification of the peninsula. Even the antechambers of the Vatican were echoing with the new and growing opinions. In 1844 Emilio and Attilio Bandiera, young Venetian officers, became ardent advocates of Italian unity and conspired against the Neapolitan government. Their arrest was quickly followed by a death sentence. Going to their place of doom they sang: "He who for his country dies has already lived long enough," and amid the rattle of musketry they shouted: *"Evviva l' Italia!"* In 1845 the king of Piedmont, Charles Albert, said: "My life, the life of my sons, my arms, my treasure, my army, all shall be devoted to the cause of Italy!" The new generation welcomed the new ideas. Niebuhr had said a few years before: "No one feels himself a citizen. . . . Not only are the people destitute of hope but they have not even wishes touching the world's affairs; and hence all the springs of great and noble thoughts are choked up." Niebuhr knew a vast deal of old Rome, but little enough of new Italy. Nor was there agreement among Italian leaders. Mazzini hoped for a republic. That was impossible. Italy's dawn was in Piedmont, where Charles Albert was strengthening his ancestral kingdom and at the same time granting political liberties to his people. The year 1848 was bright with hopes of a better day. The Papal States were gratified by the appointment of a layman, Prince Gabrielli, as war minister, the first layman in the papal cabinet. Sicily was in revolution, Genoa and Turin led the way in demand for reform. Nowhere was there more joy than in Rome, where the Pope's sympathy with reform led the populace to shout his praises while they cursed Austria and the Jesuits. This same eventful year witnessed the change of stress from the question of reform to that of national independence. In the struggle which followed with Austria the Pope, Pius IX, pulled back, and from that hour lost influence with the

whole Italian people. The reaction of failure was heart-breaking. It is not to our purpose to attempt to unravel the tangle of the next twenty years. Armaments, displays of force, and cannon thunders may be discounted, but not so the free spirit of man. The glory of 1848 was followed by the gloom of 1849, when the French army under General Oudinot drove the liberals from Rome and replaced the conservatives in power. Even so, though the intrepid Garibaldi recognized the cause as hopeless, the day before the French entered the city he led out his band of four thousand with the memorable words: "I can only offer you hunger and danger, the earth for a bed, and the warmth of the sun for refreshment, but let whosoever does not even now despair of the fortunes of Italy follow me!"

But Rome, old Rome, they never despaired of securing for the center and capital of the new and unified Italy. What Crispi said in 1891, "Unity for Italy is a guarantee of her life, and unity without Rome cannot be secured," was the growing feeling throughout the different sections of Italy long before 1870. The passion of modern Italians for Rome as a capital has not been understood by politicians on other shores. The Italians themselves grant its unsuitableness for a capital; its site is lonely; its commercial position is not equal to that of many other Italian cities; its location, on the whole, not healthy, and its people not as orderly as those of the Tuscan or the Lombardy valleys, yet there they cling, and for this the red-shirts leaped up from the south at the call of Garibaldi. It was while reflecting upon the events of 1865 and of 1870 that Mr. Bryce was led to write: "Men are not now, any more than they ever were, chiefly governed by calculations of material profit and loss. Sentiments, fancies, theories, have not wholly passed away from politics."[1] Cavour comes to the front, and in the hours of gloom before final victory he finely preserved the gains of constitutional liberty. He cultivated the friendship of England to good purpose. He lifted the Sardinian kingdom into the councils of Europe by the share he secured for Italians in the Crimean war, when he sided with England and France against Russia. Metternich, that wily old conservative, said: "Diplomacy is passing

[1] Bryce, Holy Roman Empire, p. 298.

away. There is only one diplomatist in Europe, and unfortunately he is against us, he is M. de Cavour." The Italian worked until his death, in 1861, with the farthest issues always in his eye. He induced Louis Napoleon to cross the Alps and drive out the Austrian, and there were great hopes that the end was at hand, which, however, was postponed when Napoleon took sides with the enemy for fear of Prussia. The Pope held to the position of the extreme Romanists, refusing to yield an inch of territory or an ounce of temporal power. In opposition to him the great majority of Italians cast their influence in with Cavour, and despite the thunders of excommunication they steadily swelled the throng, Florence, Parma, Modena, Bologna, in swearing allegiance to Victor Emmanuel. For a time Venice lay under the heel of Austria. To the south the king of Naples ran his evil and fatal course. Garibaldi landed on the coast of Sicily and opened the way for liberty with his cry, "Italy and Victor Emmanuel!" All opposition bent before him, and when he entered Naples the city rocked in a delirium of joy without a parallel. He marched up the backbone of Italy and met Victor Emmanuel—who had entered the Papal States, welcomed by the majority, fearless now of papal excommunication—with the words, "Long live the king of Italy!" Soon after the fiery, unselfish patriot retired to his island home at Caprera to await the opportune hour for the final blow.

Only Rome and Venice were now, at Cavour's death, out of the union. But the inevitable drew near. In 1862 Garibaldi raised the cry, "Rome or Death!" trying to force the hand of the king, but too soon. In 1864 the capital was moved from Turin to Florence. Men saw that as the political capital was sure to be Rome, the temporal power of the papacy was doomed. The blind ones were the Pope and his immediate supporters. They spent their few remaining hours in spitting against the hurricane. December 8, 1864, a syllabus was issued declaring that liberty of worship and of conscience was a profound error. Rather odd, the French emperor, whose armies were protecting the Pope, denounced the syllabus even more pointedly than did Victor Emmanuel. Prussia's war against Austria in 1866 gave up Venice to Italy. Only Rome was left. Two contending currents

of thought, or, rather, of dogma and fact, clashed. The end was not far off, could not be postponed. The great Council of December 8, 1869, met to discuss the doctrine of papal infallibility. A majority voted for it. But, as if to mock at the futility of an effort to fasten mediævalism upon the modern world, the Franco-Prussian war was on, and rushing to its swift conclusion, while the pontiff and his Conclave were fighting progress at the Vatican. As a necessary consequence the French troops had to be drawn from the Roman barracks to try fortunes against the Germans at Sedan and Metz. Strange conjunction! Paris was enveloped by the German army September 19, 1870. Rome was entered by Garibaldi, September 20, 1870, and with Rome were won the unity and nationality of Italy. Ancient Italy exhibited the most illustrious example of centralized power of all antiquity; Middle Age Italy stood for a synonym of division; modern Italy is the spectacle of a romance of history second to none, in the restoration of order and liberty and national life. The resurrection has come. Mrs. Browning lamented that Italy had only graves. Yet the dirge of the singer was changed into a marching song in the shrilling notes with which Garibaldi's red-shirts filled the valleys of Tuscany, coming up from the south to capture Rome for the capital of the new and united Italy:

> The sepulchers open; the dead have arisen,
> The martyrs of freedom have burst from their prison!

The high purpose of the regenerators of Italian liberty is most impressively shown in a series of paintings which few travelers dwell upon, or even seek out, in the Senate rooms of the Capitol not far from the Pantheon. In 1888 a celebrated painter was delegated to put upon the walls various representations of heroic Rome struggling against domestic treason and foreign foe. On one wall is the eloquent Cicero pointing the finger of scorn at the traitor, sitting in sullen anger alone, the other members of the Assembly having drawn away from him as if fearing the contamination of infidelity to Rome's good estate. On another wall is the vivid portrayal of the departure of the old hero, Regulus, for Carthage, going to his certain doom in preference to urging

his countrymen to yield to the demands of Carthage. He steps on the gang-plank unmoved by senators, soldiers, plain men, women, and children, who grieve and weep, yet mingle pride with their lament as they watch the veteran waving his native land a loyal farewell. So old Rome speaks to new Italy, not only in art, but song, and novel, and in the symbol of democratic progress—the free ballot. For even in this last modern Italy hies back more eagerly to the days of the republic than to those of the papacy. Against this irresistible might the late encyclical of the Pope flattens like a leaden bullet against a granite wall. Recent events have but emphasized the point of the title of this paper. The claims of the Roman Church to utter infallible judgments are utterly fragile, and shiver to fragments when pushing their pretensions against modern progress. The late encyclical of the Pope, *"de modernistis,"* is a general assault against the inevitable in the social, the scientific, and the theological worlds. Yet its present attitude is its logical, its traditional one. It will be recalled that the Council of Trent declared that Christ had instituted all the seven sacraments. And the Vatican Council has hurled anathemas against any who deny that "the books of Holy Scriptures in their integrity and in all their parts are divinely inspired." The church that harks back to the Middle Ages for its philosophy, theology, and biblical criticism can have no sympathy with "the modernists." Next to its mediævalism in thought is its mediævalism in the methods of applying the gag and ferreting out of criminals. The Pope proposes to set up a vigilance committee in every diocese. It remains to be seen how modernism will stand this. The Pope is making the church a house for superstition, but altogether impassible to truth and scholarship. He aims at the resurrection of the old ideal of the *static* in thought, in society, in religion, whereas philosophy, sociology, and history are nothing worth unless *dynamic* in every forward step. The Pope forgets Galileo, and lo Garibaldi, not now militant with telescope but with rifle ball, comes to teach him that true legend, if not true fact, is *"E pur si muove,"* and that never yet did man try to break knowledge but knowledge broke him. His Holiness may suppress the printed book; the author's mind is not subject to fire and

prison cell, and quite escapes him. While the paper shrivels to ashes, the thinker heats himself into hotter antagonism to his oppressor. And even today Rome does not seem to know the difference between paper and power. One, speaking of the "modernist" controversy, remarks: "Gout is painful, but not dangerous till it reaches the stomach." That is, these ideas have not generally reached the masses, or those members upon whose contributions the church depends for material support. "Modernism" spoke lately at the Italian polls in a majority against the clericals. It looks as if the gout were affecting the stomach. The church drove Dr. Döllinger and other scholars out of the fold in 1870, and for the next thirty years scarcely held such men as the learned Lord Acton, and closed Mivart's mouth only to lose him from her altars, and has of late provoked M. Loisy to sharper protest by her stifling mediævalism. Such traditional interference with freedom of thought and such opposition to the spirit of genuine progress may not expect to recover any lost ground in the plain man's traditional reverence and submissiveness when once he has mixed well common school and ballotbox, and feels himself a genuine factor in the working out of his country's destiny. The High Priest of Mediævalism has taken easy toll of ignorance and bigotry for his altars, has dictated irrational dogmas to unfree minds, and wielded the keys of a double despotism long enough. Now that Italy has joined the procession of the twentieth century in vain he offers bribes to the children of patriots who died for constitutional liberty. In vain he mutters maledictions against their recreant ingratitude, in vain proposes a system of espionage against the thinker of his own thoughts. The granddaughter of General Garibaldi teaches in the Sunday school of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome. Her name is "Italia." She was chosen to welcome to Rome the World Congress of Sunday School Workers in the spring of 1907. The effect was beyond description. In her very name, melodious title, she became the image of the spirit with which her loved Italy, purified by much suffering and strong after much struggle, faces a new future, one of high destiny and abiding renown.

R. T. Stevenson.

Art. V.—THE CHILDREN OF BRITISH CITIES AND TOWNS

Our age, like every preceding age, is confronted with its own problems, and among the most urgent is, What is to be done with our urban children? In our cities and towns are growing up two thirds of the nation that is to be when the men of today have passed off the stage. The physical strength, the intelligence, the moral fiber and force of our successors reside potentially in the children of the homes that line gray streets and lanes and courts, the children who crowd the common schools and turn pavement and open square and every bit of smoke-stunted grass in the parks into playground. These pale-faced urchins, a large proportion of whom are half fed, and a still larger proportion diseased, and handicapped for the race from the womb, who are forced into the infant school almost as soon as they are able to walk, to be mechanically drilled, and hardened into mental woodenness and taught what they never learn by college-trained, scientifically equipped teachers when what they need is a mother's or foster mother's tender nurture, and instruction how to play healthily, to laugh, and forget that which they will soon enough learn—that life is school—these children, when they have moved on from "standard" to "standard," gaining knowledge rather than education (and that knowledge but a poor parrot smattering), are to be the citizens of the days to come, "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown." These are to be the burden-bearers of empire, to command or to comprise, on sea and land, the hosts of war, if wars should be—which God forbid!—and the hosts of industry, of commerce, of social progress, and of religion.

Now, considering the facts laid before us as to the condition of our urban children by students of child life, like Sir John Gorst in Children of the Nation, Mr. Reginald Bray in The Town Child, Miss McMillar in Labour and Childhood, Miss Clementina Black in Sweated Industries, and Olive C. Malveny (Mrs. MacKirdy) in Baby Toilers, all recent books, do we relish the depress-

ing outlook? Is it not time that the nation should wake up and shake off apathy, heartlessness, and insane self-complacency? Would it not be well for us to realize how far in such matters as the salvation of child life, the intelligent treatment of the body and mind of the child and rational education we are falling behind some European nations, and even Japan? This subject is no doubt intimately linked with such questions as a minimum wage, the total abolition of child labor, the proper housing of the people, the severe disciplinary treatment of vicious and indolent parents who batten on the slavery of their offspring, and the further restriction of the power of the drink trade. If it should prove that the reign of the democracy, which appears to be imminent, would result in an earnest attempt to solve these questions, who can doubt that the nation as a whole would regard such a reign as a divine interposition on behalf of righteousness and mercy, after the impotence of both the great parties in the state and their humiliating failure to deal adequately and wisely with these pressing problems? The limitation of the natural growth of the population for selfish and immoral reasons which marks our time must bring its own nemesis. We could hardly expect that effeminate luxury and love of pleasure and ease would be prepared to share in the pains and sacrifices which motherhood entails; but that the nation should calmly contemplate the withering of the tree of life, barrenness, and prospective enfeeblement of the race, that the classes best fitted physically and intellectually to rear and foster and educate children should leave this burden mainly to the poor, the overworked, the underfed, the ignorant and overweighted, in a word, to those least fit to be the parents of the coming generation—to those who in many instances have neither capacity nor means to bring up children—this is a sinister sign, prophetic, it may be, of multitudinous sorrows. Childless homes are the fashion of the hour among the well-to-do, or homes in which is heard the voice of a solitary child, or of two, at most; but no longer homes where echoes the ringing laughter of a bevy of bright children at play. The choicest heritage that God can confer on virtuous wedded life is renounced for an unblessed loneliness, the prelude of gloom in a remorseful old age where no child's hands sustain

the faltering steps, no child's voice comforts the disconsolate years, and no child's heart beats in tender love-unison when the world is cold and strange. Not that we undervalue our working folk. For their vital force and character and parental devotion are often undeniable. Indeed, it would not be difficult to find tens of thousands of homes of the common people of the land where happiness waits on sobriety and thrift, and where well-cared-for children are growing up to equip the ranks of industry and to replenish the strength of the nation. But it would be suicidal to try to hide the darker side. Multitudes of children live in homes where the parents are as depraved as they are grossly ignorant, and are wholly oblivious to the true welfare of their offspring. Multitudes more are found where poverty, inevitable and helpless, inflicts its penalty of starvation, or half starvation, and disease, where shameful sweating extorts for a few pence the last ounce of energy and joy and hope. Multitudes are born to die in infancy, mercifully snatched from a scarcely endurable existence. Yet what a grim slaughter of the innocents is this! Multitudes who survive do so only to curse the land by inherited criminal tendencies, by misdirected powers, or to be wrecks and waifs on the stormy wastes of suffering and sorrow, or to canker the nation's gladness while they appeal to its sympathies and are a charge on its resources. The infantile death rate, especially in urban populations, is swollen beyond all excuse. The rate per one thousand of infants under a year old, in England and Wales, is 152. In some great cities it is appalling. In Burnley, for instance, in 1904 it was 233, and in some Birmingham parishes it was still higher: in Saint Mary's in that city in 1905 it was 331. Wherever a working class population congregates infants perish in vast numbers. And we fear there will be little change for the better until the law steps in and forbids the employment of the mothers on whom infant life depends. For here is the root of the evil: the neglect of infants by women who, through little fault of their own, are morally compelled to work in factories and other places for the support of their families; women who, confronted with poverty and destitution on the one hand, and mortal peril to the unborn or newly born child on the other, are obliged to make

choice. And thus, as Sir John Gorst says: "The newborn infant has to begin life by being sacrificed to the rest of the family." While the law lingers (the present Act is a dead letter), while it waits to be strengthened, while the will to put it into operation calls for reënforcement by enlightened public opinion, the infant perishes. The mother must be taught her duty to her child. Her conscience must be awakened. She must be taught the preciousness of human life and the sin of imperiling the child through neglect, carelessness, and vicious ways, as well as through the pressure of poverty.

Humane efforts like those so successfully made at Huddersfield must be multiplied. Under the provisions of the Public Health Acts urban dairies should be established where pure milk may be obtained, at the cost of the ratepayer if necessary. The votaries of pleasure, the lovers of ease, who make care for infantile life secondary to the claims of a gay existence, to the rage for "bridge," and sport generally, must be compelled to feel the sting of public scorn if love has to them no appeal, and if law cannot reach them with its sacred sanctions.

Miss McMillar gives some alarming statistics[1] in regard to the extent of disease among children, not infants simply. She shows that the trail of disease is over the schools. It would be easy to fill our pages with figures, but we must limit ourselves to a few. In Edinburgh, 1,300 children attending school had heart disease. One school doctor found 700 cases of neglected phthisis. Nose and throat trouble is terribly prevalent. Among school children in the bleak Scotch capital there were 15,000 cases of this class—an immense proportion. London, in the Report of the Committee on Physical Degeneration, shows up badly. Mr. Arthur Cheadle examined the nose, ears, and throat of 1,000 children between the ages of three and sixteen in the Hanwell district school. Only 34 per cent of these had normal ears and hearing, and 45 per cent were suffering from adenoids. Eye diseases are common, and many children lose their sight through neglect. Of the children in the "standards," 10 per cent had defective vision. Skin diseases are in some districts a dreaded

[1] Labour and Childhood.

plague, so contagious that they are spread from child to child almost as quickly as flame is passed from one dry grass blade to another. Apart from the need of dealing with infections and dangerous diseases such as scarlet fever, measles, and diphtheria, we have here a powerful plea for the employment of the school doctor in the primary schools, and for the segregation of afflicted children in select schools where they may have special oversight and treatment. Slow as we are to move in this country, we are now at the opening of a new era in this respect. Hope sheds its light upon the horizon of the days to come. We welcome the advent of the school doctor. Here, at any rate, away from the battle of creeds, philanthropy may plow a fruitful field and scatter beneficent seed, and reap harvests of health and happiness. In the memorandum issued November 23, 1907, by Sir R. Morant, it is made clear that the new Act[1] contemplates improvement over a vast area. It will adapt "educational methods to the physical and mental capacities of the normal and abnormal child"; it will be concerned with "special anthropometric and analogous investigations," and will improve "methods of dealing with infectious diseases in schools." The memorandum of the Board of Education on medical inspection to which we refer is worth quotation, but by the time this paper appears it will be widely known. The marvelous results gained on the Continent, in the United States, and in Japan by the presence of the doctor in the schools have without doubt stimulated public opinion here and encouraged enlightened school authorities to make a beginning in some of the large cities and towns. Hitherto we have been satisfied with "the medical officer of health," whose functions do not cover the same ground as the school doctor, as he is known in the countries to which we have referred. In London he is at work in certain districts. There are some twenty doctors, most of them half-timers, or quarter-timers, for half a million of children. The doctor's duties are so onerous, and he is at work in such small numbers, that "no zeal or ability could make his work bear great practical results." What can a man do who is seen only once or twice a year in this vast wilderness of houses? Many of the children

[1] Education (Administration Provision) Act, 1907.

he saw on his last visit have gone to the school of the Gracious Shepherd in a sunnier place. Others have been pressed out to battle with the world in poor health. Things are not perceptibly better in provincial cities. Bradford has one school doctor to 40,000 children! As things have been, the doctor's work was wasted. Advice, with no real authority behind it, was not acted upon; treatment was not followed up; the period between one inspection and another was too long, and there was no continuous supervision of delicate individual cases. Again, parents could not afford time to take the ailing child to the hospital. Some of them were utterly negligent. We fervently cherish the hope that we now see the dawn of a better day.

The new school doctor is to be alike psycologist and physiologist. He is not to deal merely with sanitation, ventilation, and kindred matters, nor simply to inspect, notify, and give information. His first duty is to reduce to the minimum the risks of school attendance and safeguard the child, but other and equally serious tasks await him. He is to bring to his work expert knowledge of the mysterious mental and nervous organization of the pupil; he is to be concerned with the healthy development, physical, intellectual, moral, of the child. He is to diagnose not so much disease as faculty, to discover the psychological secrets of success or failure, and to proclaim the sacredness of human life. His methods and the means by which he shall attain his goal cannot be adequately described here, but they include the careful examination of each child upon entrance on his school career and afterward at definite periods, the special medical care of the weak and diseased, the inception of measures by which the sympathy and interest of the parents may be secured, so that they shall welcome inspection and cooperate with the doctor. Teaching by the masters will gradually be modified under his influence. Attempts to make all children, sick or well, normal or abnormal, toe the line and reach one "standard" will be abandoned. The task of the teacher will become more rational, and the atmosphere of the school will be brightened. The child will find pleasure in his work. The doctor will find his reward in seeing delicate children growing strong, and the risks of life diminishing. Ailments, as Miss McMillar says, will

be "sloughed off like a withered sheath." The experiences of American and German schools will be repeated in this country—the sick will be made whole, the stammering will speak plainly, and the half blind be made to see clearly. Into the pale and bloodless city child will be infused new, warm life, the flowers touched with frost and blight will be snatched from death and nursed back to perfect health, in due time to seed and yield practical fruit of priceless service to the nation.

All this is in the future. For the immediate present the Board of Education lays down the minimum of inspection which will be required under the Act of 1907: "There are to be three inspections during the school life of the child. [There ought to be annual inspections.] Record is to be made of the child's previous illness; his general condition and circumstances are to be investigated; throat, nose, ears, eyes, and teeth are to be examined. The facts thus discovered are to be made the basis of schemes for the amelioration of the evils." Poverty is the great cause of low vitality and disease and defect, as well as of stunted intelligence in city children. Poverty shuts the door against preventive and remedial agencies, and delivers the children to the power of ills that prey tigerlike upon it. Lack of food means a child with little strength to resist the attacks of sickness, and a child of emaciated brain. Such children are sometimes bright and clever, but, as one has said, their intelligence is only that "of a hunted animal." "It is not intellect in any real sense. The steady tendency of starvation is toward the destruction of brain power, disease lowers it. Children, though of good race, become stupid through underfeeding and an unhealthy mode of living."[1] And in the train of poverty, and sustained by it, are such evils as overcrowded homes, vitiated air, and overwork; and all these are deadly foes of vigor, of joy, and aspiration. They swell the death roll, and supply with victims refuges, asylums, and prisons. Poverty is at the root of much child slavery. By forcing children to work prematurely "it destroys the intelligence of brilliantly endowed children."[2] We are ashamed to remember that little ones are condemned to toil, by our glittering civilization, almost as soon

[1] Miss McMillar. [2] Miss McMillar.

as they are able to walk. The hours before and after school—hours natural to play—are devoured by labor. The blackest disgrace of our towns and cities is not the courtesan, is not the drunkard—it is the baby toiler. The return sent in from elementary schools in 1898 showed that nearly 200,000 boys and girls were regularly employed for profit out of school hours, and the figures were incomplete. No notice was taken of casual or seasonal employment. The town children fared worse than rural children. Long hours spent in the fields picking stones, or weeding, or scaring crows, often in rain and frost, were sufficiently grievous but not to be compared with such items as the following: selling newspapers in the streets and hawking other articles occupied 17,617 children; service in shops, 76,163; minding babies, 11,586; house and laundry work, 9,254; needlework, card-box making, etc., 4,019; knocking people up in the morning, 8,627. The hours of labor were often excessive. Only 39,355, out of the huge total employed, worked for so short a time as ten hours a week; 60,268 from ten to twenty hours; 27,008 from twenty to thirty hours; 9,778 from thirty to forty hours; 2,330 from forty to fifty hours; 793 above fifty hours, 75 of whom were actually employed over seventy hours a week. The wages were, generally speaking, insignificant, compared with the hours of work, some children not receiving more than a farthing an hour, and the period of labor extending from before sunrise to the ringing of the morning school bell and again from the close of afternoon school to late at night. Is it to be wondered that these little white slaves came to school tired out, their poor brains exhausted, and that they fell asleep over their lessons, taxing the patience of the long-suffering teacher and irritating the irascible, whose ferule fell sharply on the fingers of the child? Is it strange that health suffered in countless instances, or that all love of play departed, and their child faces became stereotyped in misery, grew deathly gray, and lined, and were more like the faces of little old men and women on the borderland of the grave than of children from five to fourteen? That serious damage is done to them admits of no question.

In regard to the half-time children working in mills and factories, the testimony of the teachers is that "from the first

day they enter the mills they begin to lose all interest in school work. A subtle change passes over them which is hard to define."[1] "Their very noisiness in their off-time speaks more of defiant sadness than of gayety." Promise is disappointed. "They lose ambition, hope, energy, power of attention as they grow older." Many bright boys, who can earn four or five shillings a week at thirteen or fourteen, seem to lose all wish to rise, grow lethargic, and sink gradually into the condition of casual laborers, to swell the army of the unemployed, or to become "Hooligans." Psychologists, like Miss McMillar, declare that premature work checks the upward movement of the human organization. Brain and nerves suffer; and loss of energy, spring, and aspiration render the child helpless. The very material is lost out of which might be born anew "the zest and ardor of mental life." This is an alarming phenomenon. The researches of Dr. Thomas, of the London Education Committee, in an effort to discover the real effect of overwork plus education on the wage-earning children, show (1) the rapid deterioration of physical health that follows hard and monotonous labor in childhood, and (2) in a still more impressive way the mischief wrought in the brain.[2] The results of the researches tabulated in Labour and Childhood (p. 81) make it clear, says Dr. Thomas, that "this out-of-school work is a wanton dissipation of the children's powers, the chief national capital, and that the evil effect falls on the best of the children." The quick, spirited child, anxious to learn and to earn, soon becomes stupid and listless, and is left behind by other children not naturally so clever; and this notwithstanding the fact that, because of their earnings, they are better fed and more in the open air. Work in these cases causes a steady decline of the physique as a whole. "The boy is a walker, a runner, a carrier. To walk, to run, to carry as free exercise is good; but as work it spells mere blight and loss." It is a lamentable waste of power that in the stress of industrial life, as it operates on town children, some of the fittest are flung aside and destroyed, that some human plants never have strength to flower, or produce only puny blossoms and weazened fruit, that the upward movement of energy is retarded early and

[1] Miss McMillar. [2] Referred to by Miss McMillar in Labour and Childhood.

dies back to the root, that too often the casual and the loafer are the final product of all educational effort. And it is the testimony of the magistrate and the police court missionary that "no spring will revive the ambition of the 'Hooligan.'"

Sir John Gorst,[1] Mr. Bray,[2] and Miss McMillar[3] agree that to alcohol, as it degrades the parent, must be attributed much child slavery. It is, in many working-class homes, alcohol that creates the necessity for child labor. Money must be obtained for drink, even if it be extracted out of the toil of the frail and helpless child. The moral blindness of the parent, and the resulting suffering of the child, amounting not seldom to imbecility, moral and intellectual, and to criminal tendency and rowdyism, are due, in many a case, to alcohol. "The family history of the seriously defective is very obscure. The parents do not want to lift the dark curtain that hangs over the past and in many cases they cannot. But enough is known to make it clear that alcohol—a poison that seems to have a strangely evil effect on the higher brain—is one great cause, if not the great direct cause, of arrested development. Its work fairly done there is no going back on the consequences. They follow as the night the day."[4] We do not wish to overestimate the close association of child misery, sin, and crime in after years with alcohol, though in the light thrown on this subject by the recent study of mental psychology it might be difficult to make too much of it. But if it be true, as is now asserted, that certain chambers may be missing from the otherwise well-built brain as the hereditary consequence of indulgence in alcohol, a terrible responsibility rests on the manufacturers and purveyors of strong drink, and on those who make it easy, almost inevitable, that the people in crowded cities should flee to it in order to find temporary excitement and rest from cruel care and poverty. Let it not be thought that we make any wholesale charges of drunkenness against the working people. The drinkers are a large minority. Still, the effect upon the children of those who are victims is deplorable, and drinking is far too prevalent whatever proportion of the population it curses. It must be made penal to ply a child

[1] In Children of the Nation. [2] In The Town Child. [3] In Labour and Childhood.
[4] Miss McMillar.

with alcohol, or to be found carrying or conducting a child into the public house with its vitiated and dangerous moral atmosphere. The drinking of mothers in our urban populations—not that this drinking is confined to towns and cities—and the way in which they train their children to drink are disquieting factors in our social life. The Home Office recently issued a report grim enough to satisfy an ogre. The information was obtained from certain police forces as to the frequenting of public houses by women and children, and it flashes a lurid light upon the moral obliquity, the deadness to all sense of moral responsibility, and the awful degradation of multitudes of those to whom is committed the care of the children, who in their plastic state are being poisoned, enfeebled, ruined for life. The following table copied from the Methodist Recorder will display the state of things better than rhetoric:

SUMMARY

Place	Number of Houses Observed	Period of Observation		Number of Women and Children Entering		Age of Children	Average Number of Children per House per Hour
		Days	Average Hours per Day	Women	Children		
Birmingham.....	10	16	7.62	—[1]	2,949	Nearly all under six years, the remainder under eleven years.	2.41
Bristol.....	472	14	8.57	—[1]	2,441	1,879 under five years, all but 22 of the remainder under twelve years.	.043
Liverpool.....	9	8.55	3.28	7,800	316	75 in arms, the remainder under eight years.	1.25
London.....	23	4[2]	12.94	39,541	10,746	1,164 in arms, and the remainder under sixteen years.	9.02
Manchester.....	24	12	8	—[1]	8,973	6,471 under five years, the remainder under fourteen years.	3.89
Sheffield.....	6	14	7.85	1,054	1,181	All under six years.	1.79

[1] In these cases no special enumeration of the women was made, though in Birmingham 2,873 women were observed to go into one house.
[2] Two of the 23 houses were observed for only two days.

The letters of the commissioners concerned, most of whom are the head constables, shock us even more than the figures given. Infants are taught to sip intoxicants, and before they can well walk they share the drunken condition of the mother who reels across the tap room floor! Is it not time that the license-holder who, according to the testimony of the commissioners of police, "sharply resents the interference of the guardian of public order, and informs the officer that it is no breach of the conditions of his license to serve women if accompanied with children," is it not time that this man should be severely restrained by the law, and made to feel that he is to be regarded as a nuisance and a scourge in the community?

While child slavery is one of the crying evils of town life, and while the Act of Parliament restricting it must be speedily strengthened, we are not blind to the necessity of the natural development of the child throughout the whole range of his capacity. The introduction of the kindergarten system into the infant schools and its success have shown that the intelligent use of the hands in education is of real value—the child overtaxed with work plus schooling, the child whose powers are thus depressed and crippled, to whom we have referred, belongs to another category—and Miss McMillar contends with convincing force that the growing lad will perfect his physical strength and find complete intellectual enfranchisement in the new technical schools to which elementary education should be everywhere organically related. Already experience shows that pupils in the technical schools who at first were feeble and unstable in character become after a certain time strong and self-controlled, and are saved from shipwreck. Healthy ambition is kindled and power developed. No part of Labour and Childhood is more interesting than that in which Miss McMillar illustrates, by reference to technical schools in the United States, how these institutions are conducive to the evolution of the best type of youth between the ages of thirteen and twenty-one, the period of most rapid growth. There is nothing novel about these American schools except boldness of method. "At every stage the pupil resumes all he has learned from the first lesson, and then goes forward unflinchingly by recapitulating

the industrial life of the world." Drawing is the basis of the work at every stage. The pupils are taught modeling, carpentry, wood-turning, the management of edged tools driven by machinery, metal work, forging, the making of tools, the designing and construction of every part of a complete engine or electric machine, etc., every step of the work becoming more difficult and more absorbing, the pupil developing with his work. The boys are manly-looking, full chested, erect, muscular, their faces aglow with the pride of health. The higher results are quite as gratifying. These artisan boys are marked by aspiration, imagination is strengthened, and all the constructive faculties are called into exercise. At the same time personal vanity and egotism are repressed. The physical and intellectual and moral movement set up by technical training is not degenerative, like child slavery, but progressive in the best sense. In regard to this country, all wise friends of the people will strive to foster the technical school, and to wipe away the reproach that our elementary education is inefficient, and inadequate to fit a boy for the business of life—is practically lost by being broken off prematurely. Technical schools within the reach of the poor man's child, linked on the lower side to the elementary school and to the university on the higher in a national system, are a boon that true educationists fervently desire; and that such a system will be reached ere long we do not doubt.

Our space is exhausted, and the religious problem we must leave for the present, only saying that, if we are not to confine our day school teaching to purely secular subjects, some common ground of agreement among the churches must be found. That the different denominations should float their distinctive banners in the schools is unthinkable; that preferential treatment should be given to any is equally impossible. Simple Bible reading, with the recognition of God and a spiritual word in prayer or hymns, at opening of school, seems to offer the only feasible solution, where the nation demands that nonreligion should not be established.

Rob't McLeod

Art. VI.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AS A SEA WRITER

The early biography of Robert Louis Stevenson is a pleasurable excursion into the unconventional. The story of his college days throws much light on his after life. It is a kind of living denial to that sort of stereotyped goodness which those of us brought up in the British Islands were invited to absorb, when essaying to perfect our caligraphy, by copying several hundred times a day—below an appropriate model of such exact mathematical proportions that its very exactness of outline was a complete tragedy in art—the following distich:

> Early to bed, early to rise,
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

For Robert Louis Stevenson certainly did not practice these maxims. He hated schools, was not diligent in his studies, took no degree at the University, was compelled to "wheedle" a certificate out of his Greek professor, and when passing his preliminary law examination frankly told the examiner that he did not understand the latter's phraseology with reference to the subject of "Ethical and Metaphysical Philosophy." But one would not be understood as underrating the value of methodical, continuous studies, and it is of Stevenson as a sea writer that this article will chiefly deal. One aspect of Stevenson's early life was in the nature of a coming event which cast its shadow before.

For the purpose of this article two books, Treasure Island and The Wreckers, are at once the completion of the canon. Both deal with the sea; both are romances—one of the past, the other of contemporary times; both reveal a profound insight into the seaman's temperament, his environment, his usage, and both, especially the latter, contain allusions to sea descriptions—to the isolation of the sea life, its coincidental imminent immensity and circumscription, its duality of continuous activity and dreamy reflection—and both are written with a cadence of words that, apart from other considerations, would render them charming gems of literature. As a masterpiece of revelation of character

in written form, a unique piece of descriptive psychology, take the following paragraph from The Wreckers:

> Trent appeared in excellent spirits, served out grog to all hands, opened a bottle of Cape wine for the after table, and obliged his guests with many details of the life of a financier in Cardiff. He had been forty years at sea, had five times suffered shipwreck, was once nine months the prisoner of a pepper rajah, and had seen service under fire in Chinese rivers; but the only thing he cared to talk of, the only thing of which he was vain, or with which he thought it possible to interest a stranger, was his career as a money-lender in the slums of a seaport town.

Almost every deepwater ship contains such an one; but one enjoys it all the better and marvels all the more because a veritable landsman has painted with a master hand, in one fell stroke, as it were, the type one knows so well. What stories one has heard, from seamen of various ranks, of incidental occupations of the commonplace, everyday type which on shipboard were recited to the economic and willing exclusion of sea experiences, whose recital ashore might have lionized their victim in the clubs of London or New York. Or take Pinkerton (though not a seafaring character), who represents a type of an American endeavoring to get culture and wealth simultaneously with both hands, and who in the process is reminded by Loundon Dodd of his own (the former) materialization: "'Materialized! Me! Loundon, this must go on no longer. I must do something to rouse the spiritual side; something desperate; study something. What shall it be? Theology? Algebra?'" He finally decided to study algebra. It is a relief to a theological student to notice that, eventually, though incidentally, he eliminated theology from the category of the desperate. But it is with Nares, the smart, daring Down-East skipper of the schooner who plays so important a part in The Wreckers, that Stevenson uses the lance of insight and the pen of description with a subtilty unexcelled, if equaled, in the whole range of nautical fiction. Nares would give a sketch of his father —whom he hated—with absolute fairness and artistic finish, only to destroy the picture by the most unreasoned trifling prejudice. Stevenson writes:

> I have never met a man so strangely constituted; to possess a reason of the most equal justice, to have his nerves at the same time quiver-

ing with petty spite, and to act upon the nerves and not the reason. . . . All his courage was in blood, not merely cold, but icy with reasoned apprehension. . . . "I guess I can shave just as near capsizing as any other captain of this vessel, drunk or sober." . . . "The only way to run a ship is to make yourself a terror." "Life is all risk, Mr. Dodd. . . . But there's one thing; it's now or never; in half an hour Archdeacon Gabriel couldn't lay her to, if he came down stairs on purpose."

It was Nares that, for publicity, compares a ship to an actress: "What with Lloyd's incessant watching, the quarantines, customs, and the insurance leeches." His various contradictory humors are well illustrated, and the bold relief and constant intimacy into which characters are forced by the small, narrow, isolated world of sea life are uniquely portrayed by Stevenson. Nares also illustrates a sailor's love for biblical allusions. But in no place did Stevenson show such master knowledge of the seaman's point of view as when he, Nares, speaks of certain details of the wreck in somewhat the manner of Sherlock Holmes: "Every ship carries boats, but why should a deepwater brig carry a whale boat like an island schooner?" And even the apparently insignificant omission of a whipping from this same boat's painter (the latter is a rope, not a man) fills the exegetical and critical mind of Nares with puzzling and contradictory theories. At least he is sure there was some "crooked" business somewhere, and that James G. Blaine had not got the brains to engineer it.

In bold outline also Stevenson could draw his characters. Few could depict in so brief a manner, with such apt suggestions, a typical man in whom the individuality as well as the type were alike simultaneously and skillfully retained. Take as an instance Elias Goddadael, the mate of the brig. Stevenson thus describes him: "A huge viking of a man, . . . strong, sober, industrious, musical, and sentimental. He deserted a ship to hear Nilsson sing." On board he had three treasures: a canary bird, a concertina, and a blinding copy of the works of Shakespeare. He had a gift, peculiarly Scandinavian, of making friends at sight. . . . Without reproach, and without money or the hope of making it." Who does not love Goddadael in this sordid world? a man who is living the simple life from the artistic standpoint, and all so delightfully free from the humbug of self-consciousness—a gift we all covet.

"An elemental innocence commended him." This phrase in itself speaks volumes for a character. How many drawing rooms might be enriched by characters which had an elemental innocence—a freedom from sophistication! It has been leveled against Stevenson that he painted vice attractively. Then in contrast one takes from the portrait gallery of The Wreckers one further character, Brown, the well-brought-up man, who drifts to the sea: "He knocked about seas and cities, the uncomplaining whiptop of one vice—drink." What piteous irony in this brief, completed outline! A man in the hands of a vice becomes as a whiptop, his fate predestined for him by the passion which has become his master, his spiritual and ethical life carried about as a decaying corpse by a mind and body in almost hopeless bondage. Stevenson also throws much light on the environment in which his characters live, and he portrays with real genius and good taste many types which have hitherto figured chiefly in the dime novel series. In The Wreckers we have the Larrakin quarters of Sydney, New South Wales—the accepted name for the tough of the antipodean cities. Then we have the remittance man, both exceptional and common, and the well-to-do habitué of the Domain, which is the Bowery or Whitechapel of Sydney. Was there ever such a conglomeration and yet such a wealth of character—or the want of it—as formed the crew of the "Currency Lass"?—Norris, the remittance man, artist, and dilettante; Tommy Hadden, the heir and philosopher, and mild, eccentric, good-natured adventurer; Captain Wicks, sailing under an alias, with a borrowed certificate; the typical Larrakin, Hemstead—who would be no man's slyve (slave), and yet all joined by Stevenson in such homogeneity that the whole crew—as a crew and as individuals—are unquestionably real and feasible. Carthew is a man to whom nothing mattered, to whom life itself was ennui, but he is morally forced to take a job on the railway as a navvy. The "young swell," as the boss calls him, proves his latent mettle. He is promoted, and works for months with unremitting industry, proving, as many have proved, the value of constant physical toil, coupled with some encouragement, for begetting and developing a healthful interest in life and progress:

Homeric labor in Homeric circumstances. . . . Plenty of open air, plenty of physical exertion, a continual instancy of toil—here was what had hitherto been lacking in that misdirected life. The true cure for vital skepticism. . . . Carthew the idler, the spendthrift, the drifting dilettante, was soon remarked, praised, and advanced. . . . He took a pride in his plebeian tasks.

But all through these stories we see personality, or the lack of it. Tommy Hadden's fluctuations between philosophy and sherry, the wonderful capacity for good and evil in the Scotch-Irish Mac, their characters revealed under every vicissitude of fortune, are not the least striking of the work of this literary artist. To use Stevenson's own simile, one other character lives, and lives sufficiently for further treatment. In this instance Stevenson shows much insight. To summarize briefly the story:

The schooner "Currency Lass" had already become a castaway, the dreadful tragedy of the brig and Trent and Goddadael and the rest had happened, and Wicks is endeavoring to work the brig out of the lagoon. But Wicks is a schooner skipper; his commands had been the fore-and-aft rig. What landsman but Stevenson would have noticed this difference between the fore-and-aft skipper and the square rigger: "To stay a square-rigged ship is an affair of knowledge and swift insight; and a man used to succinct evolutions of a schooner will always tend to be too hasty with a brig." Wicks, as a man, is revealed by Stevenson in a later paragraph: "He had been foiled by the slow evolutions of the brig, but he was a born captain of men for all homely purposes, where intellect is not required and an eye in a man's head and a heart under his jacket will suffice," and Wicks immediately issued fresh orders and met the situation from a fresh point of view. It was Wicks who, on seeing the smoke on the horizon, converted the crew of the schooner into the crew of the brig to save an explanation, and who made the apropos remark that if the vessel should prove a man of war, "she'll be in a tearing hurry; all these ships are what don't do nothing and have their expenses paid." The following as a sea description from The Wreckers may suffice:

I love to recall the glad monotony of a Pacific voyage, when the trades are not stinted, and the ship day after day goes free. The mountain

scenery of trade wind clouds watched (and in my case painted) under every vicissitude of light-blotting stars, withering in the moon's glory, barring the scarlet eve, lying across the dawn, collapsed into the unfeatured morning bank, or at noon raising their snowy summits between the blue roof of heaven and the blue floor of the sea. . . . the squall itself, the catch at heart, the opened sluices of the sky; and the relief, the renewed loveliness of life, when all is over, the sun forth again and our outfought enemy only a blot upon the leeward sea.

For cadence of words and suggestiveness of meaning a few sentences will suffice: "Or the stars paraded their lustrous regiment . . . flushed obscurity of early dawn . . . whose tall spars had been mirrored in the remotest corners of the sea . . . sedentary, uneventful, and ingloriously safe. . . . A mind obscured with the grateful vacancy of physical fatigue." The idea of comparing stars to a paraded regiment, or the dawn to a blushing veiled column; to suggest the ubiquity of a ship as a mirroring of its spars in the corners of the sea; to describe the peculiar peaceful state of the mind when toned and rested by healthy action, as in the last of the above sentences, is not simply grammar, nor yet rhetoric, nor the science of writing. It is more than these.

Stevenson describes the isolation of sea life as: "Keeping another time, some eras old; the new day heralded by no daily paper, only by the rising sun; and the state, the churches, the peopled empires, war and the rumors of war, and the voices of the arts, all gone silent as in the days ere they were yet invented." The author of The Wreckers also marvels at the impudence of gentlemen who, developed by over-cerebration and heated rooms, dwelling in clubs, "the prop of restaurants," without any serious knowledge of the life of man in all its necessary elements and natural careers, still pass judgment on men's destiny. He condemns the habitué of club and studio as a mere excrescence of the moment, while the eternal life of man, "spent under sun and rain and in rude physical effort," is scarce changed since the beginning.

Treasure Island is from beginning to end Action! Action! Action! In this book Stevenson does not explain or analyze, he portrays his characters, as they may be inspired chiefly by such motives as greed, avarice, revenge, or devotion to duty, according

to their point of view. In Long John we have a character at once interesting and revolting, intelligent and ignorant. He is another exemplification of the fact that strength of character and personality combined with any native mental force play a far more vital part in the world than mere isolated, unrelated scholarship, or learning that has no conviction and no vitality. It was Long John who discriminated so finely between gentlemen of fortune and gentlemen of birth. He, villain though he was, knew the difference in the value of the word and treatment to be expected from the latter as compared with the former. Even today seamen much prefer a well-bred officer to one risen from the lower deck. It was Long John who saw the value of retaining skilled navigators to navigate the ship until the psychological moment might arrive for striking. He was the one-legged monster who haunted Jimmy Hawkins's dreams at the "Old Admiral Benbow Inn," he the polite, smoothly spoken, nautical savant who defied even his own mutinous gang when they "tipped" him the Black Spot.

Jimmy Hawkins was a clever boy, and the doctor, captain, and squire were all true to the good old days of King George; but the book moves with such rapidity of action that in action only can we best see them. As one reads of the schooner getting under way one can hear the tramping of the men, the clanging of the pauls round the capstan, the creaking of blocks, and the merry music of the schooner's evolutions as she gathers way from the ancient port of Bristol.

The book is probably the best piece of sustained action and adventure extant in nautical literature, and even in its temporary lulls Stevenson uses a positive term to describe the transition, for he says, "Silence had once more established her Empire."

And no better place could be found for closing this article than in the "Empire of Silence."

Ernest Richards.

Art. VII.—THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Religion and sociology are most intimately and vitally connected. It would be difficult to separate by definition applied Christianity, or, more generally, applied religion, and the practical outworking of social questions. Christianity's conception of the kingdom of God, namely, the permeation of all human society with the ethical and spiritual conceptions of religion as held by Jesus—the domination of the rule and will of God in all commercial, social, domestic, and civic life—is distinctly along the line of the efforts being made under the direction of sociological science. Christ's kingdom is not something other-worldly, but, in the language of the prayer of the ages, is to be realized on earth after the pattern of the perfect obedience to God's will rendered in the heavens. Jesus said, indeed, that his kingdom was not of this world, that is, it did not depend for its propaganda, like earthly kingdoms, upon diplomacy or force, but he never said that his kingdom was not in this world; he the rather confessed himself as the King of the mighty kingdom of truth that is to be set up among the kingdoms of the earth. The ideals of the scriptural writers are of a new heavens and of a new earth in which righteousness shall dwell. The Mosaic faith, with its religious and civic code intimately blended, its humane provisions for the stranger, the slave, the poor, the propertyless, the brute friends of man, hygiene of the body and public sanitation, was sociological through and through. The prophets were not primarily soothsayers, not foretellers but forthtellers of the eternal verities. They stood before the corrupt monarchs of their time and demanded reforms in line with justice and righteousness, and in the name of the Almighty. The Sermon on the Mount has little reference to the state beyond death and the grave, but is taken up with man's practical duties to God and his neighbor. The apostles went out preaching Jesus and the resurrection, but they did not lose themselves in daydreams of the future, but made the "powers of the age to come" leverages for

present life and duty. After his sublime argument concerning the resurrection Saint Paul immediately adds: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Even in the Apocalypse, the picture there of golden streets and pearly gates is not something superterrestrial but mundane; not beyond time and sense but distinctly in them. The New Jerusalem comes down from heaven to earth; the temple of God is with men, and they are his earthly servants. The gorgeous imagery evidently applies to the regenerating and uplifting of the earth in all of its human concerns. The higher social restoration of the future must be built upon the higher individualism which religion evokes and directs. The converted man is to strengthen his brethren. Men are summoned to repent because the kingdom of heaven is at hand, and they must rid themselves of their own vice and moral disability in order that they may enlist serviceably in the campaign for the world's renovation. There are those who look upon the various themes grouped under sociology—the questions of labor, municipal reform, education, temperance, the housing of the poor, and many such—and refuse to allow that religion has anything to do with such matters. Their conception of religion seems to be summed up in the profession of private piety and the power of official dignities, in devotion and worship according to specific ritual. But this is not the religion of the Ten Commandments, where, if one half was theological, the other half was certainly sociological. It was not the Christianity of Savonarola, Knox, William Penn, Gladstone, and Sumner. If Christ's principles are to be applied to all life, then it is as religious to strive for proper sewerage, clean streets, tenement houses with light, and sanitary surroundings, fresh air, parks, and pure government, as it is to kneel in prayer meeting or speak in class meeting. Nothwithstanding those who decry what they call "political sermons" from the "sacred desk," and who demand what they vaguely denominate the "simple gospel," it still remains indisputable that a Christianity which is not applied is one which is denied. Sociology is only new in name, like the word "altruism," which is as old as human life and duty, as conscience, as humanity. The Christian Church can never afford to forget the

poverty of its founders. It must never allow itself to make any exclusive alliance with privilege, rank, or prescription. In a democracy there can never be such a thing as a class church. Religion must be for the people as a whole, and the churches must know neither democracy nor aristocracy, but men. They must side neither with the capitalist nor the laborer, but regard them in common as the sons of God. There are those who say that Christianity must never concern itself with concrete problems. It must content itself with being a pervasive influence which shall go out into the world where the problems shall be taken up outside of the churches. But Jesus did not confine himself to such an abstract program. In words of burning denunciation and scorn he attacked the pharisaism of his times. He drove out of the temple courts the vulgar and avaricious money changers. He clearly indicated the program of beneficence in such parables as those of Dives and Lazarus and the good Samaritan. Saint Paul undermined and sapped the system of slavery when he returned a slave to his master as a "brother beloved." Saint John made love a practical motive force for all philanthropy, and the corrective of all merely pietistic and emotional forms of religious fervor. Saint James has some very pointed and searching remarks on the rich man, the unpaid hire of whose laborers should eat into their souls like a canker, and his definition of pure and undefiled religion is a straightforward declaration of human helpfulness combined with clean-heartedness.

If a man in the pulpit today is to be master of the situation, he must take advantage of living themes in which his people have some mortal interest, and not try to hold their attention continually with formal, abstract, and dry theological discussions. He must not give himself to some infinitesimal discussion of minor texts. The pulpit has a tremendous advantage, since it can stand in a mediating position between contending social forces. It can, boldly and in love, speak the truth to both capitalist and laborer, telling the first that, while his organization is lawful, he must not crush and oppress his brother; telling the second that, while he pleads for justice, he must be guilty of no injustice by means of uncalled-for strikes, scamped work, broken contracts, and violence done to fellow-laborers. On either side there must be no degenera-

tion of power into tyranny. Each must understand that there are two sides to the controversy. The preacher must make the capitalist understand that it is an abomination in the sight of God and man to exact the last ounce of human flesh for the least wage, must make the worker understand that to denounce all capital, and the holding of property in itself as a crime, is pure demagogism. The preacher must have some profounder and more systematic knowledge than will come from a miscellaneous newspaper and magazine reading. Neither will it be altogether sufficient for him to say that the Golden Rule is enough to settle all disputes. Doubtless that is true, but he must endeavor to show specifically just how the Golden Rule is to be applied in individual cases. He must have something definite to say, for the public is not greatly interested in general schemes for salvation, but it can be aroused to interest in investigation of any need where a straight path and a clear light are shown them. The minister's library, therefore, must have as full an equipment of sociological volumes as of theological. I do not mean to contend that he should turn his pulpit into a lecture platform, or that he should become a dry-as-dust scientific professor. He can leave, perhaps, the science of sociology to others, while he draws out the practical application, the ethical considerations, and the actual duties which arise from the conclusions of the scientist. Neither need he be constantly presenting these themes. The great bulk of his preaching, no doubt, must be directed to the spiritual needs of man. Congregations tire of the constant discussion of "problems." They come heart-weary, and desire something restful and helpful for the inner life. Nevertheless, the occasional sermon along sociological lines is made imperative by the demands of our day. The preacher must, of all men, especially endeavor to put himself in the place of operatives who are held in the grip of some huge mechanism from which they seemingly cannot break away. The hard and dry teaching of the Manchester school of political economy, with all its enunciation of supply and demand, ought not to appeal to him so much as the claim of living men. Human labor must be something more than a mere fixed charge against the expenses of the business, like boilers, engines, and shafting. Some other law

besides that of competition must be shown to obtain in industrialism. Even though the leg power of the hard-driven sweater's victim may be cheaper than steam power, nevertheless, such saving by the draft on blood and nerve must be plainly denounced as inhuman. Political economy must be more humane, tender, and sympathetic. Whatever becomes of business and of profits, there must be a living wage, and the living wage must bear some relation to the profits of the manufacturer and dealer. Labor must be seen to be something more than a thing, more than a mere commodity. It is a disgrace of our times that the scale of living is being constantly threatened by the importation of low-priced immigration, for whom the only alternative is to work for the starvation stipend offered or to die. Jacob Riis has well shown us what is the peril and what is the necessity for the preservation of the home. Jack London, in The People of the Abyss, draws pictures of the degradation of humanity from which we shrink back appalled and horrified, and ask ourselves whether such things can be tolerated in a Christian civilization. General Booth pleads that the working man shall at least have the advantages of the dray-horse in food and decent care. The revelations of many tenement houses, where large families, with perhaps some boarders, are indiscriminately packed and herded in some one or two rooms, are shocking to all decency. The drink problem is intimately connected with the problem of the home; for, doubtless, men in abject misery from poverty and practical homelessness strive often to stupefy themselves with intoxicants. Employers who force down the scale of wages to the starvation point in order to realize fortunes out of the blood of men, the groans and cries of wives, and the wail of hungry children, must hear the denunciation of honest men speaking in the name of an indignant God. Says Carlyle: "Alas, while the body stands so bold and brawny, must the soul be blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated?" Someone has well said that there ought to be a new verse in the Bible to the effect that all sweaters shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone.

Arbitration cannot do much between men who are looking at things from such different angles as those occupied now by em-

ployers and laboring men. If the one shall think persistently of competition and profits only, the other will as persistently think in personal terms about a living wage and the support of himself and his family. We must get back to the school of Carlyle, Chalmers, Ruskin, and Carroll D. Wright. The fundamental question is not always "Will it pay?" but "Is it right?" Although written long ago, in his Past and Present, the words of Carlyle have a present and patent lesson for our times:

> The largest of questions, this question of work and wages, which ought, had we heeded heaven's voice, to have begun two centuries ago or more, cannot be delayed longer without hearing earth's voice. Man will actually have to have his debts and earnings a little better paid by man; which, let parliaments speak of them or be silent of them, are eternally his due, and cannot without penalty and at length without death penalty, be withheld. It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched, but it is to live miserable, we know not why; to work sore and to gain nothing. It is to die slowly, all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, infinite injustice. No patent legislative pill will meet the case, but only the doing of fundamental justice. The law of fact is that justice must and will be done—the sooner the better, for the time grows stringent, frightfully pressing. All this mammon-worship of supply and demand, competition, *laissez-faire*, and devil-take-the-hindmost, begins to be one of the shabbiest gospels ever preached, or altogether the shabbiest. Leave all to egoism, to ravenous greed of money, of pleasure, or applause—it is the gospel of despair. Behold! supply and demand is not the one law of nature. Deep, far deeper than supply and demand, are laws, obligations, sacred as man's life itself.

We may candidly admit the mistakes of the working man. A short time since he was in danger of alienating the sympathy of the great public from him. He has obviously suffered from bad leadership, but this blind Cyclops—

> Groping for the light with horny, calloused hands,
> And staring round for God with bloodshot eyes—

cannot be expected to have the same standard of ethical measurement applied to him that men with a long heritage of goodness and culture behind them apply to themselves and their equals. Let lawlessness and interference with nonunion men and obvious injustice of sentiment toward capital be frankly admitted. Nevertheless, the remedy is not in crushing out unionism. The

union must stand or there is no help for workingmen, who otherwise would perish one by one in a helpless individual conflict with the concentrated power of capital. The students of labor are able to trace the gradual uplift of the workingman, through the trade unions, in self-control and self-government. Let the formation of employers into their alliance go on. When the two camps face each other in what is manifestly an industrial warfare as bitter and as destructive almost as a civil warfare between armies, there may, nevertheless, be clear ground then for a better understanding. When the strike is met with a lockout, and the boycott with a blacklist, the situation inevitably appeals for arbitration, and the existing civic federation is the answer to the necessity of the hour. There is imminent need of the pulpit teaching brotherhood to both employers and operatives; of showing both parties that each is necessary to the other and that their interests are mutual; of indicating how they may work harmoniously together; of impressing them that they are not the only sections of the community whose concerns are involved in their strife, but that the great third party, the outside public, must have a voice in saying whether their conflict shall be perpetual, to the disturbance of all the business relations of general life. It is an encouraging sign to see that, even through their warfare, the contending forces are learning to respect each other, even as did Yankee and rebel become acquainted in the strife of our Civil War. Just as the North and the South find now that they are necessary to each other, capital and labor must learn the same great truth. It must be the business of the pulpit to demonstrate that their embittered struggle is not something by nature inevitable and eternal. On the one hand, labor must learn to appreciate the magnanimous policy of such institutions as Colt's Armory, the Deere Plow Works, and the Cash Register Company of Dayton; and, on the other hand, capitalists must learn to recognize the true manhood of such men as John Burns and John Mitchell and their deep understanding of the questions in dispute. It must certainly concern every minister and every Christian layman to ask when the time will come that all men, rich and poor, shall treat each other with fairness, courtesy, chivalry, and love, as common sons of a common Father. When

shall employer and employed alike, before they begin a conflict embarrassing to multitudes, consider their responsibility and obligations in the light of Christian morality? The clergy, preaching for the ear of the employers, must plainly put this question to them: "Are you content that greed shall seize upon disadvantage to put the weaker to the wall? Shall you have one rule in your business life, while another, quite different, is found in your family and social life? Are you satisfied that Christianity shall have no place or principle in trade?" How shall clergymen hold the interest of workingmen unless in the pulpit they speak on themes which interest them? If never an allusion is made to the hours of labor, wages, child labor, Sunday rest, profit-sharing, trades unions, arbitration, the concentration of wealth—if only abstract theological problems are discussed, then may the charge against the pulpit be maintained that it cares more for formal scholasticism than it does for humanity, and the secularist will get his opportunity, while the blatant atheist denounces the uselessness and folly of the church. The charge is freely made against Christian ministers that they are subsidized by their rich pewholders, that in the capitalistic church the minister does not dare to speak out his own convictions about their sins to the upper classes, and that he neither knows about the real conditions of the poor nor is in sympathy with them. We may be thoroughly convinced that this is a baseless charge, that the ministers are not coerced by wealth, that most church members, even those of wealth, are not canting hypocrites, that the intimation that the poor man is not welcome in the church is uncalled for, that the church, as well as the fraternal organizations, is engaged in active philanthropic work. Nevertheless, we have to confess that, after all, the breach between the artisans and the church is there. While they speak approvingly, and often affectionately, of Christ, sometimes cheering his name in their labor meetings, they still claim that the church neither understands him nor represents him. They affirm that they find in the social and friendly intercourse of their labor unions all that the church can offer them. Yet it will remain eternally true that the workingman needs Christianity and that Christianity needs him. He cannot forever satisfy himself on

doubts and denials. As much as any man he needs the Bible, the Sabbath, and worship.

How can the pulpit bridge this yawning chasm between the artisan class and the church? There is no short and simple way. There must be an intenser humanitarianism, a truer democratic spirit and a practical demonstration to the lowliest and the weakest that Christianity seeks for them justice, freedom, and elevation to the privileges of true manhood. Through the exhibition of human love are these disaffected masses to be won to a belief and trust in the love of the heavenly Father. The church must be conceded to be the mightiest existing social force. It can be, if he will have it so, the workingman's strongest ally and helper. If he would discontinue his criticisms and come within its fold, he might help to direct its vast agencies toward the accomplishment of tremendous reforms. His very struggles and discontentments have been brought about by the ideals of Christianity itself. Christ put a new aspiration into man's soul and only he can satisfy it. We shall never solve the industrial problem except through religion. Schemes of coercion on the one hand or the other, whether by the organization of capital or of labor, fail of the ultimate solution. It has been well said that "'Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord' should be written over the door of every bank, every factory, every labor hall, and every mine in the land." Only as the Christian ministry and laity have more of the love, sympathy, and wisdom of Jesus, and more of his Spirit shall we be able to win back the alienated artisan class. We must reincarnate the Christ. We must broaden our conceptions of the functions of the church. The answer to the question, "Is the power of the pulpit dying out?" will depend on the kind of a man in the pulpit. Christianity shows no present sign of being in the dying mood, but it can afford to put on still more energy, and break outside its four walls in every direction. And there are many promising indications that it is doing this. Our Methodist Church is seeking to form in this country a union for social service similar to that inaugurated by the late Hugh Price Hughes in the Wesleyan Church of England and which is doing such grand work. In the words of George D. Prentice:

The dayspring! see 'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign—
From tower to tower the signal fires flash free—
And the deep watchword, like the rush of seas
That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
Is sounding o'er the earth! Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing. Yon glorious bow
Of freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning time's dark surges.

There is a call, as Henry George has well said, for more prudence, patriotism, and human pity; for courage, philanthropy, and a humanity which teaches all who suffer to believe that there is no place where earth's failings are so felt as up in heaven, and to prove it by showing that earth's sorrows are felt down here. The Christian Church and Christian pulpit must create a passion for the realization of righteousness in every region of private, social, industrial, commercial, and national life. Men must be in every field religious men—in all their offices, trades, and relations—and try to know each other and to look at each other through the eyes of the Christ, seeing in each a child of the Eternal. The time is ripe for our Methodism to inaugurate this mission for social service in a generous manner.

'Tis coming up the steeps of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
But high hopes make the heart throb lighter.

Our bones may molder in the ground,
When it shall wake the world with wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
We've heard its peals of distant thunder.
It's coming—Yes, 'tis coming!

Levi Gilbert

Art. VIII.—DEVELOPMENT OF THE SUPERMAN

In these days of much pessimistic talk—and much ground for pessimistic talk—it is good to remember that one of the most impressive distinctions of our day is the great increase in the desire and effort to do good. The application of Christianity has taken mighty steps forward in our time. A great part of the public has been fascinated and fired by the idea of doing good. They perhaps remember that even a cup of cold water shall not be without its reward, but they have not stuck at oil and wine, as good old Sir Thomas Browne said. Probably never before in the world's history has there been so much conscious desire and effort to do good. There is a new feeling growing up that we ought to share our possessions with those who are in need. One of our richest men tells us that it is a disgrace to die rich. A gift of a million no longer makes us even raise an eyebrow; it must be several millions to startle the public into taking notice. The idea of the stewardship of wealth is winning disciples every day. And not the rich alone, but the comparatively poor as well, rally to the support of good works. Schools, charities, institutes, settlements, day nurseries, playgrounds, hospitals, district nurses, free dispensaries, educational classes, and countless other good works of like character, flourish in ever-increasing numbers. It was never so easy as now to get money for all sorts of good works. The Boston Directory of Charities describes more than a thousand different organizations that are available for that community alone. Only let the want be known, and there will be found men and women to give out of their much, and countless others to give out of their little, for everything—from a new college professorship to a wooden leg for a cripple. This is one of the finest characteristics of our time. More than any other period in the world's history this is the Age of Kind Deeds. The spirit of Christ is permeating our life. Men consider it Christlike to found and support such works, and many who are seldom or never seen in the churches express their heart's allegiance to the ideal of Jesus Christ in these ways. We consider these things one of the fairest fruits of nineteen

centuries of Christianity. We take them as one evidence of Christ's march of conquest through the world. We consider them a sign to us that he who was born in Bethlehem of Judæa nineteen hundred years ago is still winning the wise men to him with the poor men, and in greater numbers than ever before.

But, while this fact stands to most Christian people as one of the sweetest and noblest manifestations of modern Christianity, there is a strange and insistent question rising up and demanding an answer. It is this: "In aiming at this beautiful ideal, have we overlooked a greater one? Have we made doing good an excuse for not doing right?" The church has been very anxious to give the world the spirit of Christ. He went about doing good. He spoke wonderful words about visiting the sick and clothing the naked. He summed up the whole duty of man in the word "love." And "love" has been made to mean the doing of kind deeds. And so has it not come to pass that men have fallen into the habit of thinking that doing good is more important than doing right? If a man gives millions to endow a university, no questions are to be asked about how he got his money. If a man gives munificently to charities and education, the public is not to pry into his business life and hold him accountable for the insanity, and the suicide that came in consequence, to the men he ruined in business by competition's cruel methods. If a man is great in support of rescue missions and evangelistic associations, it is none of the public's business that he pays the girls who work for him so little in wages that in order to keep soul and body together they have to sell their honor and their womanliness on the street. If a man gives money for turkey dinners and district nurses, it is supposed to atone for the starvation and crime that resulted from his using every possible means to force wages down to the bottom figure and to keep them there. But the world is waking up to a new demand. During the last years we have been arriving at the great idea of the stewardship of wealth. Those who have must share with those who have not. Charities of all kinds have been multiplied. And just when we arrive at this point the cry begins to be raised that this is not enough. Charity is not the first thing to be aimed at. It is justice. I have no word to say against charity. As long as there

are imperfect men, charity will be needed, but it is an error to make charity our first aim. The first thing is to make charity unnecessary. The masses are demanding something more than charity at our hands. They are demanding their rights. Our alms are not acceptable to the poor if they know we are robbing them of their rights. We are beginning to find that they do not love us for our charity. More likely they hate us for our injustice. At last the great masses of the world's population—those that are sometimes called the Fourth Estate—are beginning to come to self-consciousness, and they are demanding radical changes in the ordering of life. And so a great new cry is being raised. It is the demand that things shall be right. The day for palliatives has gone by. There must be a more fundamental reform in the world. The ideal of charity is noble and beautiful. But it has taken for granted the permanency of a social organization that makes it necessary. The Fourth Estate is rising up to a greater ideal, which is that the fundamental relations of man to man in everyday life shall be right. The oppressed want their rights. They do not want a percentage of the surplus of the rich in charity. They do not want their children in charity schools, wearing charity clothes, and going off on charity holidays, with charity pennies in their pockets to spend. They want fair treatment in wages and work, so that they can live their own lives and bring up their own families. This is the great new cry that is being raised in our land, the great new demand that is being made of all to whom is attached in any way the name of Christ. The requirement of Christianity was not so understood during the last generation. Devout men—and they were devout men—thought there was one law for business and another law for the rest of life. They are not to be blamed too harshly for what they have done. But the spirit of Jesus Christ is now trying to conquer and possess another part of the geography of human life. The demand from this time is that Christians first treat other men fairly in everyday dealings, and then endow universities, build churches, and support charities. This is the real significance of the awful revelations of the last three or four years. While the church has been longing for a revival of the old-fashioned type the beginning of an ethical revival

of magnificent implications has been sweeping over the country, made public by the press and voiced by prophets outside the regular succession, even as was the case with the prophets of old. I call them prophets, but they are the new kind of prophets of a scientific age: they are surgeons who, during the last few years, have taken one portion after another of our civilization to the dissecting room and laid bare its deadly cancer sores. But this increasing and multiplying indictment of our civilization is not entirely disheartening. The merciless setting forth of the "shame of our cities," the lurid exposures of the criminal greed of the packing house business, the fearless proclamation of the life insurance scandals, the determined revelation of the piracy and brigandage of the railroads, all are signs of promise. A great demand is arising that wrong things shall be set right. The prophecy of exposure is a preliminary to the prophecy of reform. We are growing more clear-eyed as we look out of the narrow walls of our own lives into the great world about us. It is high time, for the conditions of life in our land have become intolerable. Let us take a moment to mention some of the items included in the indictment of our civilization.

"Graft" and "boodle" and "plunder" have become so much an expected element in our public life that few people think they can be eliminated. Predatory politics flaunts itself before our faces with only occasional spasms of fear. Those whom we call our "best citizens" have become so infested with the money bacillus that they fairly reek with the dangerous germs, polluting the social atmosphere and infecting the world with disease. Those who talk very glibly about the glories of a democracy have been permitted to forget that there can be no abiding democracy unless the sovereign people will take the time and trouble to exercise the duties of a sovereign. The leaders of our social life are found to be men who are living on blood-stained dividends; dividends stained with the blood of the men and women and children—the slaves—whose lives are maimed and shortened in order that money may be made faster; and, what is worse, stained with the blood of consciences that are lacerated in order that greater dividends may be made. And it will take more than washing and rubbing to out

this "damned spot." The dollar sign is not only the symbol of our currency standard, it has also become the symbol of our civilization. We have developed a dollar-sign civilization in America. Everything has to be measured up to this sign. What is it worth in dollars? is our great standard of comparison. By this standard family life is measured, art and literature and all higher interests are measured, morals and spirituality are measured. We have found also, as the revelations have gone on, that our judiciary is corruptible; injustice can be and is regularly bought; our prisons often seem to be little more than temporary cities of refuge for willful murderers, while at the same time we have far more homicides in our country than any other civilized country in the world; our courts too frequently seem to the common layman to be instruments of thwarting justice with diabolical cleverness instead of instruments for meting out justice. Between 1887 and 1906 there were one million divorces granted in the United States, which is more than three times as many as in the preceding twenty years. And all the while we have to reckon with a lying, unscrupulous, mischief-making, slandering, degrading, strife-exciting, demoralizing portion of our press, which glories in arousing war, and decks out murder trials in all the flamboyant gauds of dime-novel romance. And then beneath all these public things we have the life of the masses—the common people, whom Lincoln said God must love most because he had made so many of them. Work a little among the poor in our cities and one sees the menace there: the menace of vulgarity, the menace of pauperism, the menace of contentment in low things. Is it not to be expected that those who are kept making dishonest and vulgar goods in ugly surroundings for a pittance a day will become vulgar and dishonest and degraded themselves? Is it any wonder that those who are treated as things, and thrown out like worn-out locomotives on the scrap heap while still less than forty years old, become revolutionists and anarchists? The wonder is that there are so few revolutionists and anarchists. And then poverty! A man told me once of the experience of a friend of his with the Oriental drug, hashish. When coming out of the sleep induced by the drug he dreamed that he was on a flight of stairs beneath which burned

a terrific fire. As fast as he set his foot on a step it burned out and fell beneath him, so that he was always desperately springing from step to step to gain a foothold that he never secured. And that is a terrible but true figure of the way in which tens of thousands of our fellow countrymen live. They live desperately from day to day, always struggling to keep themselves and their families from falling into hopeless ruin; always in debt in the winter, barely paying it off in the summer; always knowing that a little accident or a week's illness means hunger or charity; perhaps learning after a while how easy it is to get charity, and at last joining the increasing army of the pauperized. The charity workers struggle bravely to keep the people off the pauper lists. But people must live. Starving babies must be fed. And when from week to week you hear the stories of starvation and of sin, what is there to do but procure relief?

I have tried to suggest some of the elements of the present situation because it constitutes one of the greatest crises the church has ever had to face, and because the question is flatly put to us whether Christianity can meet the situation and deal with it. We do not like to hear any criticism of the church, and we are used to thinking of the wonders of our so-called Christian civilization with a good deal of conscious pride and complacency. But there are vigorous critics of our time who deny that Christian civilization has made any progress in essential things. We have more conveniences, comforts, and luxuries, but they say that in the one essential thing—character—our nineteen hundred years of Christianity have not made any difference. "The moment we look for a reform due to character and not to money, to statesmanship and not to interest or mutiny, we are disillusioned," says one of these critics. And it does not do to dispose of such men as Mr. George Bernard Shaw with a pooh-pooh! and to say that to read them is to fill the belly on the east wind. They see some things with amazing clearness. The fact that so many of the most vigorous thinkers with regard to the present social crisis leave Christianity entirely out of account, as a reforming and saving force, should give us pause. Mr. Maeterlinck says: "We are emerging (to speak only of the last three or four centuries of our present civilization), we

are emerging from the great religious period." Another of these men who are setting the pace of thought for many, Mr. H. G. Wells, imagines the future of the race if present conditions in our so-called Christian civilization should be fully worked out. He projects himself forward about eight hundred thousand years in imagination, and then is terrified at what he may come upon. "What might have happened to men? What if cruelty had grown into a common passion? What if in this interval the race had lost its manliness, and had developed into something inhuman, unsympathetic, and overwhelmingly powerful?" And then, in one of the most horrible pictures it has been my lot to see, he lets his imagination figure the results of our present industrial and social tendencies in that far distant time. He sees humanity split into two species. The tendency to put a large part of human labor out of sight, below ground, has increased until a race of subterranean dwellers has developed—bodies etiolated by living in the dark, eyes luminous like those of a cat, attenuated figures looking much like apes, a kind of vermin, cold to the touch, dwelling and toiling in vast caverns under the ground. The other race lives above ground—diminutive, doll-like creatures, deficient both morally and physically. This is the result of the oppression of the Have-nots by the Haves. The exclusiveness of the rich, the ruthless habit of getting all for self and keeping the masses for toil without a chance to rise, has produced this common degradation. This is a loathsome picture, and no one expects anything like it to come to pass, but there is truth enough in it to bid us stop and ask what solutions these men propose. For these men, instead of teaching us to sit down and wait piously and patiently for some millennium to come, teach us to get to work to make our millennium. And what is the solution they can offer? They say that, human character remaining as it is, there can be no real improvement in social conditions. Bernard Shaw expresses it when he says, in an open letter: "I do not know whether you have any illusions left in the subject of education, progress, and so forth. I have none. Any pamphleteer can show the way to better things; but when there is no will there is no way." And again: "My nurse was fond of remarking that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; and the more I

see of the efforts of our churches and universities and literary sages to raise the mass above its own level, the more convinced I am that my nurse was right." And again: "Enough of this goose cackle about Progress; man as he is never will nor can add a cubit to his stature by any of its quackeries, political, scientific, educational, religious, or artistic." Mr. H. G. Wells also contributes to this opinion of present humanity: "The average citizen of our great state today is, I would respectfully submit, scarcely more than a dirty clout about his own buried talents." He tells us in another place that seven new citizens are born into the English-speaking world every minute. And he makes the thing very terrible when he pictures a great hall into which a huge spout, that no man can stop, discharges a baby every eight seconds. Those babies do not come into ideal conditions. They come into the midst of things as they are. A great portion of them are born in our slums. They grow up amid poverty, vulgarity, rowdyism, ignorance, and irreligion. They become what their fathers have been. Once in the world, we are told, neither education nor art nor religion changes the essential nature. Nineteen hundred years of Christian history prove that, they tell us. Therefore the only hope for a new and good civilization is a new humanity. And this new humanity can only be obtained by a selective breeding. "The only fundamental and possible socialism is the socialization of the selective breeding of man: in other terms, of human evolution. We must eliminate the Yahoo, or his vote will wreck the commonwealth." So says Bernard Shaw. The only way to effect a permanent mending of the ills of the world is to prevent unfit people from bringing children into the world, and to increase the children of superior people. A human race is to be bred just as a race of horses or pigs or sheep is bred. The chief duty of man is to make the next generation better than this one. All who want a better world must therefore set themselves to "the conscious and deliberate making of the future of man," by means of scientific breeding. And what is this future man to be? The kind of man that the world needs, according to Bernard Shaw, and according to that fierce and radical German philosopher whose teaching he echoes, is the strong man. Give us strong men, they say. Give us Cæsars and Napoleons.

"If we must choose between a race of athletes and a race of 'good' men," says Mr. Shaw, "let us have the athletes; better Samson and Milo than Calvin and Robespierre." Nietzsche puts the ideal baldly when he says: "This new table, my brethren, I put up for you: Become hard!" "Surpass thyself even through thy neighbor; and a right which thou canst seize upon shalt thou not allow to be given thee!" "I wait . . . . for higher men, stronger men, more triumphant men, merrier men, such men as are squarely built in body and soul; *laughing lions* must come!" This strong man, this superman, is to rule the world by might and not by right. "The Superman," says Bernard Shaw again, "will snap his superfingers at all man's present trumpery ideals of right, duty, honor, justice, religion, even decency." This superman idea is contrary, and consciously and intentionally contrary, to the most characteristic and fundamental doctrines of Christianity. When we hear it set forth we instinctively shrink from it. It seems so foreign to us and our work that it doubtless seems to many a waste of time even to read about it. But it is putting Christianity squarely to the test. The superman philosophers are taking up the problems of society and offering to solve them. And from many quarters the criticism of Christianity that the superman philosophy makes is being pressed. Even some who claim to be friends of Christianity, public teachers of winsomeness and power, are finding it at fault for glorifying weakness. They say that the teaching of Jesus was weak and effeminate because it exalts humility and meekness and sacrifice; and they are preaching a new gospel of strength and ambition and determination. And here is another striking thing. The superman philosophy is finding practical exemplification in our commercial life today. What are many of our captains of industry but supermen, men who are set on living their own life no matter what is in the way? Our modern industrial organization is developing supermen all the time, for only the strong man can survive and succeed. The ideal that our industrial organization sets before men is to come out on top, to become strong men. Thus it comes about that Christianity not only has to contend with an influential school of philosophers, but also with the tendency of the time growing out of the industrial situation. Great days have

come upon us—days of great struggle and days of great opportunity.

> We are living, we are dwelling
> In a grand and awful time.

The great question for those who believe in religion is this: "Is the church able to meet the situation?" The men who teach the superman philosophy arrive at their position from a despair of what religion can do, a despair of the redemption of the human will. They cannot see that religion has solved the problem of making the world better. They may be blind in one eye, but some light comes in through the other. The only way the church can prove these men wrong is by showing itself to be right by its fruits. Most Christian workers must feel that the crop of fruits has been too meager of late. Christianity has a solution for all the problems that have been raised. The church must rouse itself from its lethargy and get to work with a burning zeal. The church has always been concerned to save itself from theological heresy. But that is not all that is needed. The self-satisfaction of the church in the pride of conscious rectitude because of an intellectual orthodoxy, while all around it lies a world lost because the church will not save it, is one of the gravest and most destructive heresies that can be found. Orthodoxy of belief is one of the fundamental and essential things; but just as fundamental and just as essential is passionate and vigorous action. Christianity agrees with the superman philosophers that there cannot be a better world unless there are better men. Progress must be by births. But Christianity has hope for the race that now is, not merely for a race that is to be. There is a kind of birth that these teachers and philosophers have given scant attention to. It was taught by a peripatetic Philosopher who lived in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and said: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." The race is not going to be made over by scientifically guarded physical creation, as Mr. Wells himself has seen in his later writings; but men are made over, and have been for nineteen hundred years, by a sudden and expulsive change of affections and interests. "The expulsive power

of a new affection" has done its great work, and will still do it. The magnificent program of Christianity is also the creation of supermen, and not just the saving of souls from retribution in an anticipated future. But not the supermen of Nietzsche and Bernard Shaw. Christianity makes such supermen as Peter and John and Paul; men who tower above their fellows in moral prowess and in spiritual stature. Christianity can make such men, and Christianity must make more such men or lose the day in the fierce struggle that is now going on. It is not a bigger supply of heartless strong men that the world needs, it is a continually fresh supply of weak men made new and brave and loving and sacrificial by having a new spirit take possession of them. Those are splendid words of that brilliant young Englishman, Gilbert Chesterton, where he says: "All the empires and the kingdoms have failed because of this inherent and continual weakness, that they were founded by strong men and upon strong men. But this one thing, the historic Christian Church, was founded on a weak Man, and for that reason it is indestructible. For no chain is stronger than its weakest link." The world does not need any more men rising up to assert self and live for self. The bitter and crying need is that the multitudes, who are at last beginning to come to their own, who are bound to be the leaders in the tremendous industrial struggle of the days that are come upon us, shall be made morally and spiritually adequate to their task. This is the answer of the church to the new demand that is being made of it that I spoke of at the beginning, and the creation of such men is the great task laid upon the church today. New times must be made by new men. "In working for the world's salvation, the soul's the way," as Mrs. Browning has phrased it. The church as an organization cannot solve the industrial problems of society, but it can and must show its sympathy with the strugglers, and it can and must send out into the world men and women, filled with the passion to be saviors, who are sacrificially competent to deal with the present as it needs to be dealt with. The teaching of the church has been that it was each man's duty to have his soul saved against the day of his death. That was the emphasis of the day of great revivals. But the great new preaching of today must call men to give themselves

sacrificially to save their fellows and to save society. In the Boston Public Library there is a noble picture where Sir Galahad is led forward by Joseph of Arimathæa to take his seat in the siege Perilous, while the knights of the Round Table stand with crosses upraised, and the hall is filled with the forms of wondrous, living angels. And as one looks one thinks how young men are needed who will consecrate themselves to Great Adventure today, an adventure sublimer than that of old, in the spirit of the cross. The church must not be content merely to come out alive from the great struggle that is now upon us. The church must be the leader in the victory of justice and righteousness, the leader in the permanent working out of the present critical situation. The church can only do this by sending out spiritually and intellectually competent men who are also men of passion. When you behold one of those well-fed, sleek, heavy-jowled, stomach-faced, porcine-looking individuals, with the ambitions of a stomach and the ideals of the animal they resemble, you see one of the men who are the great delayers of this world's regeneration, even, perhaps, more than its positively bad men. They *might* be better, they *might* do better, they *might* make the world better, but they are content to live for self and the moment. But sometimes, as you go about your daily work, you see the world's savers—men and women whose deep eye, serious manner, intent and purposeful ways, clean and noble expression, proclaim them to be born of the Spirit, living for lofty and solemn ends. And then your heart burns within you, for you have seen the hope of the race.

These are crisis days for the church. There are many to say that the church has outlived its usefulness, and its teachings do not fit the time. If we think of salvation as a mechanical transaction that gives a man final deliverance from the consequences of sin, we may not say the gospel is sufficient for the present problems of the world. But if we think of salvation as a regeneration of the whole man—of his interests, affections, desires, ambitions, aims, consecrations—then the gospel is the great remedy for the present, and the preachers of the gospel are the most needed men of the times. The task is laid upon Christians to show that Christianity *is* adequate to be the world's salvation; that is, that Christianity as a

life principle is sufficient not only to save a man for a future heaven, but also to bring righteousness on earth. If it is not, then Christianity as the sufficient need of the soul falls down. We have come to the greatest days the world has ever known. They are days of crisis for the church, because she has greater burdens laid upon her than ever before, and her opportunity to fulfill her mission is greater than ever before. She is spread through all the world. If she is faithful now, all nations may become Christian. If she fails now, the coming of the kingdom may be set back immeasurably.

I have been writing of the opportunity that the present social crisis gives to the church—an opportunity to make the social structure over at last, an opportunity to help the masses secure the establishment of greater righteousness in the world. At the same time that this great opportunity comes, which is also a great responsibility, the church has the greatest opportunity to evangelize the world that has ever been given to it. All over the world it seems to be the same. Missionaries may now go into all the world. They tell us the people are holding out pleading hands and saying, "Give us knowledge of Jesus Christ." When we went to school we looked at our maps and learned that Africa was a heathen land, China was a heathen land, India was a heathen land. But there are going to be great changes. If the church is faithful in these days, those who are now in school may live to see the day when large sections of those maps may be printed with the cross of Christ upon them; the day when Africa and China and India, with all their teeming millions, are Christianized, just as the cannibal islands of the South Seas have been Christianized within the easy memory of multitudes now living. But that is not all. As if it were not enough that all nations are now open to the gospel, God is actually throwing the nations of the world upon the Christian Church. Because we cannot send out missionaries fast enough, God is sending the nations into our very midst, to mingle with Christian people, to live under the eaves of our churches. In our New England states we have Armenians, Finns, French, Germans, Greeks, Italians, Norwegians, Poles, Swedes, Syrians, Chinese, Japanese, Danes, Persians, Hebrews. We have Magyars, Lithuanians, Croatians, Slovenians, Ruthenians—and what other strange

people it were hard to say. In ancient Rome all nations mingled. But never before in the history of the world, probably, have so many people of so many nations mingled as in America today. A marvelous opportunity, given to us for a purpose! The church at last has its prayed-for opening. The question is no longer, "Can the church get the opportunity to preach the gospel to every creature?" The question is, "Is the church strong enough, has the church spirit enough, to win the great battle that is now on?" Lack of aggressiveness now is tantamount to faithlessness. The church must make itself essential to the world's life today. The doctrine of the incarnation is laid upon it. Its members must go, filled with the spirit of God and reliving the life of Christ, into the world of action. They must have the spirit of Glave, who "relished a task for its bigness, and greeted hard labor with a fierce joy." And if the church sends out this kind of supermen the crisis of the present will be safely passed and greater things will be than have ever been before. The only solution of the problem is the Gospel, which will change conditions by changing men. Salvation is by new births, but they are the births of the Spirit. Supermen are demanded by the times; but they are supermen after the pattern of Christ.

I know of a land that is sunk in shame,
Of hearts that faint and tire;
And I know of a Name, a Name, a Name,
Can set this land on fire.
Its sound is a brand, its letters flame;
I know of a Name, a Name, a Name,
Will set this land on fire.

Winfred Chesney Rhoades.

Art. IX.—A POET OF LUXURY

To anyone who seeks quietly for enjoyment, rather than to act as critic, there comes the curious conceit that Thomas Bailey Aldrich must have heard an inner voice calling, with Campbell:

> Come to the luxuriant skies,
> Whilst the landscape's odors rise.

At any rate, by following such a call he came forth into fields of far distances—the vision of life all golden with luxury. The lure of splendor led him willing captive. Because of this his work becomes resolved into a piece of intellectual brocade of rich and gorgeous imagery, or, as he himself intimates, "Cloth of Gold." Wherever he puts his pen bright flowers burst into bloom. Warm, rich stains of color, caught from opposite corners of the world, bear witness to an imaginative power at once exuberant and chaste. His thought is dominated by wide, out-of-door reaches of seagirt shores and far-off lands. What wonder if his soul shows tremulously through the delicate finery with which his verse is clothed!

Aldrich was born in "an old sea town." His boyhood was spent where romantic thoughts sprang to life. The wharves of Portsmouth were full of charm. The arrival of great ships from remote lands was a thing of wonder. But who can tell what desires would flame in his brain and fire his soul as he watched those same ships drop slowly down with the tide, and disappear? In "Outward Bound" he cries:

> O restless Fancy, whither wouldst thou fare?

The salt air, rushing along the streets, over and over fills him with ecstasy until he turns away from the "elm-shadowed square and carven portals" of that fine old town and bends his steps seaward, all the time letting fancy rove to the ends of the earth. The spirit of the dreamer is upon him. He lives in two intellectual worlds. There is the subtle appreciation of that type of beauty for which the Far East is famed. There is the burning blue of tropic skies—the riot of gaudy bloom—the hint of incense drifting across the seas from unfamiliar lands. Then suddenly the scene

with kaleidoscopic skill is changed, yet without loss of beauty save that the colors are subdued, while the frostwork of New England takes the place of tropic seas. After all, he cannot escape from the land of his nativity. It is hard and crude and cold—but he must stay. The environment of his early years wraps him around perpetually, like the mists that blew in from the Isles of Shoals. The salt spray that wet his cheeks saturates his mind. In "Sea Longings" he says:

> No bird's lilt
> So takes me as the whistling of the gale
> Among the shrouds. My cradle-song was this,
> Strange inarticulate sorrows of the sea.

This strange blending of the spirit of two widely different worlds comes to light in his poetry repeatedly. It is met in the most unexpected places with surprising effect. Though he admits that he is "native to this frozen zone," he attempts to justify himself for such startlingly wide leaps of thought:

> I must have known
> Life otherwhere in epochs long since fled;
> For in my veins some Orient blood is red,
> And through my thoughts are lotus blossoms blown.

The "Orient blood" and "lotus blossoms" symbolize in a very striking way the opulence of his poetical gift. They may be said to furnish some fair interpretation of his predilection for the strange and picturesque. The breath of the poppies stole into the inner chamber and corridors of his brain, lulling care to sleep. Against this there was no struggle, no protest. He yielded himself blissfully to the dreamy, luxuriant atmosphere of that intellectual land—almost a land of languor—enjoying the lotus, and "tasting the honey-sweet fruit which makes men choose to abide forever, forgetful of the homeward way." In such a happy frame of mind he could do the tasks that fell to his hands. One is inclined to read Aldrich for sheer, unadulterated pleasure—for a glimpse of life from his viewpoint, while the lights are high and the colors fair. To most men such an opportunity must necessarily come in glimpses. For the greater part human experience is wrought out of age-long, world-old toil. And without doubt that is as it

ought to be, for is there not a dignity of labor—a development of nobility of soul? Yet one may wisely enough lay the implements of his craft aside now and then and take a day off. What, then, is better than to fare forth afield with Aldrich?—a comrade carefree, engaging, and beset by no exasperating motive. His life was unmixed with gray. He was a stranger to those days that loom large and ominous, those years that get more and more dreaded, when soul and body are compelled to face unflinchingly the bitter fact of struggle. However, had necessity been thrust upon him, it is very possible that he might have climbed to loftier heights. But he was just a lovable, elegant friend—not a leader of men along perilous ways. The fact that he was not conscious of any pronounced intensity of purpose may explain why he never accomplished any really great work. He had no compelling message, no particular word of solicitude or courage. In this respect he was unlike the great poets who saw deeply into life and caught up some ringing note of hope. He preferred to touch lightly the graceful things of life, without going too deeply into those experiences of humanity that are dark and mysterious. He left the "song of the battlefield" to more disquieted souls; for him the "luxuriant skies" had a perpetual charm. By temperament he is an artist who claims high praise. The character of his craftsmanship is sufficient evidence of this. With him poetry is a fine art. No clumsy touch of untrained fingers could do justice to it. Let it be taken for granted, then, that always careful attention must be given to the construction of the mental picture—the grouping of a few choice words by which there opens before the mind a delicate conception of the beautiful. He is altogether out of sympathy with indifferent ways of putting things. No unfinished phrase, with rough edges and crude form, ever disfigures the exquisite character of his verse. What, for instance, is more finely finished than "Spring in New England"? The chisel work is fairly that of a master. There is, here and everywhere, the same careful regard for literature as an art which is conspicuous in the work of Robert Louis Stevenson, the same high estimate of "art for art's sake," the same painstaking endeavor to leave no work slovenly done. Both Aldrich and Stevenson are cunning

artificers of words. But Stevenson worked against adverse circumstances. All his work was wrought in hot furnaces of flaming fire. He knew no hours when the joy of physical comfort predominated. What, one might ask speculatively, would have been the character of his work had his life been the charmed life of Aldrich? On the other hand, had Aldrich been in the place of Stevenson, fighting for life far from the gray mists of home and wasting with disease, it is quite possible that the brilliant colors of his verse might have toned down to soft unglinting tints. Possibly, while the artistic element might have been no less fine, there might have been within his art the prophetic vision—the strong, insistent, importunate message to humanity. He might have felt within himself a world of pain, the hurt of which benumbs and oppresses. He might—but he was Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a poet of luxury. Draw the curtains, purple on the outside but all golden within. Yet, if it must be done, pull them slightly apart and look for a moment out into that vast abyss of human trouble. Nothing would be more manifestly unfair than to say he had no appreciation of ills that are world-wide, for now and then one finds a note of tender sympathy, a delicate and quiet sentiment as charming as the unobtrusive breath of the springtime arbutus that blossoms on the edge of the snows. "Baby Bell"—certainly this is a charmingly sweet, and withal dainty, interpretation of those minor chords of which human life is so full. But it is all done gently, like "sweet funeral bells from some incalculable distance" hinting at grief softened, elusive, remote, and altogether free from morbid woe. Aldrich cannot be accused of boisterous grief. The stormy winds that went wailing along the Portsmouth shore singing his lullaby find no counterpart in the temper of his mind. When he would depict the sense of loss resultant in mental anguish there is ever the suppressed tone indicative of mastery and refinement of soul. His poem on "Elmwood," written in memory of Lowell, illustrates this:

> Tender and low, O wind among the pines,
> I would, were mine a lyre of richer strings,
> In soft Sicilian accents wrap his name.

Once in a while the deeper questions that concern all mortal men

pause before him for an answer. Some of these he treats fantastically, as for instance, in "Identity":

> Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept space—
> In Twilight-land—in No-man's land—
> Two hurrying shapes met face to face
> And bade each other stand.
>
> "And who are you?" cried one, agape,
> Shuddering in the glooming light.
> "I know not," said the second shape,
> "I only died last night!"

If this were to be taken seriously, the threads of faith and knowledge would become a hopelessly tangled skein. Quite likely the poet has turned jester. Under the guise of serious treatment of an awful theme there lurks a bit of grim humor, a grotesque fancy given loose reign. Without doubt it is an excursion into the realm of mystery where the imagination builds up a magic situation draped in sable and wreathed in gloom. Much more satisfying, because of its apparent sincerity, is the question he raises in the development of his exquisite sonnet on "Sleep":

> For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,
> No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
> How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

While there is no attempt at any solution, no passionate grapple with great heart-burning desires where affirmations alone can bring solace to the moral sense, yet there is the possible intimation that we shall

> As in a fairy bark
> Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
> To purple daybreak.

For once, however, all speculations are thrown to the winds as withered leaves, and in "The Crescent and the Cross" hope springs immortal:

> But when this Cross of simple wood I see,
> The Star of Bethlehem shines again for me,
> And glorious visions break upon my gloom—
> The patient Christ, and Mary at the Tomb!

But, after all, Aldrich, while disclaiming the distinctive note of the prophet, becomes the apostle of elegance and beauty. The literary charm of which he is possessed is very beautiful and

seems to leap to life from the interior affluence of his character as well as from the richness of his material circumstances. It is easy to believe the statement of those who knew him in his early years when they recollect that he was always well dressed, and that beyond his fellows. There was within him an inherent inclination toward refinement of taste, however it might be manifested. The only real interruption to an untroubled life befell by the death of his son. Aside from this, all things were conducive to the culture of a rich and flowing poetic imagination. In recognition of his power to portray the beautiful the world must accord him a permanent place in literature. It would be the height of folly to ignore him. Nor would it be the part of wisdom to relegate to obscurity one who diffuses the glamour of enchantment everywhere; for thereby hard, repellent, and unlovely conditions are transformed, as are the huts of common men on the Italian hillsides when the sun is in the west. But for Thomas Bailey Aldrich, alas! poet of luxury though he was, and unused to purple shadows, the sun has set; 1836-1907 are figures that tell the story. Threescore years and ten, to be sure, make a long life, as the child reckons—a brief one from the measurement of men. "In spite of all," said he, "I am going to sleep; put out the lights." Still the ruling poetic temperament of a lifetime! And he left his opinion that death was but "the passing of the shadow on a flower." But if he has gone, he has left no appreciable shadow—for his verse is luminous with the joy of living.

But what, then, shall be said in extenuation of luxury? Why, nothing at all, save that our poet is a very pleasant comrade. Shall we not be the better, when staggering under the crushing burdens of a world of sin and pain, if we take an occasional journey with him into the realm of opulent things? With him, doubtless, we may wander forgetfully where the "golden wind" is

> **Breaking the buds, and bending the grass,**
> **And spilling the scent of the rose.**

Geo W Farmer

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

GILBERT BURNET, Bishop of Salisbury, whose Life is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, was a real power as a preacher. How carefully he trained and prepared himself for that work he himself tells: "I read the Scripture with great application to get a great deal of it by heart, and accustomed myself as I was riding or walking to repeat parcels of it. I went through the Bible to consider all the texts proper to be preached on, and studied to understand the literal meaning of the words. . . . I accustomed myself on all occasions to form my meditations into discourse, and spoke aloud what occurred to my thoughts. I went over the body of Divinity frequently . . . and found a way of explaining every part of it in the easiest and clearest way I could, and I spent a great part of every day in talking over to myself my thoughts of these matters. But that which helped me most was that I studied to live in frequent recollection, observing myself, and the chain of thoughts that followed all good or bad inclinations, and thus by a course of meditation and prayer I arrived at a great readiness in preaching that has continued ever with me from that time." On this one reader comments: "No wonder that once at the Rolls Chapel, in London, when he had preached out the hourglass and turned it over for another hour, the audience 'set up almost a shout for joy.' That was not the modern preacher or the modern audience."

"FOOLS make a mock of sin." The fools are many; and strange, satanic teachings concerning sin and vice are abroad in prose and in verse. A rich Jew, prominent in the world of commerce and finance, gave out at the last annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, that "as no man is perfect, each one should be measured by the balance struck by deducting his vices from his virtues," the implication being that entire freedom from vices is not to be required or expected from any man. Obviously this Jew has never learned from the Great Teacher who said, "Be ye perfect." Vice in any degree is not a necessity. A notorious and phenomenally flagrant sinner, a minister most basely and scandalously gone astray, relating recently his infamous crime, says: "To write the story of my

shame and wrongdoing, to lay bare all the secrets, which, though of sin, are as sacred as, and I sometimes believe more sacred than, those of virtue and holiness . . . is to me utterly abhorrent. . . . I took the [sinful] happiness I wanted. It is only the weakling who passively surrenders and by sacrifice obtains a mild joy which he indolently accepts as happiness. The man of flesh and blood and heart takes what he wants for himself and fights back; and if what he takes is worth the combat, he will fight the whole world. I attempt no justification of my act. I walked to mine own damnation with my eyes open. The Church has damned me, the world has damned me, and damned I stand on the isolated peak of my love—happy. When I stooped to the mire of the pit, I rose to the glory of the heights. . . . I write as a sinner in sin to sinners. My mentality has been forced for a year to run contrary to all the laws of God and man." More diabolically vicious and ruinous doctrine can scarcely be conceived. It is the false reasoning of a lost soul. It reeks with moral sophistry and depravity. As E. Griffith-Jones wisely says in his volume entitled Faith and Verification, "any theory or teaching which in any way blurs the meaning of sin as an awful and devastating mischief for which there can be no excuse, cuts at the very root and nerve-center of all moral health and spiritual life." The notion that the secrets of sin are more sacred than those of virtue and holiness; that in defying the laws of God and man he has proved himself no weakling but a strong, courageous hero; that the thief who takes what he wants, whether it belongs to him or not, is the man of flesh and blood and heart, the truly manly man; that the sweeter happiness is to be found in sin, and that the way to the glory of the heights is through the mire of the pit—these are stupid and delirious delusions which show how utterly the sinner's mental and moral faculties are befooled, befuddled, and besotted. The great wise old truth-telling Book, whose truth holds good for men and angels, for time and for eternity, and from center to circumference of the universe, gives in effect this friendly, faithful and saving admonition: "He who trifles with sin and makes light of it, denying or belitting its heinousness, its malignity, its destructiveness, is a Fool."

THE AUTHOR OF RAB AND HIS FRIENDS

When Mr. J. T. Fields, the Boston publisher, visited Scotland in 1869 it was for "the author of *Rab*" that he inquired; and by that title doubtless Dr. John Brown, the Edinburgh physician, is most

widely known. His chief, though by no means his only, distinction is that he made one dog immortal in literature. Another memorable feat of his was his immortalizing, with the same pen, a precocious child, Marjorie Fleming, Sir Walter Scott's little pet, of whose odd sayings and pathetic fate he wrote under the title of Pet Marjorie. Swinburne in his tender tribute to Dr. John Brown wished that in the night of death a guiding star might lead his gentle spirit to

> Some happier island in the Elysian sea
> Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie.

Heredity, environment and education amply account for the author of Rab. He came naturally enough by that love of animals, particularly of dogs, his rare description of which made Sir Henry Taylor call him the Landseer of literature. His grandfather was spoken of as being fuller of love toward all living creatures than any other man in Scotland, and a quaint story is told of his kissing first his little grandson and then his grandson's pet rabbits. Through an educated ancestry he came rightly, too, by his love of literature, his great grandfather having taught himself Greek and much else when a shepherd-boy on the braes of Abernethy and having walked twenty-four miles at night to Saint Andrews to buy a Greek New Testament; and having by his exceptional knowledge, mysteriously obtained, caused some of the ignorant to accuse him of acquiring his learning by a compact with the devil, although "that astute personage would hardly have employed him on the Greek Testament." The author of Rab came rightly also by his religiousness, both father and grandfather having been "meenisters," each for over fifty years, and his father a professor of theology for twenty-four years in the United Presbyterian Church.

In the volume of Letters[1] just fresh from the press there is less mention of animals than one might expect. Dr. Brown tells us that he wrote the story of Rab and his friends, James and Ailie, one midsummer night between midnight and four in the morning when he "slunk off to bed satisfied and cold." In one letter he orders a quarter of lamb and a washbasin full of new milk for Rab. What makes his dogs interesting is his discrimination of individual character in each one; at this he is a master. In a letter to a friend, he says: "We have lost our dog, Puck, a fellow of infinite humor and affection and the very doggest of dogs. Seriously, it is no joke losing

[1] Letters of Dr. John Brown. Edited by his Son. 8vo, pp. 368. New York: The Macmillan Company, American agents. Price, cloth, $4.00.

a dog. I hope you still have yours, and that it is waxing funnier and unaccountabler than ever." Thanking Sir George Reid, the artist, for his etching of Thomas Edwards, the Banff naturalist, Dr. Brown says that "the eyes are like a sagacious old gray terrier of the United Presbyterian persuasion, as commanding and immediate as the open tubes of a double-barreled gun on full cock." On coming home one day, Dr. Brown said, "I have seen such a good, conscientious dog; his muzzle had come off and he was bringing it home in his mouth." Another day he saw a large dog pass in charge of a coachman whom he knew. "There goes good John," he said, "with that animal which people call 'a magnificent Saint Bernard'; but he is a complete intake, like many men and some women. He has a good face, handsome figure, and *no brains worth mentioning.*" First and last he knew many dogs. He had, all told, several dogs named Bob, numbered as kings are, I, II, III, and IV. Of Bob IV, the last of that dynasty, he writes: "He cost me fifty shillings when young. He arrived by the railway with the coachman holding him by a chain. He was in a general state of consternation; every new sight and sound kept him in perpetual astonishment and ready for anything horrible. Me he eyed, on first sight, in a very peculiar way, with an uncanny look of interest, doubt, and horror. When I took off his chain and collar, he stared at me a moment and then went careering away down the street. I made after him along Princes Street but soon lost sight of him. I wandered about for some hours, at last turning into George Street, and there, panting, tongue out, and wearied, was my young friend, Bob IV. But the moment he caught sight of me he was off again."

A far larger space in Dr. Brown's Letters is filled by love of literature, with comments on books and authors, in which he is frequently positive and intense. His aversions are to Charles Dickens and George Eliot; his supreme admiration is for Thackeray and Ruskin. Speaking of Forster's Life of Dickens, he says: "I dislike the personal essence of both men, though I admire the unique genius of Dickens and the strong though grandiose talent of Forster. I could not finish the second volume of the Life, I was so angry at both men—Dickens, so hard-hearted, so intense and exacting in his egoism, so self-centered, his falsetto pathos, his caricature run mad, and, above all, his conduct to his wife. My reasons for calling him hard-hearted are, first, my personal knowledge of him for many years and my seeing his adamantine selfish egoism, and, second, the revelation

of his nature given so frankly in his friend Forster's huge Life. Dickens was a man soft only on the outside, hard at the core. Forster is a 'heavy swell' and has always been offensive to me; he has no sense of humor, and is, as the boy called him, a 'harbitrary cove.'" Dr. Brown's feeling toward George Eliot is one of disgust. When Middlemarch appeared he wrote sharp criticisms of it and of her to Lady Minto and other friends. "I don't like Miss Evans' style of mind and feeling," he wrote. "There are too many big words, and the same taint of sensuality which was so offensive in The Mill on the Floss—a sort of coarse George Sandism, without her amazing genius and beauty of word. Middlemarch is steeped in discomfort, discontent, despair, as she herself is; and she is full of nasty, unwomanly knowledge which she is always hinting at. She has great power, wit, and prodigious but laborious cleverness, but more talent than genius, more ideas than knowledge of realities. Her views of life, of God, and of all that is deepest and truest in man are low, miserable, hopeless, and she seems always wishing to drag her readers down to her own level. This clever but unhappy woman is much overpraised. She is an anatomist, and in order to be so she must either get her subjects dead to begin with, or kill them. She has none of the sweet, plastic, living power of Miss Austen, or Charlotte Brontë, or even Mrs. Gaskell. Her books are manufactured, not born. She is laboriously clever, disagreeably knowing, unwholesome, and in a high sense unreal, while her unexpected gratuitous nastiness is offensive. I trust that in fifty years she will be forgotten except by critics."

The growth of his admiration for Thackéray is clearly seen in Dr. Brown's letters. He begins in 1851 by telling Lady Trevelyan that he prefers Thackeray to Dickens ten times over as a writer. Of Thackeray's lectures in Edinburgh he writes: "The great man has come, even greater as a man than as a writer; and big as well as great, six feet two, and built large, with a huge, happy, shrewd head, and natural in all his ways. . . . I knew Thackeray would go to your heart. We have just come from his third lecture. What power and gentleness and restraint! I wonder at and love him more and more. Tonight he took the whole house by the heart and held them; they were still and serious and broke out wildly at the end. We have seen a great deal of him; he comes and sits for hours, and lays his great nature out before us with its depths and bitternesses, its tenderness and desperate truthfulness. He was delighted with Sir William Thomson; said he was an angel and better, and must have

wings under his flannel waistcoat. I said he had, for I had seen them. Uncle James said of Thackeray's first lecture that its closing, after an hour of sustained brightness, seemed like putting out the light." When the lectures were over, and the great lecturer had gone home, Dr. Brown wrote: "They have taken away our god and we are out of employment. One thing we are most grateful to him for is that he delivered us from Mary Queen of Scots, and Bruce, and Haggis, and Burns, and Auld Reekie, and Hugh Miller. Did you read his speeches at the farewell dinner? He was in such a fright, and stumbled and stuck delightfully—and thought he had made an utter ass of himself. He was so surprised and grateful at what was said of him. If you had seen his pathetic, dumb face, like a great child going to cry, when he stood up to return thanks you would have had a good honest cry, as I nearly had. He thought he had made an immense fool of himself till he saw it in print next morning. We are more infatuated about him than ever."

Dr. Brown's other ardent enthusiasm was for Ruskin, to whose faults he was not, however, at all blind. In 1857 he wrote a friend: "Ruskin is to be in Glasgow lecturing. You must let me make him known to you. He is odd and willful, but he is pure and good, and an amazing genius." In 1864 he wrote Lady Trevelyan: "I see Ruskin is fighting away in his insolent and magnificent way about his glaciers. I am sure he has wings under his jacket; he is not a man but a stray angel who, having singed his wings a little, tumbled into our sphere. He has all the arrogance, insight, unreasonableness, and spiritual 'sheen' of a celestial being." Ten years later he asked after Ruskin as follows: "Is our Genius at the Village du Simplon now? These bits from him about the Alps are like apples of gold in pictures of silver, great, nourishing thoughts in noble, beautiful words. I wish we could cheer him a bit, but he has heaven before him to let grow his wings and satisfy his longing soul. . . . His Mornings in Florence are exquisite, like delicious fruit. What an artesian well he is! or, rather, one of nature's great springs; he seems to me never to ebb." To Ruskin himself he wrote in 1881: "Your writings show no loss of general power whether of conception or industry; the active brightness of your entire soul is the same as of old. You burn like iron wire in oxygen, and I often wonder how you survive your own intensity. I hope you are taking your oatmeal porridge and cream, and sleeping full eight hours in the twenty-four."

His opinion of Matthew Arnold appears in such expressions as the following: "I cannot read much at a time now. Last night I stuck fast in Arnold's brilliant and precocious lecture. The man is strong in his writings; his individuality never deserts his words." "I see Matthew Arnold, in his defense of himself in the Contemporary, is coming nearer the God of Israel and Paul. He says God is 'The Eternal' (this time a large E) 'not ourselves, that [he might say Who] makes for righteousness.' I would willingly adopt his name for God—I know of none fuller and less utterly inadequate than The Eternal. What a sinewy style Arnold's is! He plainly knows what *style* means." "Have you seen the august Matthew Arnold's 'Ode on Stanley'? It seems to me pretentious, thin, and heartless; well worded, of course; but who else, standing at his friend's grave, would use the word 'cecity,' which Sir Thomas Browne, the delightful old pedant, once used. The great Matthew looks at the universe, and also at God, through *an eyeglass,* one eye shut, and wearing a supreme air."

Of Dean Stanley Dr. Brown says: "I have read his last book. It is excellent, and so like the courageous, cordial, free spirit that is his. I like Tulloch, too, and thought him right as to Stanley's want of the sense of sin and the need of a Saviour. Religion cannot be taught without dogma, which is just another word for doctrine—a thing to be taught. It is the abuse of dogma that is mischievous, as when Calvin made his followers say there were children in hell not a span long. Stanley's sermon, which you sent, is such as no man living but himself could have written or thought of writing—such fervor, such spiritual quickness, such affectionateness, with all that rich, unexpected, yet natural utterance. Other preachers are eloquent or subtle or learned or weighty, but he alone is *apostolic* in spirit, as if he had in him the very blood of John of Patmos. I wish Stanley had not been so tender to Renan, whose compliments to the man Christ Jesus, after stripping him of his Godhead, I cannot accept. If so stripped, is he worth worshiping?" Dr. Brown approves Lady Minto's comment on Renan's theories, "The endeavor to produce or account for supernatural results by natural means is a complete failure." He says: "I could preach a sermon on those words. They touch the core of the matter as with a needle. Nothing better has been said about Renan's delusive and deluded book. Supernatural results *are* produced; therefore they must have an adequate supernatural Cause and Causer. . . . I back the words, 'I 'm not

ashamed to own my Lord,' against Renan and all his crew." Of some of Tyndall's utterances he wrote: "Ridicule is one of the best ways of meeting his pernicious and idiotic stuff. Ruskin has scourged him in the most delightful manner." Clough is one of Dr. Brown's enthusiasms. "I place Clough very high," he says, "as an intellectual and moral poet; and I would like to have a kick at the imaginative crew, Dobell, Smith, that varmint Massey, *et hoc genus omne,* who are bedeviling and bedrunkifying our literature. I always liked, indeed loved, Clough, and felt his sensibility and power; and that uncertainty of conviction of his, and sense of the riddle of existence, drew him very much to myself as being like-minded; but there is a *sadness,* in the sense of bread that is heavy, a want of all gaiety and elasticity about him and his works. He is forever damp with dead passion." It is interesting to compare with Professor Winchester's masterly portraiture of John Wilson in our last number, Dr. Brown's brief reference to him: "I admire the great Christopher, but cannot entirely respect him. There is a dash of *bosh* in him, a hulliballooishness, and a sort of demoralized and demoralizing sentimentality that at first catches and then disgusts me; but he is big and noble and full of love, if you keep him off cockneys and vermin in general—there he is as merciless as my dog is to cat or rat. I have been very busy doctoring and am thoroughly tired. Two weeks ago I felt as if the Hourglass of Life was all but run out for me, but somehow Somebody turned the glass and the sands are running more briskly. But when the *nunc dimittis* comes neither you nor I will break our hearts at going down that stair; it leads out into the everlasting heaven and its stars." In 1879 Dr. Brown writes to a friend: "I have been reading a clever but unsavory book on French Novelists and Poets. What a rotten set these De Mussets and Gautiers and Balzacs and George Sands! full of the very 'superfluity of naughtiness.' *Sin,* the vilest forms of it, seems to them the most entertaining and pleasant of all things. The French lady who said, 'Ices are so delicious; it is a pity taking them isn't a sin' was typical. They verily say, 'Evil be thou my good'; they have devilish cleverness in expressing thoughts and feelings that should never be expressed." A brief reference to Chaucer is this: "He is primary in his own line. In description he is an inspired child finding himself in *Juventus mundi,* and getting the first crush of the grapes. There is too much animalism here and there, but not of the unwholesome kind; it is not a disease in him as it is in many modern writers; but it is unsuited to our time and

taste." On Wordsworth we find such comments as these: "I read 'The Excursion' when I was eighteen, and was a different man from that time. He was a revelation to me, and added a precious seeing to the eye and to the mind. But he too often drivels and talks numerous prose to a frightful extent. To me Wordsworth's great defect is his want of humor, of a sense of the ludicrous and incongruous. I feel this even more than his prosiness. But that he was a great poet, the greatest of his day, I never doubt. Byron, when he is a poet, which often he is not, is the poet of passion, of the 'heart tumult'; he would have been a greater poet if he had had the deep feeling, the quiet, steady human-heartedness of Wordsworth." This is Dr. Brown's opinion of another great poet: "I have been reading Browning largely and carefully. He is a very true and great poet, more of both than Tennyson is by a great way. There is a wonderful *quantity* of thought and feeling in him, and he is always himself, never aping anyone; at times he is rough and difficult, and goes off into mere thinking—very strong and rugged but not poetry." Dr. Brown met our James Russell Lowell and was much taken with him and his poetry. He wrote: "Lowell is the greatest poet our American cousins have yet sent forth, greatest in reach of thought and feeling, in humor, in spontaneity, and in general felicity of language. Whittier comes nearest him. Longfellow is a sort of male Mrs. Hemans. Lowell's Biglow Papers are full of wit, wisdom, and freshness. I would rather be he than Tennyson or Browning; there is more of the light of common day, more naturalness of thought and word, and no want of depth or tenderness, with humor of strongest and rarest flavor." Of interest are Dr. Brown's comments on two great antagonists in public life, both of whom figure largely in literature. In a letter to a friend in 1862 is this: "I really wonder at your worship of Disraeli. Do you honestly look upon that splendid scamp as a patriot? I admire Benjamin as a man of genius and infinite audacity, and as the author of Henrietta Temple and of his own fortunes; but as Prime Minister and the mouthpiece of British power, it amazes me that you can believe in him." Of Disraeli's opponent and rival Dr. Brown is also critical: "I like Gladstone and I don't. He is a wonderful man, and full of boy, fresh, and eager, and such a range of sympathy and interest, such serious, great eyes and such a look of earnestness; but—he is the son of his father. He lacks the oneness, the simplicity that make and go with the greatest greatness. I think more of Gladstone as a statesman than as a writer, and most of all

as a financier. I think there is a nimiousness or too-muchness often about him from his enormous superfluity of energy. [Today some make similar comment on President Roosevelt.] Still he is the biggest man of our party. He would get on more smoothly if he were more worldly-wise."

Doubtless this Edinburgh physician's celebrity is due chiefly to his literary work and very little to prominence in his profession. In these published letters there are comparatively few glimpses of his life as a medical man. But his intellectuality, his shrewd wisdom, his tender sympathy, his keen insight into human nature, and his sweet humor must have made him a physician greatly to be desired, trusted, and loved. No one who has read his writings is surprised at the story told of him by Charles Dickens, how when he was a young doctor and the cholera was raging at Chatham he remained all night with a poor woman whom everybody else had deserted, ministering to her to the end, and then, overcome with fatigue, falling asleep, and being found in the early morning, when the house was entered, lying asleep on the floor.

Religion fills even more space than literature in Dr. John Brown's letters. In the first year of his medical practice this "meenister's" son writes to his younger brother, William, thus: "Be assured that there is no real happiness where there is indulgence in guilt—that pure thoughts and upright actions cause happiness as certainly as the sun causes light and heat. Keep this always before you; *know* the God of your fathers. Although I fear I am not as religious as I should be, I can see from experience that the way of transgression is *hard*. In everything you do, think of its *strict morality*. In the place where you are now going you will be exposed to great temptation, and if you do not *instantly* take *high ground* you will never be safe. When you hear impure talk, leave the room at once, and give them to know that you differ from them because *God* differs from them; and when asked why you will not do so and so, never be ashamed of saying God has forbidden it—the *Bible* says so and so." A little later we find this to the same brother: "I am somehow very void of thought and feeling tonight. I sometimes wonder whether I am really under the control and guidance of God's Spirit, yet I have great relish for religion and am quite satisfied that nothing else is worth anything; but I go on from day to day, always about to be and never quite reaching it. Like you I am far from satisfied with my own state. I am distinctly *two persons*, a *good* and an *evil*. I feel a certain reverence and

godly fear and an intense desire to be on his side; but this is interrupted sometimes and then I am the same thoughtless, impure fool as ever. I believe this arises from a want of real love for God, but, like you, I cannot control my thoughts by reason of darkness." In 1864, a short time after the death of his wife, Dr. Brown replied to a friend's message of sympathy thus: "Thanks for your kind and comforting note. I had sunk into a sort of heavy torpor, and your words roused me. My great loss is much more felt in its fullness now than it was at first. I have now time to be selfish and miserable and to ply myself with reproaches—a very foolish and, it may be, sinful exercise. I have thought much lately about Jacob's wrestling with the angel, finding his weakness and his strength at the same time, and going on through the rest of his life lame and halting but submissive and even rejoicing. I believe this is the one great lesson of life—the being *subdued by God.* If this is done, all else is subdued and won." A while after this he writes: "Every now and then comes a day of stupid wretchedness, idle remorse, and useless wishings for the impossible and the lost. God and his love are to be had for the asking, but they *must* be *asked.*" Writing to a friend, and referring to the Rev. Dr. Charles Watson who was then sorely bereaved in the death of his wife, Dr. Brown says: "I am as sorry as is in me for the big man and his loneliness; but then he is big and good, and can contain himself and live for others; and his books and his work and his friends will cheer and help him. How I wish I could sit under his preaching and hear him speak the living truth now! If I could only be *made whole!* How much and yet how little a man can do to be made whole! 'Believe and live!' Yes, but of yourself you can do nothing, not even believe." In 1874 he wrote John Ruskin thus: "Last Sunday I heard, in a little Baptist chapel in the woods near Pitlochry, a most excellent sermon on 'What is that to thee? *Follow thou me.*' I am more and more convinced that the essence of Christianity and of righteousness and of all goodness is in following the Christ, in thinking, feeling, and acting (within our human limits) as he would do were he in our place."

In the letters of this "meenister's" son we are not surprised to find much about ministers. When his own father was well on in years this, his son, wrote thus about him to a friend: "We have been getting famous discourses from the clear-eyed vehement old man, full of rich, convincing truth, and arguments heated and softened and made irresistible by holy passion. Give a man an absolutely

right principle and he can hardly be extravagant. The other day, at the close of a most beautiful and informing sermon about Mary, Lazarus' sister, anointing the feet of Jesus, he read in his most impressive style the second Psalm, 'Why do the heathen rage?' etc., and then suddenly he pushed up his spectacles on his forehead, and in his own old way *flung himself* at the people with these words: 'Where is Jesus, and where is Lazarus *now?* And where are those priests and rulers of the people *now?* Jesus has gone up and sits forever on the throne of the universe, and Lazarus is with him seeing him as he is. Where those others are, in heaven or in hell, I know not; but this I do know—wherever they be, they are and shall forever be *at* or *under* his feet!' And thus the great old preacher ended." One Sunday in Edinburgh Dr. Brown's sister and a friend of hers wanted him to go with them to hear Dr. Candlish. He said: "No; I know too many people in that church; the elders will all come to shake hands with me." But the girls coaxed and he went. The subject was "Prayer." On the way home Dr. Brown said: "You were good girls to take me there. It was *splendid;* he first made you feel that you could ask for *anything,* a five-pound note or a shilling if you needed it, and then he *dared* you to have any overmastering wish but 'Thy will be done.'" Dr. Brown quotes Sydney Smith as saying in one of his sermons that it is good for a man to get out of a great city and into country places where he is compelled to feel the presence of an unseen Omnipotence at work, and to see some things in the making of which neither he nor his kind have had any share. In May, 186?, a letter from Dr. Brown to his brother, Alexander, contains the following: "This is the week of the Synod, and Uncle Smith [the moderator that year] is in his glory—a sort of meek importance all over the dear little man. John Cairns is Augustine, John Calvin, Jonathan Edwards, and *himself* all in one. He preached twice on Sunday; very great he was. Dr. David Cairns and his wife were here, very happy, very healthy, with a sort of scriptural look about them." Part of a letter to Dr. Peter Davidson is worth quoting because of a gentle admonition to fairness which it contains: "I am delighted with your book. It is sure to do good by its honesty, accuracy, force, and, most of all, by its deep godliness. I hesitate to say so, but there are some severe expressions in the first lecture that I could wish mollified. Every accusation or insinuation against the *sincerity* of a man is dangerous, because, though we can know about our own sincerity and motives, in the nature of the case we hardly ever can judge certainly those of our brother.

And you always gain in the main by giving your opponent all you honestly can, before smiting him to the ground. The man you are criticizing is conceited and silly, too ignorant to know truth when he sees it, and he is rash and unfair and offensive, but I do believe the man honestly *thinks* he is doing God service; though he is, as you have shown, ludicrously vain and uninformed and one-eyed." A letter to Lady Minto, in 1871, has the following: "We enjoyed Jowett's visit and he seemed happy in his quiet way. I liked his sermon for the most part, but with my old-fashioned beliefs I miss the doctrine of sin and salvation. He told me what Lord Westbury said about Judge Bovill, who presided at the trial of the Tichborne claimant, 'If he only had a little more experience, he would make the worst judge that ever sat upon the bench.'" On one preacher whom he heard in a country church, Dr. Brown makes this criticism: "The sermon was good, only the man vociferated and roared. It was like the sharp, shattering discharge of a Calvinistic mitrailleuse in your face. And besides the man called himself 'this worm.'" Of the charming personality of Rev. John Ker this is written: "Ker was here, entirely delightful, a pure, benign, happy intelligence—a sort of domestic sun radiating warmth and light." About one noted preacher the last reference is in a letter in 1873: "Dr. Candlish is dying, without pain, blessing all about him sweetly, quite gentle, and happy. It is very touching and impressive; this fierce, troublous, assertive man, lying there now as gentle and docile as a child. I have always felt that at the core he was good and true-hearted, and living very close to God, becoming continually more kindly, more desirous to agree with his brethren, more aware of how small are many of the things he once thought worth fighting for. There is a great deal of Saint Paul about Candlish. I think the likeliest thing after death is that the soul falls asleep, and does not even dream, so that from our death to the Great Day is to our consciousness but the twinkling of an eye." About another dying man he wrote: "Alexander Brown is near to death and knows it. He told me yesterday that few things delighted him so much as thinking of the free, clear, infinite range his thoughts would soon have about everything." In 1871 Sir William Thomson delivered a great address as president of the British Association of Science. Concerning that address Dr. John Brown wrote a friend: "What a sweep of wing, like a mighty angel's, and such deep, wide, reverent, true science, with its 'everlasting law of honor'! The stereotyped clergy and their people may be down on

him for saying that our world may have been peopled from the debris of other worlds, and that we may have been evolved not merely from apes and monads, but from fern seeds; but, as I see it, God's will and power had not less scope in creating things by that method than by what has been called the direct creative act. Surely, if we go far enough back, we find God inhabiting his own eternity, dwelling alone, and then saying 'Let it be' and it was; and that *it,* no matter how small, has in it the potentiality of the whole; and *he* put it there. Now, if he put it there and sustains it, and if in the case of man there was some special and differentiating addition of a moral sense shared with him by God, by which, in a way different from all other living creatures, man was made in the divine image, capable of communion with God, why, that theory seems to me as satisfactory as it is scientific. But perhaps I am getting out of my depth."

None of the letters draw us more closely and tenderly to Dr. Brown than those written in his years of ill health and after his wife's death. A letter to John Ruskin in 1871 says: "My son is with me. My daughter Helen is married, and happy as this world goes. As for me, five years ago in June my mind lost its self-control for a short time. It went off like a watch that has lost the restraint on the spring, and which runs through a day in ten minutes; and though now outwardly quiet and even torpid, I am like a Rupert drop that knew its peril and that spite of outward smoothness might burst any minute. I am done for, cannot write, cannot think, to any purpose, have no relish for anything but sleep and forgetfulness. O, I work every day at my regular tasks, but within all things have come to an end. I only feel that I cannot feel. My brain is like a mouth without teeth, and my memory has struck work."

Closing our report of these letters our last sentence must not be one that shows the beautiful life and rare spirit of the author of Rab and His Friends with gloomy shadows on it. Rather will we place here at the end, like a west window lit by the sunset, his own description of the west front of Wells Cathedral: "It is simply glorious; it is literally the *Te Deum* in stone; there are the glorious company of the Apostles, the noble army of Martyrs, and all the rest, praising Him, acknowledging Him to be the Lord."

Similarly ennobled and dignified by the sacred glories of the Christian faith stood the west front of this loved Scottish physician's life when the light of sunset shone upon it.

THE ARENA

THE IMMUTABILITY OF GOD

"I am the Lord, I change not" (Mal. 3. 6). "The word of the Lord endureth forever" (1 Pet. 1. 25). "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever" (Heb. 13. 8).

CHANGEABLENESS is a distinguishing characteristic of mankind. Unchangeableness or immutability belongs alone to God. The above impressive Scripture quotations at once arrest the attention of the thoughtful reader. While these utterances notably differ in phraseology, and were spoken at widely separated periods of history, we cannot fail to note that they perfectly harmonize in proclaiming the doctrine of divine immutability. What unity of statement, what dignity of assertion, in these declarations! The words bear the impress of underived kingly authority. The last quoted, from its direct and comprehensive wording, affords a most suggestive basis for the development of our theme. What simplicity and yet what majesty of statement in this disclosure of one of the essential attributes of the Divine Being! It has an eternity of meaning. It holds in its grasp the past, the present, and the future; the long vanished uncounted yesterdays, the unending procession of todays, and the untold and unborn tomorrows of the forever. Among the authoritative and sublime passages of Sacred Writ the above cited express the profoundest truths in fewest words, truths fraught with most vital import to our race. These kingly assertions virtually proclaim alike the infinite goodness, the omniscience, and the omnipotence as well as the immutability of the same Being. Immutability is coördinate with and coessential to all other divine attributes. It is the binding factor in the wondrous unity of the Divine Person, giving assurance of the unchanging wisdom, power, and goodness of God, with every guarantee for our illumination, guidance, and defense. "Is God changeable, like man?" has been the preëminent question of all earnest inquirers ever since the dawn of (true) religious light. Polytheism could scarcely have conceived—much less have answered—this question. These authoritative declarations came betimes as a needed revelation, an answer to this momentous question. With this answer the confidence of the devout believer in God's promises is immeasurably strengthened. As he now reads the promiser, "I am the Lord, I *change not*," "*The* word of the Lord endureth forever," his soul newly exults in his risen Lord. Henceforth the divine promises become a safe anchorage in every storm, an unfailing "help in time of trouble." Now, as never before, every promise verily becomes to him "Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus."

While we thus rejoice in the unchanging certainty of these promises, we should not forget that equal certainty belongs to the words of warning and the threatenings of retribution against the transgressor of divine

law. We must remember that "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne"; that he "is of purer eyes than to behold evil"; that "though the wicked join hand in hand, they shall not go unpunished." Verily, if these fearful declarations are a certainty, we should not forget that while we may both hope and rejoice in the divine mercy we may neither doubt nor dare the divine judgment. Since we concede all that our free moral agency implies, with equal candor we must admit that the divine conditions of that agency are inherently just as well as immutable, and also that they verily are balancing factors in the administration of the divine government, the perfect equipoise of divine sovereignty.

Again, to reinforce our argument, if we recall the specific promises and prophecies relating to the Jewish people, particularly after the calling of Abraham, their frequent shameful apostasies, fearful chastisements, and their as frequent deliverances and restoration through divine mercy and forbearance, and then remember that the minutest fulfillment of these promises and prophecies has long since been among the recorded facts of history, our faith in this doctrine of divine immutability will be immeasurably strengthened.

Let us recall some of these utterances, some coeval with creation: "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." "The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come." We may not omit that sublimely impressive passage, uniting in itself retrospect, prophecy, and fulfillment, "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." How wonderful these prophecies, how marvelous their fulfillment; while from the standpoint of human reason and forecast how utterly improbable! Yet infinite love and infinite justice, alike ever immanent, have guided these issues through the long centuries, subordinating all apparently untoward events, and have made them tributary to the divine purpose culminating in the most marvelous events of history—the miraculous birth of the Messiah, his wonderful life and mission, his sacrificial death on the cross, his triumphant resurrection, and his glorious ascension. Now, the world's atonement completed, divine justice vindicated, divine love triumphant, the "new and living way" opened alike to Jew and Gentile, our risen and ascended Lord become as never before "the joy of the whole earth," the whole a sublime drama of accomplished prophecy—verily, are not the words, "I am the Lord, I change not," indelibly written on the scroll of history?

The farther bearings of this subject are many and wide-reaching. Need we to be reminded that the integrity and perpetuity of our physical world and of the universe itself are equally pending on the truth of this doctrine? Should our world become subject to the government of some capricious almighty power, every desirable condition of mankind would be in momentary peril. Under the stress of such uncertainty all aggressive human enterprise would speedily come to an end. Toil could no longer hope for a sure reward, every motive to earnest effort would soon be utterly paralyzed, and our world would speedily become a scene of hopeless despair and inconceivable anarchy. The same power that created

and combined the simple elements of matter in beneficent and harmless proportions could, in a moment of sportive caprice or of dire malignity, separate the *elements* of either air or water and by a touch convert our earth into a wheeling orb of unquenchable fire; or by a word suspending the law of gravitation precipitate a catastrophe of indescribable horrors, instantly destroying all forms of life, rending asunder our solid earth, hurling its orbless flying fragments into measureless space, or perchance find some new orbit for the wild wreckage of a dead world. Thanks to a God of infinite love, we need fear no such possibilities until the consummation of all things is at hand. Enough for us to rejoice that we are the inheritors of the benefits of divine revelation. We of today largely enjoy the realization of promise and prophecy. We share in the quickened fulfilling of the hopes of the long-waiting centuries. Today as never before we are witnessing the ever-growing miracle of "God manifest in the flesh," awaiting the glorious epoch when the "kingdoms of this world" shall "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

But we must forego farther enlargement of this suggestive theme. Our minds are filled with awe in the presence of the wondrous truths that grow out of this discussion. We may never expect to fully measure them; we can only hope to be permitted to enter the vestibule of the temple of truth, where, standing with bared head and unsandaled feet, we may wait and wonder and adore.

New York City. JOHN SPIER.

INSPIRATION AND THE PROPAGATION OF CHRISTIANITY

THE traditional and customary view is that the apostles possessed plenary inspiration, and that because of this their writings were infallible. If the church could believe that such complete inspiration had been accorded every age and phase of Christian development, and could easily determine exactly what preachers and writers had been thus fully and constantly inspired, it would have been possible to have an infallible church today, as much as in the days of Paul. At first it appears as though such complete divine determination of the affairs of the kingdom in every period would have been an unspeakable advantage to the church as well as comfort to Christ's followers. A little careful thinking, however, will reveal the falsity, if not the absurdity, of such a scheme of Christian history.

For example: If the successors of Paul and John had been, and by the church had been approved as, the equals of the apostles in all respects, as fully inspired and competent to bind and loose in the kingdom of God as were the founders of the church, their sermons and epistles would have been put on a par with those of the masters of the apostolic age. And if the third and fourth generations, and, indeed, all centuries from the days of the apostles to the present, had claimed their fully inspired preachers and organizers whose writings were as true, divine, and helpful as those of any other period, the church would have been literally overwhelmed and buried under the mass of inspired sermons, epistles, theologies, litur-

gles, and infallible decrees. For a Bible we should have had a work, or series of works, something like an enlarged Encyclopædia Britannica. And since this mass of inspired writing must needs have been studied by the critics—analyzed and weighed to prove that, compared with earlier productions, they were genuine, authentic, and fully inspired; and then, after their validity and value had been ascertained, their exposition, interpretation, and illustrative application would have been required, as has been the case with the limited Bible that we possess. As a result of the work of commentators—a work that truth-seekers could not ignore, that every Christian teacher would have been expected to peruse in part, even though he could never master it—we should have had a Christian Midrash, a modern Talmud, equal to a hundred Encyclopædias Britannica.

Furthermore, if in every age one or more had been divinely approved as leaders, whose words were to settle every phase of Christian activity and sentiment, numerous miracles would have been required as signs. With such an accompaniment of spiritual power attending their inspired acts and words, naturally all would have expected the establishment of the kingdom by miracles. And along with the inspired books, multiplying as the ages passed—books fully inspired, books interpreting the thousands of inspired works—there would have been produced, likewise, an innumerable number of miracle records, or Christian wonder books. These stories of cures, conquest by miracle, writing of hymns or writing of national constitutions by miracles, would have needed study, interpretation, and classification, so that, reasoning by analogy, they could determine whether, under certain circumstances, a miracle was likely to be wrought. Naturally, with such conditions science would have had no chance. Invention would have been side-tracked. The spirit of discovery would have been smothered, and all natural enterprise would have been strangled by the pressure of inspiration or the expectation of miracle. Thus we see that the two things that promoted the establishment of the church would, if continued with all their weight and fullness, have made the success of the church well-nigh impossible. Fortunately, belief in the full inspiration of contemporaries passed away, and the expectation of miracle, whether as a sign or as a needed uplift, gradually disappeared. We say belief in plenary inspiration and expectation. This prevented the people from placing the writings of the successors of the apostles on a par with those of an earlier age, and eliminated a general dependence upon miracles. Because of this, reason had a chance to exercise itself in the establishment of Christian doctrine, church government, and the methods of evangelistic work. Correct sentiment tended to check fanaticism, and experience helped to furnish the temple of truth, which Christ and the apostles had founded and opened to the world. If, however, everything had been left to reason, correct sentiment, and experience, the Christian system, so dearly purchased, so divinely launched and guaranteed, might have been sorely weakened, if not destroyed. Inspiration was still needed. Divine guidance and the exercise of supernatural power were essential to a healthy and constant Christian development. These prime requisites were afforded—and let all be profoundly grateful for the fact—without overwhelming the

church with a flood of inspired books, and without making scientific achievement impossible by the exercise of miracle. There was a kind of diffused inspiration, if such an expression is permissible. The thought and purposes of God were surely revealed, though no one could point to a single individual or set of teachers who had by plenary inspiration uttered them. The power of God was still exercised through their evangelistic agencies, through the battles of synods and councils, though no one could fully explain the performance, or designate the man who, as a sign of the divine interference, directed the miraculous phenomena. Now, because of this subapostolic inspiration and supernatural guidance, there have been writings in every age which, taken in connection with those that were fully inspired, have been sufficient to determine, for the time at least, all questions relating to life, duty, doctrine, and discipline. Anyone who has made a study of the Shepherd of Hermas, The Epistle of Barnabas, The Teaching of the Twelve, The Apostolic Constitutions, and other writings of the early fathers of the church, must have been convinced that this was certainly the case for the first three hundred years of Christian history. Since this is the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, the age that is to prove the culmination and justification of all that went before, there is good reason for believing that God is still in the church, and is working through his chosen people toward the promised end, though we cannot verify the supposition by the action of a plenary inspiration or by the performance of specific miracles. If our reasoning is correct, it is better, far better, as it is than as though we had in every period a reproduction of the conditions of the apostolic age. Without a boastful infallibility, we have the wisdom of God, the grace and power of God exercised in the upbuilding of the church.

Oswego, New York. ALBERT C. LOUCKS.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

CHRIST'S INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS DISCIPLES

(Continued)

Our Lord further declares (Matt. 5. 19): "Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." Our Saviour's teaching is that the discrimination of the little and great commands in the moral law had no foundation in truth. It is their duty to regard all God's commands as binding. We do not know which are the little and which are the great commands because of our inability to comprehend all the relations of things. It is difficult to understand what is here meant by the words "the least commandments." Plumptre in his commentary says: "The 'least commandments,' then, are those which seem trivial, yet were really great—the control of thoughts, desires, words, as compared with the apparently greater commands that dealt with acts. The reference to teaching shows that our Lord was speaking to his disciples as the future instructors of mankind, and the obvious import of his words is that they were to raise, not lower, the standard of righteousness which had been recognized previously." The teaching of the passage is, then, that it is enough for us to know that the commands are from God; his authority is sufficient to justify our obedience without our full comprehension of the bearings of the command. It is clear from this passage that our Lord is instructing his disciples in their capacity of teachers of the church, and it is very suggestive that in both parts of the passage the word "teach" is included. "Shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so"; also "whosoever shall do and teach them." It is bad enough to break the divine commandment oneself, but he who should teach the breaking of it is verily guilty before God, inasmuch as it manifests his hostility to God, whereas, on the other hand, he who obeys God's commands and teaches them shall be great in his kingdom and in his glory.

The paraphrase of this passage by Professor Weiss brings out quite clearly its general meaning: "If, therefore, anyone begins through his conduct to make even the smallest of these commands of none effect, and teaches men to do this, such a person can occupy only a very modest position in the kingdom of God that is being realized already here upon earth. For he who does not understand how to appreciate the single elements in conjunction with the whole, and, accordingly, begins to destroy instead of building up, such a person shows a state of immature spirituality, which can gain in him only a small significance. On the other hand, he who fulfills the law, and teaches men to do so, understands the past, and for that reason the present, too, in which he for this

reason will attain to a greater importance." It is further added that they must not be content with the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, who were leading them astray, but must seek the true righteousness which God enjoins (verse 20): "For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." The scribes and Pharisees are frequently mentioned together in the first three Gospels. The scribes were originally the translators and editors of the sacred books, but became in later times, and were at the time here mentioned, the interpreters of the law. The Pharisees were distinguished for their strict observance of the letter of the law. In this passage our Lord enters his protest against their teaching and rectifies it. Their righteousness was the righteousness of external form. They did not see beneath the surface and did not recognize the necessary correspondence between the inner and the outer life. The true righteousness must include the spirit, as well as the external act. This was vital to the conception of our Lord's teachings. It is a question what is meant here by the kingdom of heaven. Some have supposed the kingdom of God here is the church on earth. Others have regarded it as a reference to the future state. It is a possible explanation that it refers to the ideal church, and in that church the true righteousness which is taught by Christ and illustrated in his life, finds its home.

Our Lord now enters upon the discussion of several laws which had been misapprehended in the teaching of the scribes and Pharisees. He says (verse 21): "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment." The Revised Version here renders it more correctly, "To them of old time." This is manifest from the antithesis in the verses, and it is the most natural rendering of the Greek. The modern Greek Testament, which represents a very delicate appreciation of the old Greek, renders it, "To those of old time." He does not say who these persons were to whom he refers, nor who it was that said it to them. It is thought that it refers to the later period of Jewish history when great corruptions in the teaching had taken place. We recognize at once the command, "Thou shalt not kill," but there is no place in the Scriptures which adds the concluding clause, "Whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment." This may have been one of the glosses which the scribes had put upon the law.

He particularizes by indicating parts of the law which were liable to misconstruction and had been perverted. "Thou shalt not kill." He amplifies this by referring it not merely to the overt act of killing, but to the root of it, which is anger. Verse 22: "But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment." That anger was sin and was to be classed in the same category with murder was far beyond their thinking. The difficulty of conceiving the spiritual bearings of things is shown in Paul's case. It is said of Paul that he made a great discovery when it dawned upon him in his struggle after righteousness that covetousness was sin. Such

a discovery was important for those who had kept to the mere letter of the law, thinking that the external act of killing was the only thing that involved sin. Christ here teaches that the passion which causes the crime is sin in the sight of God, and all anger or abusive epithets resulting from anger deserve and will receive due punishment. He indicates this by illustrations from things with which they are familiar. "Whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council." "Raca" is from the Hebrew word meaning "empty," and is applied to a person of weak capacity. "Whoever shall say, Thou fool." The word "fool" here is probably from the Hebrew word meaning "an apostate," a very offensive term in Jewish eyes. All these offenses are to be included under the prohibition not to kill. What wise counsel and how searching!

Our astonishment at these instructions is increased when we consider the next instruction as to the treatment of a brother with whom one is at variance. When he brings his gift to the altar for reconciliation with God he remembers that his relations are not perfect with his brother man. Although he is conscious he has nothing against anyone else, he recalls, for his conscience is sensitive at this time when he approaches his Lord, that his brother has something against him. What is his duty under such circumstances? One would be inclined to say: "As I have not consciously committed any offense against my brother, I may properly offer my sacrifice and return to my house conscious of the favor of God." "Not so," the Master says. "Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." That is, go to thy brother, obtain reconciliation and then bring your gift, and all is well. It is not necessary that the person who has something against us should come to us; the Saviour's command is, "Go to them." How many breaches of confidence and friendship would be restored if this teaching were literally put in practice! It is one of the apparently difficult commandments of our Lord, yet one of the most practical and effective.

Another subject of advice is found in verse 25 in regard to offenses which have actually taken a legal form, and to all appearances require public adjustment. He advises prompt agreement. "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison." This is an illustration said to be drawn from the Roman law "in which an arrangement was made between the parties on their way to the magistrate." This involves two things—promptness of settlement and the necessity of speedy settlement. Delay aggravates and increases the intensity of the conflict between the parties. That which is small at first grows until it ends in disaster and penalty. Better sacrifice something. The person here spoken of is one who is evidently in the wrong, and he should seek a reconciliation with his brother in any way that does not involve sacrifice of principle or

truth, and thus avoid not only further bitterness but litigation and consequent penalty, for one cannot tell what the decision of the tribunal may be. Timely adjustment of differences with antagonists is one of the wise instructions of the Master to his disciples, and well worthy to be remembered and imitated.

Another law upon which he places a fresh interpretation is that in reference to adultery. Its distinct utterance was, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." In their interpretation the scribes and Pharisees did not go beyond the letter. He came to fill out the commandment, to explain it, to show its deep meaning. The law only takes cognizance of acts. Christ takes cognizance of the spirit, the thought. Lust in thought is in principle the same as the act, and must be condemned as a violation of this law. On this passage Professor Plumptre remarks: "This noble and beautiful teaching, it has often been remarked and by way of disparagement, is found elsewhere. Such disparagement is out of place. By the mercy of God the light that lighteth every man has led men to recognize the truth thus asserted, and parallels to it may be found in the writings of Confucius, Seneca, Epictetus, and even of the Jewish rabbis themselves." It is to be noted, however, that in the light which Christ gives there is a deeper and profounder meaning than has been found in those to whom the revelation has not come. Christ illumines by his teaching and spirit the loftiest teachings of the seers of the ages. This interpretation of the law here also is applicable "to every form of sensual impurity."

The illustration in verses 29 and 30 teaches us the importance of casting aside everything which would hinder obedience to the commands of our Lord. "And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." It is not an injunction to mutilate the body, but to cast aside that which is the most precious to us rather than violate the command of God. It is a difficult and painful thing to pluck out the right eye or to cut off the right hand, so those things which we esteem of the greatest importance and value to us, if wrong, must be cast aside, if we would be disciples of Christ. This will demand of us the renouncing of many ambitions and many pleasures which, if indulged in, must exclude us from the kingdom of God.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

MODERNISM

No theological document in recent years has attracted more attention than the encyclical of Pius X on modernism, issued at Rome on September 8, 1907. "It has been attacked and defended, vilified and glorified, sometimes indiscriminately, and sometimes with discrimination." It is a lengthy paper of about 25,000 words, discussing at great length questions vital to the well-being of the Roman Catholic Church. It is addressed to the patriarchs, primates, archbishops, bishops, and other local ordinaries in peace and communion with the Apostolic See. This remarkable document is written with great care, and, unless all the canons of higher criticism fail, it is the composite work of a group of learned men, high up in the councils of the Vatican. Though the real authorship may never become known to the general public, those entitled to an opinion profess to see in this paper the combined efforts of at least three well-known men: Professor Billot, Père de Lauzoyne, and Padre Marrani. The first of this triad is a celebrated Jesuit, and the other two are Franciscan monks. This, if true, is significant, for it shows the trend of things under the administration of Pius X, since it is well known that these two orders have waged war for some years upon the more liberal Dominicans, who, in recent years, have represented more modern ideas in the Roman Church. Great bodies move slowly. This explains why the troubles and dissensions of the past three or four decades, which have caused more or less commotion in most all the larger communions of the Protestant churches, have come, finally, with such force to conservative Rome.

The term "modernism," as we shall see farther on, is not easily defined. It has something in common with neocriticism, destructive criticism, or, to use a more recent phrase, the new theology. It is applied to liberal Catholics both as regards doctrine and church polity. Neither is the origin of the word quite certain. A celebrated Roman Catholic tells us that the term "modernist" is not of the Pope's minting, but rather borrowed from modernist writers, who employed it to connote their own ethos of thought and writing. Others say that the expression was coined by a Jesuit writer in *La Civilta Cattolica*. The origin, however, compared with the thing itself is of little importance. The encyclical is aimed against all innovations, whether of creed or church government, against reformers of all kinds, under whatever guise, who call themselves Catholics. Father Tyrrell, of England, an avowed modernist, frankly admits that modernism is not a system, but rather a method and a spirit, a movement, a process, a tendency, and that few modernists see eye to eye. "Modernists," he tells us, "agree as to their point of departure, as to the general method and way; but their goal is below the horizon; their rate of advance unequal; their courses by no means parallel. Hence not one of

them will subscribe to all the positions of his fellow-modernists; still less will he accept the compact system fathered upon him by the encyclical. Not one of them would die for the modernist interpretation of Catholicism which it condemns. But all of them repudiate the scholastic anti-historical interpretation which it implies and imposes. Here is their unity—a unity of negation." Modernism, like the spirit in Faust, is a spirit that denies and is greatly attached to agnosticism. Professor Briggs calls the encyclical a "trap to catch the unwary, . . . a thoroughgoing attack upon all that is characteristic of the modern age of the world in philosophy, science, biblical criticism, history, education, political, and social life." This may be too sweeping. Nevertheless, the encyclical is at once both too radical and too indefinite. No one man can be guilty of all that it condemns, and there certainly can be but very few who may not desire some of the reforms placed under ban. While it does not deal at length with any one heresy, or the teaching of any particular heretic—at least, no names are given—yet those acquainted with the writings of Loisy, Tyrrell, Schnell, Fogazzara, and other liberal Catholics, will see readily the purpose of the document. The recent utterances of the above have been characterized by papal authorities as dangerous to the faith and hostile to the church, the more so because they proceed from persons who lie hid in the bosom of mother church, and thus, they strike insidious blows at the very root of the tree, by the dissemination of noxious poisons among God's very elect. Their arguments are often so plausible as to lead astray those not grounded in the principles of sound philosophy and theology. The modernist, according to the encyclical, is a composite, playing the several roles of philosopher, historian, critic, apologist, and reformer all in one. His philosophy is agnosticism, based chiefly on negations. Human reason has no power to transcend natural phenomena. It can deal with scientific precision only with the visible, the perceptible, the tangible. God can be in no sense the direct object of science. History as such knows nothing of God. What used to be called natural theology is in its very nature and method unscientific, a thing of naught. The positive side of modernism is based upon what may be called vital immanence and permanence; that is, an internal experience or sentiment purely subjective, having its origin in the feeling of the need of the divine, proceeding not from God by a direct revelation, but from man as man. The germ of all religion must be sought not in revelation, as the term was formerly defined, but, rather, in this vital immanence emerging from consciousness or subconsciousness. Indeed, consciousness and revelation are synonymous. If we believe the modernists, the Catholic religion was engendered by the process of vital immanence in the consciousness of its founder, Jesus Christ, who was a mere man, but "a man of the choicest nature, whose like has never been nor will be." Looked at from the standpoint of science and history, the modernist assures us that there is nothing in the person of Christ which is not human, for anything in the history of Jesus suggesting the supernatural must be rejected. Those parts of the Gospels recording his miracles, including his birth and resurrection, are in no sense history. These transcend the historical; therefore they cannot be verified. Modern-

ism has two distinct Christs: the Jesus of history and the Christ of faith; that is, a Christ who never really existed. The historical Christ, the Galilean peasant-teacher, extraordinarily endowed, intellectually and spiritually lived, died, and was buried like other men. The Christ of faith, the transfigured Christ, never existed outside of the pious meditation of believers. If we appeal to the Gospels to prove the deity of our Lord, the modernist asserts that the evangelists do not confine themselves to real history, but, rather, to "history transfigured and embroidered by the faith of his followers," and, consequently, their reports must be subjected to scientific methods. If, for example, appeal is made to the testimony of John, Loisy and his school "make short work of the fourth Gospel. It was written long after the apostolic age, is the embodiment of spiritual ideas, not of historical facts. The story of Lazarus and his resurrection is a poem: we fall into inextricable confusion if we try to conceive of it as a thing which actually occurred."

Now, as Christ is divested of his deity, and reduced to a mere man, it makes little or no difference whether the words or sentiments usually ascribed to him in the Gospels are his own or those put into his mouth by his biographer, decades or even centuries after he had taught around the Sea of Galilee. Not only do the modernists, at least some of them, deny the deity of Jesus Christ, or the miraculous gifts ascribed to him, but they also maintain that he never regarded himself as superhuman, much less the Saviour of mankind, and that he never had any idea of founding a church, and in no sense did he institute the sacraments, or even command his disciples to preach the gospel to every creature. But as already stated the encyclical does not limit itself to dogmas or doctrinal questions, but it charges the modernists with being guilty of general destruction, "for in all Catholicism there is absolutely nothing on which modernism does not fasten itself. The philosophy and theology of the seminary are attacked, history must be rewritten, dogmas must be brought into accord with science, the form of worship must be reformed; so, too, ecclesiastical government. There must be a decentralization of government, a greater democracy in the church; the lower clergy and even laymen must have a part in ecclesiastical affairs. Indeed, some modernists go so far as to advocate the suppression of ecclesiastical celibacy." Space forbids us to enter more in detail into the contents of the encyclical; enough has been said to show its general tenor. It will be difficult for the average Protestant to understand why so great importance is attached to so much that is of so little consequence. At the same time few Christians of any denomination will find fault with the Pope for condemning such rank heresies as denying revelation, the inspiration of the Bible, or the deity of Jesus Christ, for such denials strike at the very root of Christianity. Indeed, most every branch of Protestantism in the United States has denounced these same errors most vigorously during the past twenty-five years; nay, more, has removed those holding such views not only from its chairs in theological schools and colleges but also from its communion. While conservative Protestants will sympathize with much that is condemned in the encyclical, they cannot consent to a substitution of

mediæval scholasticism for modern philosophy, vague as that term may be. The Middle Ages have little to teach us. Indeed, if we should return to scholasticism, would we not by so doing abandon not only the best in modern methods as well as much of the simple teachings of the primitive church? For certainly no one will claim that Christ and his apostles were influenced by scholasticism, as the term is employed by philosophers today. If we are to believe Professor Briggs, the scholastic theology is built upon the philosophy of Aristotle, while "the teachings of Jesus Christ were on the basis of the Old Testament, and had no manner of relation to either Plato or Aristotle." Nor can Protestants entirely agree with the Pope as to the real causes of modernism. According to the encyclical, the proximate and immediate cause is perversion of the mind, and the remote cause is furnished by pride and curiosity. Passing from the moral to the intellectual, we are assured that the chief cause arises from ignorance, resulting from the alliance between faith and false philosophy.

The remedies proposed are many. First of all, scholastic philosophy, especially the teachings of Thomas Aquinas, the angelic doctor, must be made the basis of all theological study. In justice to the Pope we should admit that he places emphasis on the word "basis." He says also in so many words, "if anything is met with among scholastic doctors which may be regarded as an excess of subtlety, or which is altogether destitute of probability, we have no desire whatever to propose it for imitation of present generations." He also adds, that the natural sciences should be studied, inasmuch as here the most brilliant discoveries are constantly made—but not to the "neglect of the more severe and lofty studies." He goes still farther, saying: "It is our intention to establish and develop by every means in our power a special institute in which, through the co-operation of those Catholics who are most eminent for their learning, the progress in science and other realms of knowledge may be promoted under the guidance and teaching of Catholic truth." The selection of directors and professors for seminaries and Catholic universities must be done in such a way as to exclude those who, in any way, are imbued with modernism, or "those who extol modernists or excuse their culpable conduct." Professors tainted with modernism, who may be now occupying chairs, should be removed at once. The same policy is to be applied "toward those who show a love of novelty in history, archæology, and biblical exegesis." Diligent care must be shown in the selection of candidates for holy orders. The doctorate in theology may not, in the future, be conferred upon any who has not studied scholastic theology. Clerics and priests enrolled in any Catholic institution should not be allowed to study any course in a civil institution, if the same course is offered in the Catholic school to which they belong. Bishops should be careful to prevent the publication of books or articles tainted with modernism. Seminarists and university students should not be permitted to read such books if already published. Nay, more, no Catholic bookseller should be allowed to sell any books containing modernistic doctrines, and any dealer violating this rule should be deprived of the title, "Catholic bookseller." That the above regulations be faithfully and systematically carried out, there should

be a suitable number of censors from both ranks of the clergy in every diocese whose duty it will be to examine everything intended for publication. These censors should be selected with the utmost care. They should be men of ripe age and mature judgment, of great knowledge and prudence, men who will know how to follow the golden mean in their decisions. "The name of the censor shall never be made known to the author, until he shall have given a favorable decision, so that he may not have to suffer annoyance either while he is engaged in the examination of a manuscript or in case he should deny his approval." Secular priests may edit papers or periodicals, provided they first obtain the consent of their ordinary; but should a priest abuse the privilege thus granted him, this special privilege should be withdrawn from him. The generals or superiors of religious orders are also exhorted to exercise proper authority in these matters. Should the censor overlook objectionable matter or articles in any publication, the bishop may interpose at any time. Congresses of priests should, as a general thing, be discouraged, and when permission is given, which must always be in writing, matters pertaining to the Holy See must never be discussed, nor may there be mention made in them of modernism, presbyterianism, or laicism, nor may priests from other dioceses take part in such assemblies without a written permission from their ordinary. To prevent the diffusion of errors and to extirpate them when found, and to remove teachers of impiety, there shall be instituted a vigilance council in every episcopal see. These, under the presidency of the bishop, shall hold bimonthly secret sessions. And, finally, the bishops of all dioceses in the church must furnish a detailed and sworn written report concerning the general condition, the doctrines current among the clergy and especially in educational institutions. The same obligation is imposed upon the generals of religious orders throughout the entire hierarchy.

The effects of the encyclical will be satisfactory to the Vatican. Opposition to it will be scarcely appreciable. A few articles and pamphlets have been written against it by Catholics, for the most part anonymously; a few books will be published here and there by some of the more advanced modernists, openly criticising it and defying the Pope and the Roman curia. The few persons directly concerned will either submit quietly or suffer excommunication. The vast majority of Catholics, the world over, will continue to believe in the divine origin of the church, a revelation from God, the deity of Jesus Christ and his atoning sacrifice on Calvary, and will trouble themselves but little about evolution, vital immanence, permanence, etc. The great army of Catholic priests, no matter whether their philosophy is based upon mediæval scholasticism or something more modern, will neither fight the established facts of science, nor blindly accept the hypothetical deductions of those who pose as modern philosophers and historical critics. It is quite noticeable that the Catholic press and scholars of this country, as far as heard from, with almost practical unanimity, approve the encyclical as timely, sane and just.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

Rudolf Encken. He is no stranger to these pages, but once more he deserves mention. During October, 1906, he delivered a series of lectures in a vacation course given at Jena, and these lectures have now appeared in a book of 120 pages packed with good thoughts. The book, *Hauptprobleme der Religionsphilosophie der Gegenwart* (Principal Problems of the Philosophy of Religion of the Present Day), is published by Reuther & Reichard, Berlin. In the first lecture he deals with the foundation of religion. He totally rejects the attempt to found it on the investigation of the world about us, in other words, on the basis of so-called natural religion. Equally he repudiates the method which proposes to found it on the feelings and needs of the individual, although he acknowledges a certain preliminary value to studies in the psychology of religion. The only method of real value is in the recognition of a unity over the mental powers, a mental life that is not the product of the individual man, but which manifests itself in the individual, and in which alone the individual can reach true personality. Such a mental life is unthinkable except by the recognition of a reality which is above the world though operative in it, in which reality this mental life is founded. By this Encken provides for one aspect of religion, but it certainly is necessary to give more emphasis than he does to the constitution of man as demanding religion. Otherwise the fact of religion is established without any recognition of a human need for it. In the second lecture he takes up the relation between religion and history. He recognizes the dangers to which religion, theoretically considered, is subject from this source, and especially the danger from the doctrine of relativity, which form of skepticism threatens to dissolve and swallow up not only particular forms of religion, but religion in general. Encken thinks, and rightly, that the skepticism that thus makes its way into the domain of history can be overcome—is overcome—by the consideration that history itself cannot be written except with the recognition, either open or tacit, of a point of view which is free from the flow of temporal events, and of a mental life that is not affected by considerations of time. This, in fact, is now a commonplace of the theory of knowledge. And here Encken connects with what he says in his first lecture about the foundation of religion in the recognition of a reality above the world, though operative in it. In the third lecture he deals with the essence of Christianity. He places the religion of law and the religions of redemption in such a relation as to make the former an earlier stage of the latter. Within the religions of redemption he draws the contrast between Buddhism and Christianity. In the former it is the very fact of the existence of a world which leads to the desire for breaking with existing conditions and to the refusal of existence itself. In Christianity the desired break is the result of the recognition of a particular condition of things. Hence the assertion of a higher and more perfect

form of existence is possible to Christianity. He maintains stoutly and rightly that the recognition of the chasm between duty and possibility, and the closing up of this chasm by the revelation of God belongs to the very essence of Christianity, and he has scant patience with the idea, all too common in these days, that Christianity has no distinctive marks. But while this is one of the chief characteristics of Christianity, and rightly occupies a foremost place in the discussion, he does not neglect such questions as the greatness and unquestionable originality of Jesus; the universality of Christianity; the relation of Christianity to Judaism and Buddhism, and to the unavoidable changes which come with time; and the opposition which exists, and must exist, between Christianity and certain modern movements. As to the future there is good hope, but only if Christianity is permitted to appear in all its true greatness without petty human additions on the one side, and without such a reduction of its content on the other as will render it feeble and uninspiring. These are great thoughts of a great leader of thought.

Hermann Cohen. In a recent book on *Religion und Sittlichkeit; Eine Betrachtung zur Grundlegung der Religionsphilosophie* (Religion and Morality; A Meditation on the Foundations of the Philosophy of Religion), published by M. Poppelauer, Berlin, he undertakes to show the relation of Judaism to morality. He begins by establishing, or attempting to establish, the idea that as logic is the philosophical root of the whole domain of the mathematically founded natural sciences, so ethics is the center of the science of history; and that ethics, not religion, is the only true foundation of morality, and the final court of appeal for the natural right of religion. Hence ethics treats of and establishes the rights and the nature of morality, and at the same time it is the decisive factor in the struggle for supremacy between religions. While the absoluteness of religion causes religion to claim to be the only true foundation for morality, it must be emphasized that religion has its origin in mythology, which, without any regard to morality, has to do with the soul and with God. The prophets of Israel, disregarding this relation of the individual to God, made the essential nature of religion to consist of a relation between man and man, thereby bridging the chasm between polytheism and monotheism. By their emphasis on morals they introduced the idea of the unity of all men and of mankind, as also thereby the unity of God. According to this God retreats, in Jewish thought, behind the relation of man to man. Man is responsible to God for his morality, and man must produce for himself the moral life. This excludes every immediate relation between the believer and God, and by so doing excludes from Judaism all mythological elements. Christianity, on the contrary, has for its content dogma, which has no moral significance, the salvation of the soul of the individual, and the soul's immediate relation to God. By giving to mankind this significance Judaism rises superior to Christianity and becomes the best foundation for ethics, which must take as its starting point the reality of humanity; that is, the general term "humanity" stands

for a reality apart from individual men. But this reality of humanity has for its correlative the unity of God. True, philosophy, as it gradually brings to systematic completion human civilization, will turn even this religion, which is free from mythological admixture, into a doctrine of morality. But until this has been done religion has its place and function, and it is the business of the modern state to harmonize the various religions and make them serviceable for the ideal of a systematic ethics. In this system of ideas several things crop out very distinctly. One of them is the very low estimate placed upon religion. It is not the foundation of morality, and it will be finally done away with altogether. Another is the entire misrepresentation of the standpoint of the prophets of Israel. It is not true that they disregarded the relation of the soul to God or that they made religion to consist in a relation between man and man. This may be seen by anyone who will take the pains to read their writings. Again, were this true, it would not make of Judaism a religion that ignores the relation of the soul to God, as the history of the Jews will show. Furthermore, to regard the claim of an immediate relation to God, the possibility of the salvation of the individual soul, and the importance of doctrine, as mythical is to misuse terms. Mystical it may be but not mythical. Besides, Christianity is not only concerned with these things; it is concerned largely with just this relation between man and man, and it is the only religion that puts the true relation between them into the forefront of its system. Still, Cohen no doubt represents, in spirit, many Jews, and many so-called Christians also.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Entwickelung und Offenbarung (Evolution and Revelation). By Theodor Simon. Berlin, Trowitzsch & Sohn, 1907. The book deals with the important question as to whether the idea of evolution implies teleology. The author thinks it does. He argues that the idea of evolution is more than a merely natural scientific idea in that it involves certain estimates of values; and estimates of values do not belong in the realm of natural science and it can take no note of them. But evolution theory does take note of them, and it is just because it is concerned about values, goals, and final forms of things that it is justified in renouncing, as it does, the study of many facts of the physical world and in confining itself to the facts of organic life. A writer in the *Theologische Literaturzeitung*, 1907, No. 20, takes exception to this argumentation, and says that what causes the zoölogist, for example, to confine himself to the realm of the organic is not any recognition of the worth of the phenomena of the organic world as distinguished from the inorganic, but solely the empirical observation that the phenomena of the organic realm follow special laws, and therefore can be and justly may be isolated from all other phenomena and studied by themselves. In spite of the teleological expressions found in the language of Darwin and Haeckel, says this critic, the evolutionist does not think teleologically, but thinks only of the fact that in the propagation of organisms the same forms do not forever repeat themselves, but that changes

occur. When such expressions as "perfection" and "perfecting" occur nothing is meant but to find a brief expression for this mechanical-evolutionary process. We think the critic wrong, at least in part. The evolutionist does not observe alone the changes but the fact that the changes are, on the whole, in a given direction. He does regard the progress as a progress upward; for he speaks of higher and of lower forms. And Darwinists regard the elimination of the weak and the survival of the strong as a part of the process. Much emphasis is laid by Spencer on the idea that at each step in the process those things survive which serve a useful end, and only so long as they serve such an end. These ideas are a close approach to the idea of purpose. They certainly have a meaning only as they express values, ends, and the like. And if they are not prompted by an underlying and unrecognized teleology the facts from which they arose certainly suggest to us the doctrine of purpose. The facts brought out by modern science make it practically impossible to believe that the world is the product of chance. Order is too deeply inwrought into the whole structure of things for that. So we think this book is right, at least in its main contention that the teleological expressions employed by evolutionists who are most careful to deny purpose in things are the product of an underlying though suppressed conviction that there is purpose in the world. Simon goes on to apply this idea of evolution to revelation, which, notwithstanding the unchangeableness of God, must be changeable just because it must be limited by the capacity of man to receive it. We can know a person only as we come to be like him. Man must be like God in order to know him. But men become like God only by gradual stages. When the one man, Christ Jesus, who was absolutely like God, came to earth the organ for the absolute revelation of God was given. The idea of relativity in revelation is therefore not justified. Nevertheless, the individual can attain to the perfection of the revelation in Christ only as he is personally like Christ. So that revelation is still progressing in its manifestation and application to the individual. This allows for the control of God in the progress of the world, and also, and at the same time, for the absoluteness and finality of Christianity. This book should take the sting out of evolution for all who are capable of understanding it. It certainly does show that the idea of purpose is in the organic world by the confession of evolutionists themselves, as truly as it is in history and revelation.

System der Christlichen Lehre (A System of Christian Doctrine). By Hans Heinrich Wendt. Göttingen, Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht, 1907. The book is divided into six parts treating of the fundamental principles, the Christian doctrine of God and his eternal purpose of salvation, the world and man, Jesus Christ as the Mediator of salvation, the function of Christianity as mediating salvation, and our divine sonship, including eschatology. The unity of the Christian system rests upon the unity of the gospel. In the attempt to discover the content of the gospel he rejects all the aid so frequently sought in the history and philosophy of religion.

Nevertheless, the gospel is a historical and religious fact. This must be discovered in the Sacred Scriptures, though not in the Scriptures as a whole, but in a part of them or in a thought that runs through them. The doctrine of inspiration does not help us. This is no longer a doctrine sustainable in the light of modern research. The much used distinction between the divine and the human factors in the revelation of the Bible is vain, since all such distinctions are the result of a judgment of religious values which changes and has changed with the times. It is necessary, however, to have an objective standard of judgment which even scientific and thoughtful non-Christians must recognize as valid, or we shall never be able to judge what is and what is not genuinely Christian. As a matter of fact, the collection of the New Testament writings took place from the point of view of a special estimation of the apostolic. If we disregard the doctrine of inspiration, the only thing that is left is to hold that the beginnings of Christianity furnish us the fundamental type. And as here the question must naturally arise, What are the beginnings? it is necessary to omit much that is contained in the writings of the men who gave us the documents collected in the New Testament and go back to Jesus himself, who was the Originator of the peculiar movements and developments which issued in what we call Christianity. This he claimed to be and this he has always been held to be. He, therefore, as the creator of the special character which gives Christianity its place among the religions of the world, can be regarded as the true objective standard for the determination of the genuinely Christian, even in the New Testament. But it is not the person of Jesus, but rather it is the religious ideas and objects of Jesus, which must be taken as this objective standard. Here is a clear, logical distinction between the revelation of God which Jesus gave and the revelation of God found in the religious and ethical activities and personality of Jesus, though they are in perfect correspondence with each other and though the latter sheds light on the former. The new religious ideas which Wendt sees in the teachings of Jesus are the Fatherhood of God, eternal life, trust in God, and love; and these were first gained by Jesus in his baptism; but not in his baptism alone, for this found its complement in repeated acts of a religious character and in a constant inner perception of God. This presupposes in Jesus a power of original, intuitive knowledge of God, a power analogous to the creative intuition of great artists and scientists, yet a power of religious intention possessed by all mankind. This leads to the recognition of elements of true knowledge of God in other religions. Revelation consists in acts of God and in the mysterious process of intuition by which those acts of God are understood. But since Christianity arose from special religious intuitions which it does not share with other religions it must be classed strictly by itself. This outline of the book is incomplete, but it is sufficient to betray the fact that Jesus is ranked by Wendt as merely another prophet. The whole Christian system is viewed as a revelation of God. To reveal God was the real mission of Jesus. This estimate of the book can be modified only by the fact that Wendt recognizes that personal Christianity is not doctrine but life.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE latest comer into the family of Reviews is the Harvard Theological Review, which began its career in January and now lays its Number 2 on our table. It is partially endowed by a bequest from Miss Mildred Everett, daughter of Dr. C. C. Everett, given "for the maintenance of an undenominational theological review, to be edited under the direction of the faculty of the Divinity School of Harvard University." The active editors are Professors G. F. Moore, W. W. Fenn, and J. H. Ropes. The probable spirit and leaning of this Harvard Review may be inferred from its list of editors. Fifteen pages are occupied by an address delivered in 1883 to the students of Harvard Divinity School by Phillips Brooks on "The Minister and His People." It is not an extraordinary address except as the suffusing personality of the speaker always lent distinction to whatever he said. He called it "a talk." He assures the incipient ministers of the perpetual richness and growing life of their chosen profession; he declares that everything which is promised beforehand to the men of that profession is more than realized in actual experience of its work; he feels absolutely sure that the time will never come when the work of the Christian ministry will be obsolete or uninfluential; he is confident that its work is to be larger in the future than in the past. The chief points of the address are three: the minister's relation, first, to the *intelligence* of his people; second, to the *property* of his people; third, to the *consciences* of his people. The function of the minister in relation to the *intelligence* of the people is threefold: first, to awaken their spiritual activity; second, to give them the results of his study as a seeker after truth; third, to lift their life to the higher tone which Christianity assures. The minister's *first* task is to awaken spiritual interest and activity, to quicken insight and a real desire to know with regard to the highest things. The chief obstacle in his work for men is not their ignorance; it is their indifference: they are so absorbed in material and worldly things that they are indifferent to higher and more lasting things. Matthew Arnold said that Emerson was "the friend and helper of those who would live in the spirit." The true minister is always exactly that, but his first problem is to make men *care* and desire to live in the spirit. Now, Jesus Christ is the supreme inspirer of spiritual life, and whoever wishes to be a "friend and helper of those who would live in the spirit" must of necessity bring himself and his fellow-men into living relation with Christ. The testimony of all ages is that no such spiritual power as Jesus Christ has ever been known among men; and the way to stir and strengthen the souls of men is to fix their attention upon, and bring them in contact with, the words and work, the life and death, of Jesus the Christ of God. The minister's *second* duty is to know something which those to whom he ministers do not know, so that he may be able to instruct and convince them concerning spiritual things. He must show them, for example, how the whole history

of mankind has been filled with spiritual yearnings and permeated by spiritual things; how mankind has always done the best in intellectual regions when spiritual life was at its best; how there is no religion in the world that can for a moment compare with the religion of Jesus Christ in all its conceptions and forms and effects, taken as one great whole; and how the history of the Christian Church is inseparably identified with, and explanatory of, the highest civilization and progress of mankind. These are but a few of the facts about which the minister must instruct his people. His *third* duty is to elevate the tone of thought, and feeling,, and life everywhere; to bring it under control of those sublime principles which are essential to humanity's well-being, and which have their complete exposition and their most authoritative declaration in Christianity. And in order to do this he must bring men to the feet of Him who said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." This alone gives hope for the uplifting of mankind. The *second* point is the minister's *relation to the property* of his people. This point is not amplified or emphasized as much as the others, but the gist of it is that a part of the minister's duty is to make men see and feel that they are stewards of the Most High; to convince them that complete consecration of themselves is both their duty and their felicity, and that this means the consecration of their possessions. And he must teach them their relation to, and obligation toward, humanity in all its needs; so that it is as religious to relieve the famine-sufferers in India or China as it is to buy a Bible for the pulpit or a communion set for the sacrament. Phillips Brooks found a wonderful *readiness* to give, when information was definitely, clearly and impressively furnished as to the urgent needs. As to the minister's *relation to the consciences of men*, he is their instructor and enlightener, but not their master; in this as in other things, "one is your Master, even Christ," dealing directly with the individual conscience and guiding men to those things which may be done in his name and in his presence. Many abuses of the office of the priesthood in former times grew out of the claim on the part of the priests to be the masters of conscience, and the indolent willingness of the people to lay off that responsibility on the clergy. But the days of priestly domination over either the intellect or the conscience of the individual Christian are past. Protestantism made an end of such ecclesiastical tyranny. As to human conduct, the distinction must be kept in mind between, on the one hand, actions which are absolutely wrong in themselves, always, and for all persons and under all conditions wrong, and, on the other hand, those which are not necessarily wrong in themselves and always and everywhere, but are wrong in some associations, conditions, forms, places, and times. Concerning the former class of actions, the church through its ministers must be explicit, emphatic, and uncompromising; concerning the latter class, the church must awaken the individual conscience to examine earnestly the nature of all actions and decide seriously, solemnly, and religiously each one for himself. The people, not the ministers, are the church; ministers are nothing but the servants of the church, the agents of the people in doing the work the church has to do. Phillips

Brooks believed that one reason why there are not more *men* in the Christian Church is that the church has not made itself broad enough to make earnest and true men recognize their ideal of humanity in it; that the church has been too special, too fantastic in its teaching and requirements, laying too much stress upon nonessentials and confusing them with the essentials which all earnest and conscientious men can be brought to regard as necessary.———Another interesting and practical part of the contents of the April Harvard Review is an address by President Buckham to the students of the University of Vermont on "Reserve in Matters of Religion." Having first noted that reserve and even reticence in matters of religion is to some extent and at times instinctive and normal, Dr. Buckham mentions some of the considerations which favor and call for religious expression and testimony:

"When reserve passes a certain limit, and becomes actual repression of a genuine conviction or emotion, it works hurt to the moral nature. Modesty, reticence, is good: enforced dumbness is not good. We endanger our sincerity, certainly our frankness, when we put too heavy a restraint upon our convictions or our feelings. There are times when to suppress feeling is to induce and even cultivate stoicism. A confirmed habit of apathy is devitalizing. There are communities of Christians who suffer both spiritually and ethically from an abnormal dread of enthusiasm, as there are also those who suffer from forcing and counterfeiting enthusiasm. Some poet—I forget who he is—has given us a person—a girl, I think—who is so oppressed by a secret she must not tell that she runs off and whispers it to the brook, and so relieves her heart. There are religious emotions which so burden and oppress the heart, there are others which so exalt and inspire, that they must have expression. To stifle them is a harm and a wrong to the moral nature.

"Again, too great reticence in matters of religion is unsocial—may even be a social wrong. It is sometimes said that one's religion is something between one's own soul and God. It is that and something more. It is a source of new social relations and duties. Even when we have entered into our closet and shut the door, we are in thought to bring in others and say, 'Our Father.' I suppose that all of us, according to our degree and light—we mature men and teachers, you young men and women, with far more power in certain ways to influence your fellows than we have—are all the time, whether we will or no, saying something to one another on this greatest of questions; saying it by silence as well as by speech, by withholding perhaps the simple, frank word which brotherhood and fair dealing would prompt us to say. For when we come to think of it, while on one side religion is mystery, and tends to induce brooding and reverie rather than speech, on the other side it is hope, cheer, inspiration, power, life. The final word of religion is not silence but song. Personify religion, and you cannot imagine her speechless, dumb, a nun of La Trappe, as it were. She will rather be a Saint Cecilia. It is on this account that so much of the Bible is poetry; and that so large a part of the best poetry is religious. A man belies his religion if his habitual expression of it is reluctant and restrained and prosaic. Doctor Arnold maintained that even the creeds and confessions should be set to music and

sung—that they are not syllogisms but lyrics. If you will look for it, you will find a good deal of theology in the 'Te Deum'—more and better than in some creeds—but it is theology sublimated into religion, and given forth in great peals of song. Reserve may be in place when it affords a refuge from the persistence of opinion and emotion and action which may have the approval of one person, but which he has no right to force upon another; when one is brought into the presence of a great truth or a great movement, which for the time awes and stirs him, before which he stands waiting and expectant like the disciples when they were 'all gathered together in one place' waiting for the pentecostal impulse which gave them utterance; or, finally, when in all humility, and with some disappointment with self, one is conscious of a lack of inward response to a call which others find compelling, but to which one may not give simulated or counterfeited assent. Let us understand that always, even when at its best, reserve is provisional, a stage in progress, never a counsel of perfection.

"And, finally, a word as to the claims and merits of utterance. Gardeners and florists find that the life of the plant depends as really on the leaves as on the root—indeed, that the root itself depends as much on the leaves as the leaves on the root. Carry this principle up into the spiritual realm and it means that the spiritual life cannot be healthy and growing without spiritual utterance in appropriate forms. The psalmist says of the good man: 'His leaf also shall not wither.' To repress or minimize intellectual and emotional expression causes the inner life to shrivel and wither. Hence the pains which the church has taken in all ages, following the example of our Lord himself, to encourage and guide religious utterance. Hence among the most precious and most prized gifts of the Spirit are those supremely great utterances of belief and praise and prayer which the saints, that is the gifted and superior souls, have left to us who have all their needs but gifts and attainments how far less than theirs! How poor spiritually should we be if deprived of them! How thankful are we that we have them! How ungrateful and unwise if we neglect them! It is open to question whether certain methods which encourage extremely immature Christians to give public utterance to their thoughts and feelings are spiritually wise. But the wisdom of the church and of the Spirit has provided a more excellent way. In psalm and hymn and anthem; in the inspired utterances of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, evangelists, martyrs; in the biographies of devout men who have left records of their penitence, their consecration, their aspirations; we have an anthology of spiritual utterance from which we can appropriate confession, and trust, and hope, and praise, in accordance with our needs and desires. Why should we confine ourselves to an iteration of the little worn-out phrases of our particular conventicle, when we have full heritage in the ecumenical psalmody of devotion? Why should we be pleased and satisfied with the tinkle of the religious nursery, when all the pipes and stops of the great organ of spiritual melody are ours if we will only command them? When all the church with its thousand voices is crying to us, 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together,' be it ours to respond, 'O Lord, open thou our lips, and our mouth shall show forth thy praise.'"

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Positive Preaching and Modern Mind. By P. T. Forsyth, D.D. The Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching at Yale University, 1907. 8vo, pp. 374. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, $1.75 net.

"We can never fully say 'My brother!' till we have heartily said 'My God'; and we can never heartily say 'My God' till we have humbly said 'My Guilt!'" So writes Dr. Forsyth in the book under review in his lecture on "The Preacher and Religious Reality." So does he write on every page. Striking contrasts, balancing of values, epigrammatic conciseness, clear argument without the aid of an illustration, definite statements unguarded by the modifying clause, nouns without an adjective, independent thinking without the suggestion of a reference or a glance toward an authority—such is his style. Yet there is no exaggeration, no delight over his originality, no apparent consciousness that he has said anything that the reader would be eager to say after him. 'Tis the thought of a strong man after "more than thirty years given to progressive thought in connexion, for the most part, with a pulpit and the care of souls." 'Tis the thought of a man with a message. Preaching is not what it ought to be. "For God's sake," writes he, "do not tell poor prodigals and black scoundrels that they are better than they think, that they have more of Christ in them than they know. . . . Learn to shun every hymn that has the word 'sweet' in it, to find other sources of 'greatness' than the 'gentleness' of God, and to look for something else than the lightness in the burden of Christ. . . . The pulpit has lost authority because it has lost intimacy with the cross, immersion in the cross. It has robbed Christ of Paul. . . . Liberal theology finds Christ's center of gravity in what he has in common with the rest of us; a positive theology in that wherein he differs [this sentence is one of the very few that he italicizes]. Liberalism dwells on Christ's preaching, positivity as Christ preached. Liberalism offers Christ to a seeking world as the answer, or to a suffering world as its healer; positivity offers him to a guilty world also as its Atoning Saviour. . . . Liberal theology has much to say of God's love; a positive of God's mercy." So with the preacher. He is not what he ought to be. "Both ministers and churches have as much of a struggle to get time for spiritual culture as if it were none of their business. . . . The church's worship, which should gather and greaten its soul, is sacrificed to its work. You have bustle all the week and baldness all the Sunday. You have energy everywhere except in the Spirit. The religious material is tugged and stretched to cover so much that it grows too thin for anything and parts into rents and rags. . . . A bustling institution may cover spiritual destitution. . . . The minister's study becomes more of an office than an oratory. Committees suck away the breath of power. . . . The minister may talk the silliest platitudes

without resentment, but he may not smoke a cigar in some places without causing an explosion. And religion becomes an ambulance, not a pioneer." It is not to be wondered at that the church suffers. "With its preaching," to quote the first sentence of the book, "Christianity stands or falls." "Also," to quote the opening sentence of his second lecture, "the preacher is the organ of the only real and final authority for mankind." If preaching and preacher are at fault, surely, then, the church must feel it. Such is the case. "The church suffers from three things: triviality (with externality); uncertainty of its foundation; satisfaction with itself. . . . Nowhere has mediocrity its chance as it has it in religion. Nowhere has the gossipy side of life such scope. Nowhere has quackery of every kind such a field and such a harvest. . . . The church has more need to cultivate certainty than sanctity. . . And it is soul-certainty that the ordinary able preacher, of busy effort, good cricket, vivid interests, actual topics, recent reading, and ingenious prayers cannot give you. . . . We sit down easily and agreeably beside the modern man with his mixture of refined materialism and scrappy culture, . . . yet have spiritual self satisfaction, well-to-do-ness, comfort. The voice of the turtle is heard in the land. . . . We are so strange to heart hunger, or soul despair, or passionate gratitude, or heavenly homesickness. . . . To cure all these ills the gospel we have to preach prescribes for our triviality a new note of greatness in our creed, for our uncertainty a new note of wrestling and reality in our prayer, for our complacency a new note of judgment in our salvation." One need not read far to find that he is in the presence of a thinker who will bring him back to the faith of the fathers. One need read only a page or two more to reach a willingness to go back to such faith—if he has wandered at all—under such leadership. There is not a censorious word or cynical criticism in the book; there is no self-satisfaction nor holy aloofness; no ill-tempered indignation, though the author recognizes most clearly the fact of sin and the possibility through the grace of God to keep from sin. One is led to close the book with the words of Solomon in mind: "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." There are nine chapters in the book: "The Preacher and His Charter" ("The Bible—the world's greatest sermon"); "The Authority of the Preacher" ("The authority of the pulpit due to the Person it proclaims"); "The Preacher and His Church; or Preaching as Worship"; "The Preacher and the Age" ("Our creed is to be minimal and our faith maximal, belief to be reduced and emphasis redistributed"); "The Preacher and Religious Reality" ("The supreme demand of the day is for spiritual reality"); "Preaching Positive and Liberal"; "Preaching Positive and Modern"; "The Preacher and Modern Ethic"; "The Moral Poignancy of the Cross."

The Philosophy of Loyalty. By JOSIAH ROYCE, Professor of the History of Philosophy in Harvard University. Crown 8vo, pp. 409. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

FOR several reasons we do not attempt any systematic criticism of this book. It is an endeavor to furnish a new, valid, and generally acceptable foundation for ethics, on the supposition that the old founda-

tions have been discredited—a supposition which we decline to entertain. We are not ready, however, to say that Professor Royce's book is without any value in clarifying the problems of ethics; but we do say that his chief effort seems to us unnecessary and his attempted new foundation far less firm and sufficient than the old. Better foundation can no man lay than that which was long ago laid by Christianity; and Christian ethics need not fear the insurgency and railing of such as Ibsen and Nietzsche. The author says that the one great practical lesson which he is trying to illustrate is this: "*In loyalty, when loyalty is properly defined, is the fulfillment of the whole moral law.* You can truthfully center your entire moral world around a rational conception of loyalty. Justice, charity, industry, wisdom, spirituality, are all definable in terms of enlightened loyalty. And this way of viewing the moral world is of great service as a means of clarifying and simplifying the tangled moral problems of our lives and of the age." Our comment on this is that this befuddled age has hopelessly tangled up its problems by rejecting or neglecting the plain, simple, comprehensive, and entirely sufficient principles taught by Jesus Christ for the guidance of conduct toward God and toward man. In the volume before us Jesus is scarcely mentioned as an ethical authority. To find valid moral foundations for persons who deny or decline the divine wisdom and authority of Christ is from any standpoint very difficult, from our point of view impossible. Professor Royce defines loyalty, as the word is used in his discussion, as "*The willing and practical and thoroughgoing devotion of a person to a cause,*" and he mentions, as familiar instances of loyalty, "the devotion of a patriot to his country, when this devotion leads him actually to live and perhaps to die for his country; the devotion of a ship's captain to the requirements of his office when, after a disaster, he works steadily for his ship and for the saving of his ship's company until the last possible service is accomplished, so that he is the last man to leave the ship, and is ready, if need be, to go down with his ship; the devotion of a martyr to his religion." When the author asks to what or to whom we shall be loyal, he answers, "Be loyal to loyalty," which seems to us an absurd and puerile answer. As a concrete illustration of the worth and beauty of loyalty the author uses an incident in English history which shows how the loyal bear themselves in critical emergencies: "In January, 1642, just before the outbreak of hostilities between King Charles I and the Commons, the king resolved to arrest certain leaders of the opposition party in Parliament. He accordingly sent his herald to the House to demand the surrender of these members into his custody. The speaker of the House in reply solemnly appealed to the ancient privileges of the House, which gave to that body jurisdiction over its own members, and which forbade their arrest without its consent. The conflict between the privileges of the House and the royal prerogative was herewith definitely initiated. The king resolved by a show of force to assert at once his authority and, on the day following that upon which the demand sent through his herald had been refused, he went in person, accompanied by soldiers, to the House. Then, having placed his guards at the doors, he entered, went up to the speaker, and,

naming the members whom he desired to arrest, demanded: 'Mr. Speaker, do you espy these persons in the House?' You will observe that the moment was an unique one in English history. Custom, precedent, convention, obviously were inadequate to define the speaker's duty in this most critical instance. How, then, could he most admirably express himself? How best preserve his genuine personal dignity? What response would secure to the speaker his own highest good? Think of the matter merely as one of the speaker's individual worth and reputation. By what act could he do himself most honor? In fact, as the well-known report, entered in the Journal of the House, states, the speaker at once fell on his knees before the king and said: '*Your majesty, I am the speaker of this House, and, being such, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak save as this House shall command; and I humbly beg your majesty's pardon if this is the only answer that I can give to your majesty.*' Now, I ask you not, at this point, to consider the speaker's reply to the king as a deed having historical importance, or in fact as having value for anybody but himself. I want you to view the act merely as an instance of a supremely worthy personal attitude. The beautiful union of formal humility (when the speaker fell on his knee before the king) with unconquerable self-assertion (when the reply rang with so clear a note of lawful defiance); the willing and complete identification of his whole self with his cause (when the speaker declared that he had no eye or tongue except as his office gave them to him)—these are characteristics typical of a loyal attitude. The speaker's words were at once ingenious and obvious. They were in line with the ancient custom of the realm. They were also creative of a new precedent. He had to be inventive to utter them; but once uttered, they seem almost commonplace in their plain truth. The king might be offended at the refusal; but he could not fail to note that, for the moment, he had met with a personal dignity greater than kingship—the dignity that any loyal man, great or humble, possesses whenever he speaks and acts in the service of his cause. Well—here is an image of loyalty. Thus, I say, whatever their cause, the loyal express themselves. When anyone asks me what the worthiest personal bearing, the most dignified and internally complete expression of an individual is, I can therefore only reply: Such a bearing, such an expression of yourself as the speaker adopted. Have, then, your cause, chosen by you just as the speaker had chosen to accept his office from the House. Let this cause so possess you that, even in the most thrilling crisis of your practical service of that cause, you can say, with the speaker, 'I am the servant of this cause, its reasonable, its willing, its devoted instrument, and, being such, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak save as this cause shall command.' Let this be your bearing and this your deed. Then, indeed, you know what you live for. And you have won the attitude which constitutes genuine personal dignity. What an individual in his practical bearing can be, you now are. And herein, as I have said, lies for you a supreme personal good." About the desire for repose and tranquillity are these words of wisdom: "Seek serenity, but let it be the serenity of the devotedly and socially active being. Otherwise your spiritual peace is a mere

feeling of repose, and, as such, satisfies at its best but one side of your nature, namely, the merely sensuous side. The massive sensation that all things are somehow well is not the highest good of an active being. Even one of the most typical of mystics, Meister Eckhart, once stated his case, regarding a true spiritual life, thus: 'That a man should have a life of rest and peace in God is good; that he should bear a painful life with patience is better; but that he should find his rest even in his painful life, that is best of all.' Now, this last state, the finding of one's rest and spiritual fulfillment even in one's very life of toil itself—this state is precisely the state of the loyal, in so far as their loyalty gets full control of their emotional nature. I grant you that not all the loyal are possessed of this serenity; but that is because of their defects of nature or of training. Their loyalty would be more effective, indeed, if it were colored throughout by serenity. But peace of spirit will be meaningless unless it is the peace of one who is willingly devoted to his cause." In the closing chapter, on "Loyalty and Religion," Professor Royce gives as his final definition of loyalty: "The will to manifest the eternal in and through the deeds of individual selves." And his definition of religion is this: "Religion is the interpretation both of the eternal and of the spirit of loyalty through emotion, and through a fitting activity of the imagination." We do not imagine that this definition will be of any particular use to anybody; but it fairly indicates the quality and value of this volume which seems to us on the whole as unimportant as books of its class usually are. What it conspicuously needs is more of definite and positive Christianity. The author says that the truth contained in ethical religion consists in the following facts: "*First, the rational unity and goodness of the world-life; next, its true but invisible nearness to us, despite our ignorance; further, its fullness of meaning despite our barrenness of present experience; and yet more, its interest in our personal destiny as moral beings; and finally, the certainty that, through our actual human loyalty, we come, like Moses, face to face with the true Will of the world, as a man speaks to his friend.* In recognizing these facts, we have before us what may be called the creed of the Absolute Religion." Professor Royce holds, as part of his philosophy, that "our relations to the world-life are relations wherein we are consciously met, from the other side, by a superhuman and yet strictly personal conscious Life, in which our own personalities are themselves bound up, but which is not only richer but is more concrete and definitely conscious and real than we are." That is a sufficiently positive declaration concerning a living, personal, communicating God. We wish it were written as positively on some page of the book before us that Christianity is not *a religion*, but THE RELIGION.

The Philosophical Basis of Religion. A Series of Lectures. By JOHN WATSON, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. 8vo, pp. xxviii, 485. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. Imported by Macmillan Company, New York. Price, $3.00, net.

PROFESSOR WATSON plainly belongs to a different school of thinkers from the author of Pragmatism, reviewed in the March-April number. The

author adopts what he denominates as "Speculative" or "Constructive Idealism" for his philosophy of the universe. He assumes that the categories of knowledge and faith as discovered and acknowledged are founded on the principles of reason. He defines philosophy as "a systematic formulation of the rational principles underlying all experience." In other words, philosophy is reflection made systematic. There is no satisfaction for the mind in the notion of Cardinal J. H. Newman that the ground of authority is located in some external body like the church, for if the church possesses a real claim to authority, it is found in the approval of reason. We can only believe in what the church teaches in so far as it seems true, just as the discoveries of an expert in science are accepted because demonstrable. Doctrines thus safeguarded are "authoritative because they are true, not true because they are authoritative." Newman admits that there has been a certain kind of development in doctrine, but if doctrine is not absolutely infallible, there can be no infallible church to propagate and maintain it. No philosopher of this school can afford to ignore Kant, and so Professor Watson devotes considerable space to an examination of the great German's view on knowledge, dissenting somewhat from Kant's statement that there are other besides natural laws. Kant admits that on the philosophical principle of absolute causation there is no room for freedom, but he defends his position by stating that our perceptive faculties are necessary for the completion of knowledge, which is always imperfect, and the idea of causality is a creature of the human mind, as are time and space, merely forms in our experience. True being may be hidden behind the veil of phenomenal being. Watson thinks that there is a fundamental error in supposing "that the totality of our experience is confined within the sphere of phenomena." Mind is necessary as a complement to the system of nature, but it is not another hemisphere externally attached to matter, though nature and mind imply each other. Moral freedom is a necessary postulate of practical reason, and "the system of nature, the freedom of man, and the existence of God, are but different aspects of the same truth, the truth that we live in a rational universe." Even faith is reason not aware of itself. Speculative Idealism asserts that the universe is a rational system. In distinction from Personal Idealism it teaches that personality must not be identified with abstract individuality. A tree cannot exist apart from the universe, its existence being thus guaranteed, and so knowledge is possible only in the organic unity of nature and mind. So mathematical judgments are universal, true always and everywhere, being based on the principle that the actual world involves a rational system. The difficulty raised by Kant's discussion of causality is met by the assertion that "cause is never an antecedent, but the totality of coexistent conditions, and the only ultimate or real cause is the whole universe." Objection is made to the method of Professor William James in his famous works, The Varieties of Religious Experience, The Will to Believe, and Pragmatism, because he seems to assume "that nothing can satisfy the intellect except that which can be expressed in terms of mechanical causation." What James terms the "subconscious life" may be really an inferior and less reliable mental action. In reply to Harnack-Professor Watson makes these important

statements: "Though a man be religious without any definite theory of religion, religion involves conception as well as feeling." "Feeling and will are just as impossible without thought as is thought without feeling and will"; Buddhism or Comtism in reverencing an ideal of humanity differs only in words from what other faiths characterize as divine; the fullness of a principle cannot be formulated at any stage in its development short of the last, so that to learn what Christianity is, we must ask what it is now, and then only can we tell what was wrapped up in its first form. The development of Christian ideas is shown in a consideration of the doctrines and arguments of certain distinguished thinkers from Philo to Leibnitz. Philo, perplexed with the existence of evil in the world, asserts his belief in a transcendent God, and adopts the notion of a "logos" as an intermediate instrument in creation and other activities, revealed in various manifestations, so as to suggest that some of the New Testament writers might be affected by his teaching; but John's declaration of "the Word" involves ideas essentially different and independent. The allegorical method of interpretation employed by Philo was common among the Greeks, and pharisaism was much affected by Greek influence, so that what Paul derived thereof came by way of his pharisaic training rather than by direct Hellenic environment. Admit that the Christian authors were acquainted with Judaic or any other doctrine, it is nothing against Christianity that it holds much in common with other faiths. Even heresies have not been wholly harmful, and Christianity must pay a debt of acknowledgment to the Gnostics, to whom belongs "the credit of seeking to interpret all the knowledge, or supposed knowledge, of their time in the light of Christianity." They, also perceiving evil in the world, introduced the notion of "æons" to preserve the perfection of the Absolute in the origination of an apparently imperfect world. It was the separation of God from the work of creation and of Jesus from the Father, made necessary in Gnostic teaching, that Paul so severely condemns in his Epistle to the Colossians. It must be remembered, however, that the issue of the trinitarian controversy had not yet been settled. Professor Watson declares that the logical systematization of Christian doctrine is due to Augustine, "that God-intoxicated man." His struggle with the tremendous problems of evil, sin, the divine sovereignty, predestination, and freewill is well known. The lecture on Thomas Aquinas is quite interesting. This canonized theologian believed in the supremacy of the church, and consequently advocated the infallibility of the Pope as necessary to maintain unity of belief. From this it followed that the sacraments, as Harnack observes, are nothing but the reduplication of the redemption by Christ. Thomas held that no human reason could reach the truths of revelation by inference from facts. Faith is superior to knowledge, and the highest knowledge of God comes by intuition. Christian doctrine is beyond, but not contrary to reason. Freedom presupposes intelligence, and Aquinas reaches the conclusion, with which the author in his adherence to the theory of Constructive Idealism practically concurs, that the perfection of the whole is compatible with a certain imperfection in the parts. Leibnitz is accepted in his dictum that "there can be no contradiction between reason and revealed religion." In wrestling with

the problem of evil Leibnitz affirms that "the cause of evil is not efficient but deficient," and that an act occurs "not because it is foreseen but only because it is willed"—a position very familiar to the advocates and guardians of the Methodist theology. In conclusion, Professor Watson insists that the universe must be taken as a whole. God is present in his world, and the principle of the divine immanence, avoiding pantheistic errors and defects, is established. Man in his second nature—mark the term involving spiritual regeneration—is to be of kin with God. Pessimism is the counterpart of optimism, and those possessing the highest ideals may be most profoundly conscious of evil. Morality depends on the rationality of the universe. If the author is at times somewhat abstruse and difficult to follow, the reader is greatly helped by extended, though not always clear and descriptive, syllabi of the lectures, a brief resume of each preceding discussion, and a copious index at the end of the volume. The book can hardly come into general use, and some of its positions will not be unanimously accepted, but it is an important contribution to the study of philosophy when so many minds are unconsciously under the influence of the materialistic environment, and are favorably disposed to the pragmatic method and purpose.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Marginal Notes by Lord Macaulay. Selected and Arranged by SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN Crown 8vo, pp. 65. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, 50 cents net.

MACAULAY was the most omnivorous reader of his day. It was his habit to read, pencil in hand, and to dash down on the margins precisely what he thought of what he was reading. By reason of his energetic, incisive, and brilliant annotations even trashy books became valuable. Coleridge had the same habit, and Lamb knew that any book loaned to Coleridge, if it came back at all—which was a little uncertain—would return profusely enriched and enlivened by acute and profound marginalia. No habit is more educative and profitable; it cultivates studious, thorough, and critical reading, and is promotive of mental independence and originality. And this is what books are for, to be marked and annotated, not to be kept clean and neat for show. Let no minister succumb to the desire for fine bindings, or squander his money on rare editions. Leave them to dilettants. It is a form of luxuriousness. If he is a working man, as he ought to be, and in dead earnest about his work, he should buy inexpensive editions, books which he is not afraid to pencil all through with marginal notes, jotting down queries, objections, and hints which the book gives him. This habit will double the value of his library to him; in after years his own notes and comments will be worth more to him than the most elegant bindings, and often more valuable than the book itself. Therefore let every studious and earnest reader, every working mind, plentifully bespatter the pages of his books with marginal comments, with underscorings of approval, exclamation-points of dissent, interrogation-points of hesitation, pertinent references to other books or to other pages in the same book.

and any apt illustrations which occur to him as illuminative or corrective of the truths or errors on the printed page under his eye. This is the way to cultivate mental alertness and acuteness, to become a real thinker, and to derive all possible benefit from books. This is also an immense aid to memory. The secret of memory is attention and what a man has paused over attentively and long enough to make written comments on is likely to adhere to the gray matter of his cerebrum. Moreover, the habit is a training in the art of pointed, sententious, and trenchant writing. Without this habit, there is danger of careless, hasty, indolent, superficial, and unprofitable reading. In this thin little volume before us Macaulay's marginal comments, sparkling with fire and tingling with vitality, are mostly upon the works of Shakespeare and of Cicero and of Plato. These comments are of a quality to make meaningless and monstrous Matthew Arnold's supercilious characterization of Macaulay as a "Philistine," and to utterly discredit and rebuke Arnold's sweeping and undiscriminating condemnation, which is so lacking in the balance and measuredness he is always pedagogically enjoining upon others as to make his criticisms look more like vicious, personal animosity than like competent and fair-minded judgment. Macaulay's marginalia, selected by Trevelyan, begin with some comments on Miss Anna Seward, a trivial and pretentious author of numerous volumes, whose lack of education he exposes by correcting her grammar. She reported Dr. Johnson as having said, "Come, my dear lady, let you and I attend these gentlemen in the study." "No," commented Macaulay, "Johnson said, 'let you and *me*,' I will be sworn." When Dean Swift, in his Essay on the Fates of Clergymen, related under a transparent mask the disappointments of his own ambitious but unsatisfying career, Macaulay asked incisively, what business such a man had in such a profession as the ministry. And when Swift declared that the extreme personal prudence of statesmen was "usually attended by a strong desire for money, by a want of principle and courage and public spirit, by servile flattery and submission, and by perpetual wrong judgment in their bestowal of favors and preferments, when the statesmen came into power and high place," Macaulay commented: "I doubt this. Swift wrote with all the bitterness and spleen of a man of genius who had been outstripped by dunces in the career of preferment. Neither history nor my own observation leads me to think that the prudence and discretion which so often raise men of mediocrity to high posts is necessarily or usually connected with avarice, want of principle, or servility." But the most of this book of marginal notes is made up of comments on Shakespeare and Latin and Greek classics. Here is Macaulay's characterization of the Seventh Idyll of Theocritus: "This is a very good Idyll. Indeed, it is more pleasing to me than almost any other pastoral poem in any language. It was my favorite at college. There is a rich profusion of rustic imagery about it which I find nowhere else. It opens a scene of rural plenty and comfort which quite fills the imagination—flowers, fruits, leaves, fountains, soft goat-skins, old wine, singing birds, joyous friendly companions. The whole has an air of reality which is more interesting than the conventional world which Virgil has placed in Arcadia." Fine indeed is Macaulay's insight

into Hamlet's peculiar character, as a man whose intellect is out of all proportion to his will or his passions. "Under the most exciting circumstances, for example while expecting every moment to see the ghost of his father rise before him, Hamlet goes on discussing questions of morals, manners, or politics. . . . It is most striking to see how completely he forgets his father, his mistress, the terrible duty imposed on him, and the imminent danger which he has to run, as soon as a subject of observation comes before him—as soon as a good butt is offered to his wit. The ghost of his father finds him speculating on the causes of the decline of the fame of Denmark. Immediately before he puts his uncle's conscience to the decisive test, he delivers a lecture on the principles of dramatic composition and representation. And just after Ophelia's burial, he analyses and describes the fashionable follies of the age with as much apparent disengagedness of mind and ease of heart as if he had never known sorrow." Macaulay notes something very striking in the way Hamlet—a man of gentle nature, quick in speculation, morbidly sluggish in action, irresolute, unfit to struggle with the real evils of life—when he finds himself plunged into the midst of such evils, delights to repose on the strong and steady mind of Horatio, a man who had been severely tried and who had learned self-control and endurance from experience. Before the third scene of the first act of King Lear, Macaulay wrote: "Here begins the finest of all human performances"; but he reckoned Othello the best play extant in any language. On the writings and character of Cicero, Macaulay's notes are full of judicious discrimination. Toward Cicero's views on the crucial problem of the foundations of morality, he was favorably disposed. He held the Epicurean theory of morals to be "hardly deserving of refutation"; and as for the Stoic theory, it seemed to him "excessively absurd." He liked Cicero's De Officiis and was in general agreement with his doctrine of duty. Macaulay notes that Cicero's character underwent serious degeneration after he became a partisan and defender of the aristocracy, and that his tastes, opinions, and actions were lowered "like those of many other politicians." The nobles coaxed and flattered him, while using his brilliant talents for their own unworthy ends; vanity deprived him of coolness and wisdom, and made him rash and vindictive; and this led to his banishment from Rome. To these weaknesses, cowardice added itself after his exile, and all that was generous, brave, and elevated in his mind was destroyed. When Cicero, in his defense of Sextius, pays adulation to the degenerate aristocracy of the later republic, Macaulay exclaims in disgust: "And these men thus eulogized were the murderers of the Gracchi, the hirelings of Jugurtha, the butchers of Sulla, the plunderers of the provinces, the buyers and sellers of magistracies." The solemn lesson from Cicero's career is that of warning against the danger of moral decay and downfall due to ambition, inflation, and vanity. Macaulay goes so far as to say that Cicero, in being put to death by the Triumvirs, got little more than his deserts. It is certain, he thinks, that "Cicero suffered nothing more than he would have inflicted. His Philippics showed an impatience at peaceful counsels, a hostility to plans of conciliation, and a thirst for blood, which can be attributed only to personal hatred and

which is particularly odious in a really cowardly man." Macaulay does full justice to the splendid eloquence of Cicero, though he ranks Demosthenes above him as an orator; but he calls Cicero's course and character in his later years "infamous." Macaulay greatly admired one of Cæsar's sentences. When Cicero sent to Cæsar a message of gratitude for the humane forbearance which he, as conqueror, had displayed toward those political opponents who had fallen into his power at the surrender of Corfinium, Cæsar answered: "I rejoice that my action should have obtained your approval. Nor am I disturbed when I hear it said that those whom I have sent off alive and free will again bear arms against me; for *there is nothing which I so much covet as that I should be like myself and they be like themselves.*" Opposite that sentence of Cæsar's, Macaulay wrote on the margin: "Noble fellow!" With regard to Cicero's *style* as an author and orator, Niebuhr followed Quintilian in saying that "the pleasure which a man takes in the writings of Cicero is a standard by which we may estimate his own intellectual culture." The writer of this book notice remembers that he obtained his first conception of literary and oratoric *style* from being set by Daniel Clarke Knowles at the task of making a free but correct translation of Cicero's Orations into as smooth and fluent English as he was capable of. Cicero once said in public: "I never repent of behaving as if my enmities were transient and my friendships eternal." The works of Plato Macaulay read in a ponderous folio, which weighed twelve pounds, about the weight of a regulation musket in the British army when Macaulay was Secretary of War. It contained about fourteen hundred closely printed pages of antique Greek type. Even the blank spaces of that elegant and rare volume are disfigured, or rather, decorated, by Macaulay's penciled comments. When Plato enjoins the inhabitants of his Utopia to treat a great poet with profound reverence, but to put him outside their community at all hazards—to anoint his head with precious unguents and crown him with garlands, and then to pass him on quickly to some other city—Macaulay remarks: "You may see that Plato was passionately fond of poetry, even when arguing against it." He underscores Plato's fine definition of the object for which civil government should exist—"the relief and respite of mankind from misfortune." That definition would make it the duty of civil government to abolish the liquor traffic. Of Socrates, Macaulay writes: "The more I read of his conversation, the less I wonder at the fierce hatred he provoked against himself. He took an ill-natured pleasure in making men famed for wisdom and eloquence look like fools. He scandalously abused the advantage which his wonderful talents and his command of his temper gave him. What an exceptional control of his temper the old fellow had, and what terrible though delicate power of ridicule! A bitter fellow he was, with all his suavity." Macaulay thought that one of the finest passages in Greek literature was what Socrates said to Gorgias and Callicles; "These doctrines of yours have now been examined and found wanting, and this doctrine alone has stood the test—that we ought to be more afraid of wronging than of being wronged, and that the prime business of every man is not to seem good but to be good in all his dealings, private and

public." On the last page of the Crito Macaulay wrote: "When we consider the moral (or immoral) state of Greece in Socrates's time and the revolution he produced in men's notions of good and evil, we must pronounce him one of the greatest men that ever lived." When Socrates expresses a serene conviction that to die is gain, Macaulay writes: "Every day brings me nearer and nearer to this doctrine." And when Socrates, the condemned criminal, says to his judges, "And now the time has come when we must part and go our respective ways—I to die, you to live; and which of us has the happier lot is known to none except God," Macaulay pencils on the margin: "A most solemn and most noble close!" Some of our readers will recall Macaulay's essays in the Edinburgh Review combating the utilitarianism of Mill and Bentham. Macaulay was no more a Philistine than Matthew Arnold was an angel.

The Golden Hynde, and Other Poems. By ALFRED NOYES. 12mo, pp. 185. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

WE agree with another reviewer that this volume will not place its author in immortal companionship, and also that while it will not enhance his reputation, it should not detract therefrom. We confess to a fondness for Alfred Noyes. The flavor of his verse is his own and it is pure and sweet. To say that he is decent and healthy, without being pale or cold, tame or flat, may not sound like high praise, but amid so much in our day that is diseased and indecent, there is no small joy in finding a young singer who seems really fit to be admitted into respectable society; whose books may properly be left on the table or read aloud, and do not require to be read furtively. Mr. Noyes's work has imagination, distinction, grace, and melody. Tokens of youth are noticeable in laments over mutability, in fondness for classical scenes and the topics of mythologic ages, on which he writes splendidly. An educated youth can seldom wholly avoid their spell. But while not yet out of the classical age, his muse is at home as well in the everyday world around him, and his touch of modern things is vital and graphic. Out of the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice he reads the lesson that all good things await the soul that pays the price by sacrifice, and that on him who sleeps for less than labor's sake there creeps the Pythian snake. Orpheus dreamed away the hours, letting his lyre lie buried in the flowers, and lost his love and his chance. A spirited poem on a classical theme is "The Ride of Phaëthon," from which we take this extract:

Beautiful, insolent, fierce,
  For an instant a whirlwind of radiance,
Tossing their manes,
  Rampant over the dazzled universe
They struggled, while Phaëthon, Phaëthon tugged at the reins.

Then, like a torrent, a tempest of splendor, a hurricane rapture of wrath and derision,
  Down they galloped, a great white thunder of glory, down the terrible sky

Till earth with her rivers and seas and meadows broadened, and filled up the field of their vision
And mountains leaped from the plains to meet them, and all the forests and fields drew nigh.

All the bracken and grass of the mountains flamed and the valleys of corn were wasted,
All the blossoming forests of Africa withered and shriveled beneath their flight;
Then, then first, those ambrosial Edens of old by the wheels of the Sun were blasted,
Leaving a dread Sahara, lonely, burnt and blackened, to greet the night.

. . . . . .

Yet not to the stars, to the stars, they surged, and the earth was a dwindling gleam thereunder,
Yea, now to the home of the Father of gods, and he rose in the wrath that none can quell,
Beholding the mortal charioteer, and the rolling heavens were rent with his thunder,
And Phaëthon, smitten, reeled from the chariot! Backward and out of it, headlong he fell.

Down, down, down, down from the glittering heights of the firmament hurled
Like a falling star, in a circle of fire, down the sheer abysm of doom,
Down to the hiss and the heave of the seas far out on the ultimate verge of the world,
That leaped with a roar to meet him, he fell, and they covered him o'er with their glorious gloom,
Covered him deep with their rolling gloom,
Their depths of pitiful gloom.

A true patriot is Alfred Noyes, and he sings to England not of the glories of war but in praise of peace, as in verses entitled "Nelson's Year—1905," "In Time of War," and "To England in 1907." In the first of these he gives this wish to his country, "May the Christ Child walk beside thee, with a word of peace for England, in the dawn of Nelson's year!" At least one reader of this volume knows by his own touched heart that Alfred Noyes, despite his youth, has power to sound life's deep experiences and to solve the pang and the cry of bereft and grief-stricken hearts. In "The Real Dante," he makes Dante, bereft of Beatrice, cry to her:

> "I have lost courage, Love, in losing thee;
> Courage to bear this silence of the sky;
> Courage to front that dark Eternity;
> Courage to brook life's pitiful riddle—*why,*
> *Why hath God hurt us thus?* Poor broken cry
> Quivering, unanswered, o'er the world's wide sea!"

To that poor, broken, quivering cry, there is no answer save from the divine mercy, which is "Made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." One poem entitled "In the Cool of

the Evening," expresses that sense of a Divine Presence in nature which almost hears the rustling of God's garment in the evening wind:

In the cool of the evening, when the low sweet whispers waken,
When the laborers turn them homeward, and the weary have their will,
When the censers of the roses o'er the forest-aisles are shaken,
Is it but the wind that cometh o'er the far green hill?

For they say 'tis but the sunset winds that wander thro' the heather,
Rustle all the meadow-grass and bend the dewy fern;
They say 'tis but the winds that bow the reeds in prayer together,
And fill the shaken pools with fire along the shadowy burn.

In the beauty of the twilight, in the Garden that He loveth,
They have veiled his lovely vesture with the darkness of a name!
Thro' His Garden, thro' His Garden, it is but the wind that moveth,
No more! But O the miracle, the miracle is the same.

In the cool of the evening, when the sky is an old story,
Slowly dying, but remembered, ay, and loved with passion still . . .
Hush . . . the fringes of His garment, in the fading golden glory
Softly rustling as He cometh o'er the far green hill.

One of the longest poems is entitled "The Cottage of the Kindly Light." In a cottage on a hill, at the base of which the sea foamed white, a lone widow lived with her little boy, whose fisherman father the sea had drowned. Her one prayer over her little one was that he might never become a sea-going man; she hated and feared the devouring sea. But when the lad was grown—"tall, supple, sunburnt, and a flower of men"—he went to work upon a neighbor's fishing boat till he could buy one for himself. And she had to relive for the son the long waiting and the anxious dread she used to suffer for his father when the fleet of fishermen were off upon the sea. And every night she placed a lamp in the cottage window that, if ever her lad gazed homeward, across the heaving sea, he might remember the mother love that watched and waited for him. Now in those days there went a preacher through the countryside filling men's hearts with fire; and out at sea the sailors sang ever great hymns to God. "Lead, kindly Light," they sang; and on the shore one stood up one night among the gleaming nets shining with silver herring in the moon, and pointed to the lamp in the window on the hill and said: "Such is that Kindly Light we sing about"; and ever afterward the widow's house was called *The Cottage of the Kindly Light*. One night a wild storm rose on ~~the~~ Atlantic, and a cry of fierce despair sounded among the weeping women of the fishing village. The lonely widow on the hill above stood out in the wind and rain, and listened to the roaring dark, "buffeted by the scornful universe, above the crash she stood, one steadfast fragment of the night." She knew well her boy could not come home alive through such a storm. But she did not moan nor pray. In stony silence she stood in the gale till dawn, and there the villagers found her when they tramped up the hill to tell her of her loss. Her brain had given way under the strain, and she met them with a

smile and said: "My boy lost? O, no! He will come! Tomorrow, or the next day, or the next, the Kindly Light will bring him home again." And each night she lit the lamp and placed it in the window toward the sea, saying ever when any mentioned his name: "The Kindly Light will bring him home again." And instead of mourning, she put on her wedding dress, and all that year she went in white through the village streets, where all the women went in black, for all had lost some man. And all that year she said to friends and neighbors: "He will come; he is delayed; some ship has picked him up and borne him out to some far-distant land." When the year had passed, one summer evening the maid to whom the widow's son had been a lover, went up the hill but saw not the Kindly Light in the seaward window. Entering the cottage she beheld the widow kneeling by the window lamp, and near her lifeless hand a fallen taper, with which, with her last strength, she had striven to kindle again the Kindly Light. As the loverless girl stood in the cottage door, there came up from the village church in the valley upon a waft of evening wind the sound of singing; all round her rose, like one great upward flight of chanting angels, the holy hymn,

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Mary Porter Gamewell, and Her Story of the Siege in Peking. By A. H. Tuttle. 12mo, pp. 303. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1 net.

No one who knows Dr. Tuttle need be told that he has done his work skillfully and beautifully. For this result he had every facility. His close relation to Mrs. Gamewell gave him full and intimate knowledge of his subject; abundant materials for biography—journals, letters, recorded incidents and experiences—were put into his hands; his heart suffused the whole story with sympathy as tender as it was intelligent, and his genius for expression clothed the noble narrative with literary charm. Fully three fourths of the volume is from the pen of Mrs. Gamewell, who had a rare gift for exact and vivid description and a wise mind, highly trained. Of notable value in her part of Dr. Tuttle's book are her record of the Chung King riot of 1886, written while she was imprisoned in the yamen of the magistrate during the raging of the heathen against the messengers of Christ; and her story of the siege in Peking, prepared by her for the press from copious notes, which she made from day to day in the exciting, exhausting, and perilous months of the Boxer assaults, while her husband was superintending with amazing skill, ability, and endurance the fortifications and the defense which, under God, protected and saved the lives of the foreigners in Peking. The story of Mrs. Gamewell's life is worthy to be preserved forever and read the wide world over, for in her we have a typical, we might even say an ideal, Christian woman missionary. To the noble young people whose hearts feel the high brave impulse to do exceptional

service for Christ, her spirit and example will be an enkindling inspiration, while ordinary Christians, leading, amid conventional surroundings, a comparatively commonplace existence, may be thrilled at beholding in her high-souled and devoted life the supernal beauty and dignity which glorify a human life entirely consecrated to Jesus Christ. Such lives as that of Mary Porter Gamewell splendor the dark of heathendom with radiant foretokens of the coming day, the day of the Lord, in which all nations redeemed by him shall rejoice together with joy unspeakable. A straight look at the spirit in which this missionary to China did her work is given us in a letter to a friend soon after the beginning of her missionary life: "I carry about with me a sense of failure all the time, because of things that I do not get done. . . . But I put on a bold front and *refuse to acknowledge that there is anything I ought to do which I cannot do.*" The maxim, "I ought, therefore I can," is as true as any axiom of mathematics. Sent forth to disciple the heathen for Christ, she firmly relied upon the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." Even in times when a tragic death seemed imminent and in others when death would have been a relief, she never feared. "Why should I be alarmed when I know that He whom I serve is with me?" she said. In 1884, two years after his marriage to Mary Porter, Frank D. Gamewell was appointed superintendent of the West China Mission with headquarters in the city of Chung King in the province of Szechuen. There a cruel and bloody riot broke out against the missionaries, whom the Chinese call "foreign devils," or more literally "ocean demons." In her journal Mrs. Gamewell wrote admiringly of her husband's wonderful capacity for emergencies as shown in that strenuous and dangerous crisis: "A simple faith seems to possess him, and his countenance shines confident and bright with the hope and courage and strength that are born of God. So for us, shut up where all depends on God, he is steadfast and strong. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.'" The soul of Mrs. Gamewell is uncovered to us in her letters to friends. Its vicissitudes are seen on two successive days in Peking, in October, 1896. One day she writes: "A depressed spirit of foreboding envelops my being. It seems likely the expected mail will bring bad news. Intense sadness seizes all my unoccupied moments. My spirit may not fail today, but it will not soar." All of a sudden, by one of those strange reactions which all of us have experienced, her soul leaps from the depths to the heights, so that she writes next day: "A buoyant spirit catches me on light feet and swings with easy step through the day. Everything comes easy. My spirits rise and rise like a bottle of yeast, and my head may pop off with exhilaration! . . . Yesterday was bright weather, today it rains. Yesterday my wheels drave heavily; today I fly on light wing." In one of her letters she gives an example of the untrained conscience of one converted Chinaman, who told in class meeting how when he was ill his heathen mother brought him a bowl of medicine over which a heathen charm had been said. He was too good a Christian to countenance heathen superstition, but he must honor his mother; so he could not tell her he did not intend to take it. He asked his mother to place it beside him, and after she had left the room he poured it into a hole in the ground under his bed. But he was not so

much a Christian that he could not lie, so when his mother returned he told her he had taken it. And now in class meeting he was thanking God for his mercy in preventing his mother from finding out that the dose had not been taken, had been poured into the hole? He supposed that the Lord had blessed his lie, and was *particeps criminis* with him in deceiving his mother. Christians who smile at such crude ethics should remember that they are not confined to heathen lands but flourish rankly on Christian soil. "The converted heathen is an infant indeed," writes Mrs. Gamewell; "and some seem never to outgrow their infancy." But there are infant grown-ups in our home churches also, whose moral faculties seem still to be rudimentary; and a mixed and crooked and tangled life of inconsistencies they make. To a friend at home who has a very exalted estimate of Mrs. Gamewell, this missionary woman writes: "I smile in mixed sadness and amusement to see how you idealize me and my doings. I used to have a feeling of insecurity as if placed on a pedestal from which I must sooner or later have a fall; but I am growing accustomed to the precarious position, and have a sense of security in the assurance that the same love that put me there is supporting me in stable equilibrium, and, so far from falling, I cannot get down if I would." That is a very sweet bit of confiding candor. Mrs. Gamewell's circumstantial story of the siege in Peking is worthy to be read with Burtis Simpson's Indiscreet Letters from Peking, published under the pseudonym of B. Putnam Weale. Her account is even more valuable than his and is complementary of his, being written from a different viewpoint, from inside the experience of the missionaries in their terrific ordeal. We take from her story the following glimpse of what life was to the besieged in the grounds of the British Legation during eight awful weeks: "Rifle fire opened upon us at four o'clock in the afternoon of June 20, and never entirely ceased, day and night, until the allies came on the fourteenth of August, and put the enemy to flight. There were consecutive hours of many days and nights when hundreds of rifles were let loose upon us at once, and it often seemed as if the whole surface of our walls was simultaneously covered with bullets. Portions of solid brick walls were pulverized by continuous discharge of rifles against them. Mannlicher and Mauser rifles, provided with smokeless powder, were trained against us in great numbers: for the Chinese were equipped with the best modern appliances and, as it proved, with almost inexhaustible supplies of ammunition. At times the firing was limited to sharpshooters, who climbed into the trees and other high places, to which they could not be easily traced because the smokeless powder gave so little sign in performing its deadly work. One day one of our American soldiers, who was a fine marksman, strode by where I was at work. They told me that he and two others were detailed to watch for a Chinese sharpshooter who had the range of a certain walk of the British Legation which was frequented by the women and children of the Legation. For many hours they kept the grim watch, and then the crack of a rifle was followed by the falling of a human body, and the laconic report was passed in: 'We got him.' It was a ghastly episode, to the like of which we were well accustomed before the day of our deliverance arrived. Many have asked me: 'Were you under

fire?' There was nothing there that was not under fire. The hottest fire was received on the lines held by our brave soldiers and where work on fortifications was being pressed; but no spot within the lines was immune. A soldier, coming from his post for brief rest, sat upon a bench under a tree. A rifle ball, intercepted by a tree, glanced his way, struck and killed the soldier. The seat taken by the soldier was often occupied by women or children. I was going on an errand down a walk of the Legation when a bullet came my way with a sharp swish. I had an impression that it had passed through my skirts. In an instant I found myself about ten feet from where I had been and did not know how I got there. I turned to see a soldier falling. He had been walking behind me. He stepped into the place which I had just passed, and by so much I escaped and he fell victim to the rifle shot. One hot night a lady went with me to get a drink at a well in the midst of the Legation. As we made our way through the darkness we walked into a beam of light that shone from a lantern across our path. Instantly a bullet struck the ground at our heels. Before many days had passed shells from batteries of Krupp guns began to scream overhead. Solid shot ploughed through our roofs and fell into some of our rooms. One shot passed over the beds of two ladies, who, if they had been sitting up, might have had their heads taken off. One plunged through the wall of Lady MacDonald's dining room, passed behind a large portrait of Queen Victoria, and tore its way through the opposite wall and fell into the court beyond. Hundreds of shells and solid shots fell into our courts in one day, and rifle shots cut leaves and branches from the trees and lay upon the ground so thick that the children gathered them in hatsful. A large branch of a tree was cut through by bullets and fell across a threshold beyond which lodged a company of women. The enemy started fires close to our lines and threatened to engulf us in a general conflagration. They brought in coal diggers from the hills and set them tunneling mines under our position. One explosion left only two great holes in the ground where had stood the residence of the French Minister and that of the First Secretary of Legation. We were dependent upon wells within our lines for water, and who could tell how soon the fires and the needs of the multitudes would empty the wells, or what security had we against fever from contaminated water? After a few days the odor of decaying flesh filled the air. The drifting horror made night more hideous, and roused from sleep even those who slept the sleep of exhaustion. I have sweltered, with my head under thick covering, in an endeavor to escape the pollutions that weighted the hot night air. Surely, pestilence hovers in an atmosphere like that. Surrounded by an army of unknown thousands, rifle shots like hail cutting through the trees, shell and solid shot falling in our courts by hundreds, mines exploding within our lines, and no telling how soon one might tear the earth under our feet, starvation staring us in the face, unsanitary conditions in a filthy city filling the air with fever if not pestilence —what was to save us?" Out of dear, brave Mrs. Gamewell's letters to personal friends we cannot forbear to quote the following: "When another looks through our bent, unlovely life, and says to us in effect, 'I know your ideals are high and true, I know you try for the best only,' we forget the

pain of our own unloveliness in the sweet sense of companionship with a kindred spirit. And such recognition gives courage in the assurance that we are on the right road, and that God is with us both." We close with the following token of her sensitiveness to the beauty of the natural world: "On the whole, a tree is the most sympathetic object in nature, not so awfully set as the mountains, not so fickle and treacherous as the sea, more substantial than the clouds, not so perishable as the grass and flowers—always there, steadfast and strong, with its shifting lights and shadows, soft sighing or brisk tossing, or drenched brightness, seeming to enter into every mood of its friends. It sighs sympathy, whispers peace, murmurs comfort, waves refreshment, or shouts exhilaratingly, according to whether the breeze be gentle or high, whether the day be bright or dripping."

Letters of Dr. John Brown. With letters from Ruskin, Thackeray, and others. Edited by His Son and D. W. FORREST, D.D. 8vo, pp. 368. New York: The Macmillan Company, American Agents for Adam & Charles Black. Price, cloth, illustrated, $4.00.

IN addition to 280 pages of Dr. Brown's letters, this volume contains twenty pages of Thackeray's letters to Dr. Brown, twenty-five of Ruskin's, and thirty from other notable people, all of them of interest, but far from equaling in value (as one reviewer thinks they do) the letters written by Dr. Brown. Having noticed elsewhere his letters, we may properly present here some glimpses of the letters to him from his friends. Ruskin comes first, and first from him is this about church decoration: "I do not think it of much importance in itself; nay, I think that if much importance were ever attached to it by us, so as to leave it to be inferred that a church was less a church without elaborate decoration than with it, instant and great evil would follow. But I think *the feeling in us* is of importance—the feeling that would rather delight in decorating the church than in adorning our own houses, and would endeavor to manifest in buildings dedicated to God's service the highest qualities of intelligence and sensibility with which he has gifted us." The following bit will be recognized as characteristic of Ruskin: "My only profitable traveling has been on foot, and I doubt whether not only railroads but even carriages and horses, except for rich people or conveyance of mails and merchandise, be not inventions of the Evil One. How much of the indolence, ill-health, discomfort, selfishness, sin, and misery of this life do you suppose may be ultimately referable to the invention of the *carriage* and the *bridle?* I am not jesting." This also has his personal flavor. Referring to some of his own articles on economy, Ruskin says: "Their value is in their having, for the first time since money was set up as the English Dagon, declared that there never can be any vitality or godship in money, and that the value of your ship-of-the-line is by no means according to the price you have given for your guns, but according to the worth and price of your Captain. For the first time, I say, this is declared in accurate scientific terms, Carlyle having led the way, as he does in all noble insight in this generation." In the following some may recognize their own feeling: "I am in a curiously unnatural state of mind, in that at forty-three, instead of being able to settle to my middle-

aged life like a middle-aged creature, I have more instincts of youth in me than when I was young, and am as miserable because I cannot climb, run, wrestle, sing, or make love as I was when a youngster because I couldn't sit writing metaphysics all day long. Wrong at both ends of life!" Here again is Ruskin's intensity of feeling about the pursuit of what is called "Wealth": "The science of Political Economy, as hitherto taught, is a Lie, wholly and to the very root. It is also the damnedest, that is to say, the most utterly *condemned* by God and His angels, that the Devil has yet invented. To the professed and organized pursuit of Money is owing all the evil of modern days. I say All. It is Money worship that corrupts the church, corrupts household life, destroys honor, beauty, and life. And the so-called 'science' of its pursuit is the most cretinous and paralysing plague that has yet touched the brains of mankind. I write this as coolly as I should a statement respecting the square of the hypothenuse. None of the Political Economists has yet properly defined Wealth, and they don't know what they are talking about. In no other science did its disciples ever start without knowing what they were going to talk about. Ricardo's chapter on 'Rent' and Adam Smith's eighth chapter on 'Wages of Labor' are quite sky-high among the monuments of Human Brutification; that is to say, of the paralysis of human intellect habitually fed on grass instead of Bread of God." Very interesting is what Ruskin writes about his own experience with Doubt: "I seem to have more faith when in anguish than when in happiness, even when it is the anguish of doubt. The least doubt generally drives home on me the words, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' Doubt always seems to me a trial put upon us by God, and this even when it is doubt of God Himself. I find myself praying to God to take away my doubt of Him, which seems to me to prove that there is in us an instinctive faith that is deeper down than all our doubts." We find this about French fiction and science: "I have been reading French novels, and discover the enormous importance of Revenge in the modern French mind as an Element of gratification and heroism. Sir Walter Scott, in his stories, changed the feudal law of personal revenge into 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' . . . . I have been looking at the plates in a great French physiologist's book. He can't draw a dove or a woman or a child, but draws lice and frogs and monkeys most horribly true to the lousiest parts of their nature. And this is *French Science!*" Hear how he scores himself while correcting a lapse of proper courtesy: "Dearest Dr. Brown—It has just occurred to me that you cannot accept my invitation because, like a stupid beast as I am, I forgot to invite your sister too. Of course this was pure inadvertence; my life has been ruined by my stupidity; I am a dolt, a cretin, a log, a stuffed hedgehog, a fossil echinus, not to have thought of her when I was sending the invitation. Pardon me, and come, both of you, directly." Here is Ruskin's inability to appreciate the music of Beethoven: "How did you ever get to understand him? To me he always sounds like the upsetting of bags of nails, with here and there an also dropped hammer." Ruskin's love for Dr. Brown was very tender. When both were growing old he wrote: "A joy indeed it is to have a letter from

you, and to see that you are still my own sweet Doctor, having perpetual sympathy with all good efforts and all kindly animated creatures. And I trust you and I will go on, in spite of our sorrows, speaking to each other through the sweet-briar and the vine, for many an hour of twilight as we did in the morning and at noon." Thackeray's letters to Dr. Brown are of less significance, and we quote only the following. On hearing of the death of Dr. Brown's good old minister father, Thackeray wrote: "He was ready, I suppose, and had his passport made out for his journey. Next comes our little turn to pack up and depart. To stay is well enough, but shall we be very sorry to go? What more is there in life that we haven't tried? What that we have tried is so very much worth repetition or endurance? I have just come from a beefsteak and potatoes, both excellent of their kind, but we can part from them without a very severe pang, and note that we shall get no greater pleasures than these from this time till the end of our days. What is a greater pleasure? Gratified ambition? accumulation of money? What?" During his lecture-tour in America in 1853, Thackeray wrote from Charleston, South Carolina: "It's all exaggeration about this country, barbarism, eccentricities, 'nigger' cruelties, and all. They are not so highly educated as individuals, but a circle of people knows more than an equal number of English (of Scotch I don't say: there, in Edinburgh, you are educated). The Negroes are happy, whatever is said of them, at least all we see, and the country planters beg and implore any Englishman to go to their estates and see for themselves. . . . Tomorrow I go to Richmond on my way to New York, and thence into Canada; and in July, or before, I hope to see that old country again—which is, after all, the only country for us to live in—not that there are not hundreds of pleasant people and kind, affectionate, dear people here, but O for Kensington and home!" Referring to an article in Blackwood's Magazine, Thackeray wrote: "Of the three novelists discussed, I don't believe Bulwer ranks first; I think Dickens does. But, Sir and Madam, Everybody, what after all does it matter who is first or second or third in such a two-penny race? Kindness matters, and love and good will, and doing your duty, and making provision for your young children. May all children be merry and love their papas and mammas, and may we oldsters have as happy a New Year as God shall send us!" In a letter written by R. H. Hutton from the office of The Spectator in 1866 is the following: "*Ecce Homo* and all such books are much on my mind. My preference is for the first part of that book. The latter part gets into the abstract constructive line. Christ is so infinitely greater than Christianity that I fear 'developing' Him, as the mathematicians say, into Christianity, as *Ecce Homo* tries to do. . . . Strauss's *New Life of Jesus* seems to me worse and more intense in its negative bitterness than his old *Life*. . . . I suppose that anonymous article is by Matthew Arnold. It pains me to believe so, but I don't think any one else could have written it. I feel intensely about these things. I feel utterly dumb when my heart is most hot within me; and I can only call upon Christ to vindicate His own reality, instead of waiting for poor foolish little litterateurs like me to speak for Him. 'Oh that Thou wouldest rend the heavens and come down, that the mountains might flow down at Thy

presence!' is my feeling about views and writings which one word from God Himself could render inexpressibly meaningless and contemptible." Ruskin referred to Dr. John Brown as "a good Scotchman of the old classic breed," and Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke of "dear good, sweetly human Dr. Brown." We notice in letters written by Dr. Brown the use of seldom-used dictionary words, such as pervivacious, procacious, nimiousness, expiscate, and appropriquing. As we close this entertaining book we catch sight of these sentences from Dr. Brown: "Dr. Simpson is well, plunging about in his work, and as happy in it as any seal in Baffin's Bay." "A tumid, even flatulent man is Macaulay and not one of the immortals; he lacks the salts of genius, and *fine* intellect, and pure principle." Replying to a friend's frank letter, Dr. Brown shows this degree of self-knowledge: "You are quite right about my tendency to excess in praising. It arises from two causes: first, from my constitutional vice of wishing to *please* at all hazards—this is one of my worst weaknesses; and, second, from an exaggerative tendency due to my passionate nature—this really interferes very much with my trustworthiness as a critic." Once when Dr. Brown's little son John was away from home on a visit, he put into a letter to his boy this bit of playfulness: "The moon as big as the drawing-room table is getting up with difficulty from behind Arthur's Seat. I suppose some boys at Duddington are holding her down by the tail. Did you ever see the moon's tail? You can only see it in the dark. How are your sore toes? Good night, my dear boy. Be sure to look for the moon's tail and, if you can, bring in a basinful of moonshine and wash your toes in it—you have no idea how queer you will feel."

Greece and the Ægean Islands. By PHILIP S. MARDEN. 8vo, pp. 386. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, ornamental, $3.

HAPPY the people who can travel in this new century! Mr. Ruskin would not say so, for he abominated facilities for swift and easy travel—railroads and the rest—and wanted everybody to study countries, as the botanist does, on foot. That plan, however, would confine the delightful benefits of travel to a very few and even they could see but little. Now all the places anybody wants to visit are made easily accessible, and a maximum of sight-seeing is made possible with a minimum of weariness. The charming and informing book before us shows this so far as storied regions of Greece and the Ægean Islands are concerned. Those who have visited that classic region will live over the joys of their journeys without fatigue or fleas or fees in reading this book and will probably learn much that they did not know while there; those who intend visiting Greece and its islands will find this a fine book to study in preparation for intelligent travel, doubling the value of their days when there, and may use it as a trustworthy guidebook; while in many a reader it will kindle or quicken a desire to taste for himself the actual enjoyments to be found in seeing the ruins of ancient, the life of modern Greece, and the scenes of both. The author has not loaded his book with hackneyed stuff, nor kept to main-traveled roads, but describes many less familiar places and the sites made significant by recent excavations and discoveries.